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High Times

December '76

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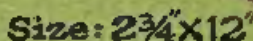


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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

December 1976

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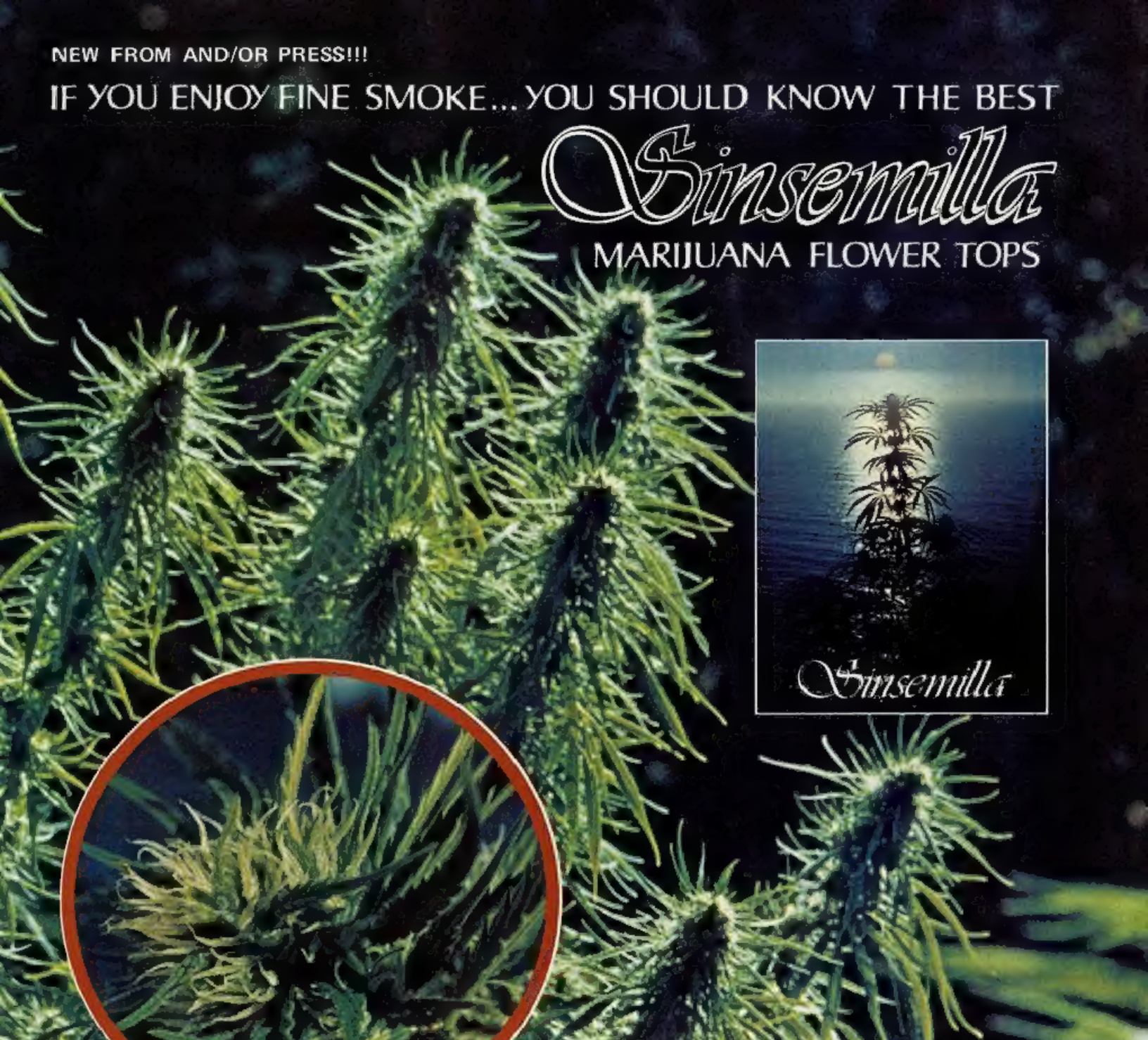
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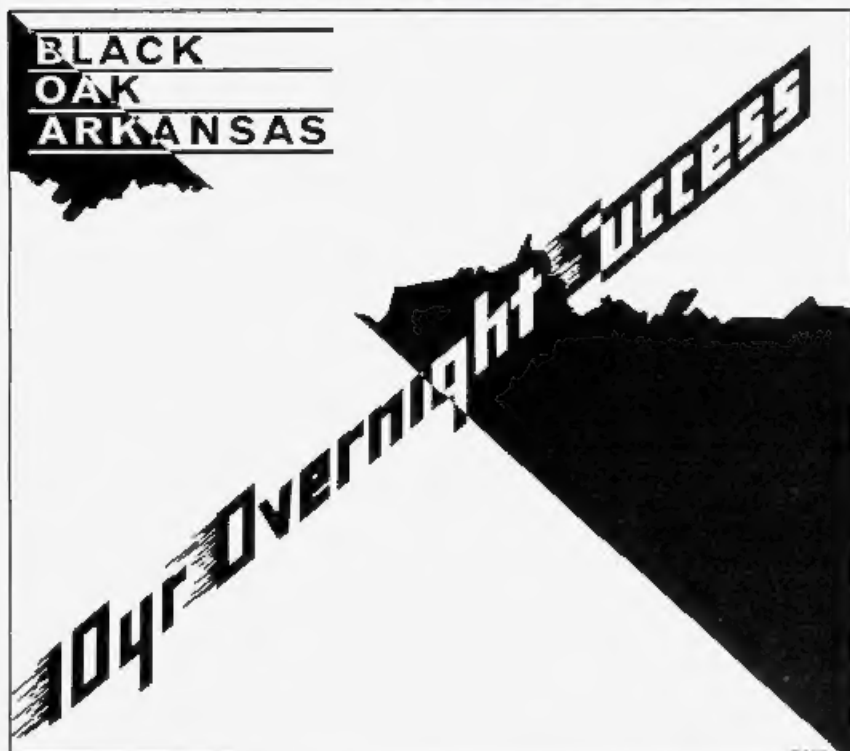
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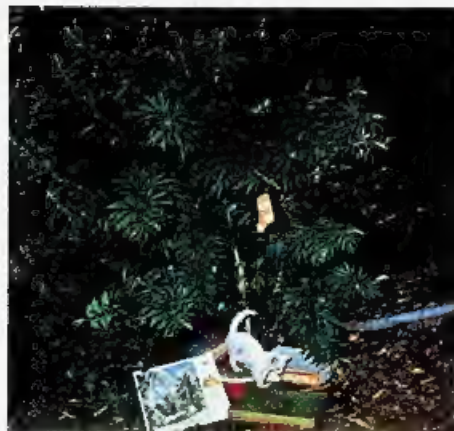
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Letters

Spirit of Christmas Stoned

While backpacking in the deep woods recently, I came upon this strangely decorated tree, obviously involved in the celebration of some kind of ancient rite. My only explanation is that it might be the



work of gnomes or elves of the forest. While I saw no one who fit the description of these little creatures, as I continued on my way I thought I heard an echo of a deep voice that seemed to be saying, "Ho, ho, ho."

—Mel Roberts, Los Angeles, Ca.

You Win Soma, You Lose Soma

You people—often rightly—berate the government for sponsoring pseudoscientific drug studies that purport to be objective but are really officious propaganda. Consequently I am "pissed off" about Glenn O'Brien's mushroom article in your August issue.

I don't doubt his word about the depravity of the New York gay bar scene, but such degenerate goings-on have nothing in common with the original Aryans or Soma. O'Brien has confused "Aryan" (Indo-Persian) with the Nazi theory of the "Arian" race. The two are not the same. According to Nazi ideology, the Arian race was a prehistoric Teutonic civilization that inhabited central and eastern Europe prior to the influx of such "inferior" races as the Slavs, Celts, Semites and just about anyone else who wasn't German. To support their specious theories, the Nazis cited the "cephalic index" of Germanic ethnic groups and the extensive use of the *sonnen-rad*, ("swastika"). Those people who had "small" (round) heads were *untermensch*, and those who were long-

headed were supermen. Needless to say, physical anthropologists have long since proven this to be utter nonsense. As for the "sun-wheel" or swastika, it was a very popular design motif, but occurs among Semitic civilizations as early as, if not earlier than, among Indo-European cultures.

All this has little to do with the Indo-Persians or Aryans, who were a tribal confederation—a culture group, not a race in the genetic sense. They were no more bloodthirsty or sadistic than any other nomadic pastoralists of the Bronze Age, an era when daily survival often depended on who had the sharper sword or swifter chariot.

Originating somewhere on the vast Eurasian steppes, the Aryans gradually migrated southward through the Caucasus to the mountainous borders of northern Mesopotamia and Syria, where they founded the ancient kingdom of Mittani. A treaty between this country and the Hittite empire invokes the deities Mitra, Varuna and Indra. Aryan tribes continued to wander eastward and by the second half of the second millennium B.C. were knocking on India's door. The cities they destroyed were not those of the Sumerians. Sumer lay a thousand miles to the west, in what is now Iraq, and had ceased to exist a thousand years before the Aryans burst upon the scene.

The Aryan invasion of India was, admittedly, pretty ruthless. In one city of the Harappan civilization that they razed, archaeologists uncovered streets literally cluttered with the corpses of women and children slain as they fled the fierce nomads. But that was standard practice in those days—even for more civilized Semitic folk. To blame *Amanita muscaria* for their violent behavior is to perpetuate one more antidrug myth. Remember, they used to call marijuana the "killer weed." The mushroom actually inhibits aggressive behavior. Who the hell wants to hassle with weapons when you're so high you've become an air traffic safety hazard?

When R. Gordon Wasson and a few of his mycologist colleagues ingested the "deadly" mushroom raw in the early Sixties, they found to their surprise that only one of them got high, and none suffered anything worse than mild nausea. They later discovered that *A. muscaria* must be either dried or toasted before it can really change consciousness. Fly agaric doesn't even kill flies; it

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just renders them unconscious. Unless some nasty human offs them they eventually wake up and fly off. Walter Litten's article in *Scientific American* (March 1975) confirms Wasson's earlier findings. What gets you high is muscimol, a degradation product of ibotenic acid that is formed when the mushroom is dried or toasted.

—Christopher Coleman,

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Articles Editor Glenn O'Brien replies: I didn't mean simply to blame *Amanita muscaria* for violent behavior. It's just as likely that without the magic mushroom things would still be violent, but we would have no distilleries, *Pokerino* or *lingerie*. As for the Nazis' genealogical theories, we did point out that Gunga Din has every bit as much Aryan birthright as Leni Riefenstahl, but we were concerned more with questions of Aryan style. We're still not convinced that the *Amanita muscaria* doesn't cause violent behavior, though, and we plan to study this under controlled conditions in our mailroom.

Beak o' Boo

My pet parrot, Hector, is the most efficient seed remover I've ever met. He's extremely tame and provides much of our entertainment. His personality is better than that of many humans—as long as he has his daily



fill of marijuana seeds. Otherwise, he's noisy, mean and destructive. After his seed fix, he'll talk to you as he sits on your shoulder awaiting the aroma of the smoke that makes his bird dreams soar back to the island.

—William, Arlington, Va.

Caution: Aerosol Spray

I recently found a back issue of *High Times* [March 1976], and in it I noted with surprise your display of the aerosol stash can in the "Paraphernalia" section.

I thought I should bring to your attention the fact that the border guards and DEA agents are hip to this scam and have been way before you printed it. I would advise your readers to beware of using such devices, which carry the likelihood

of inspection by a Customs agent or similar creature.

I should know. I've just been paroled after having an aerosol stash full of beautiful Brazilian weed opened at the airport.

—Frances Westwood, Carteret, N.J.

The only reason we included such a product in our "Paraphernalia" section was for the very reason you mentioned, and novices should beware of using this stash for any serious importing. However, this ruse may work splendidly when smuggling your stash between Boise and Butte. —Ed.

Deck the Halls

Check out the crazy mistletoe. Smoke



some and then stand under it for fantastic results. Santa never had it so good.

—California Dreamer, Modesto, Ca.

Mason Woman Gets the Third Degree

One small discrepancy in your article "All the Pyramid's Men" [*High Times*, July 1976]: Richard Nixon was excluded from the list of Shriner presidents. He has been a member of Al Malakiah Shrine in California for years and holds the fourteenth degree in the York Rite.

You might also be interested in knowing that a woman was once initiated into a Masonic lodge, No. 44 at Doneraile, Ireland, when the Honorable Mrs. Elizabeth St. Leger Aldsworth received the first and second degrees. According to an account in *Masonry Defined* by Charles Seward Lippincott, 33", the young woman's brother was hosting the meeting in his home. She, "being giddy and thoughtless, and determined to gratify her curiosity," hid herself and witnessed the first two degrees. Then she became "tremblingly alive to the awkwardness and danger of her situation and began to consider how she could retire without observation." In the dark she knocked over a piece of furniture, whereupon the honorable members accosted her with swords drawn, and "but for the prompt appearance of her brother . . . her life would have fallen a sacrifice to her crime. . . . For over two hours she could hear the angry discussions and her death repeatedly proposed and seconded. Finally, she was allowed to submit to the ordeal of

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the first and second degrees and was initiated. Thereafter known as Sister Aldsworth, she "never forgot the lessons of charity and fraternal love which she received on her indoctrination into the order" — Esther Starr, East Haven, Conn

Sister Ship

Remember the "vice device" you featured in your June HighWitnessNews? Well, that ship was christened Judy's Shamrock.



This one, called *Lamb's Friendship*, is one of only ten that were made. Only ten because it had to be that way.

—L. B. Hobbs, N.M

Valienation

I was impressed by Larry Sloman's discussion of the pros and cons of drug dependence in "The Case for Valium" in your August issue. His images of typical users were graphic, and his method of letting his interviewees reveal themselves certainly hit home. The problem is that drugs are available everywhere and that they give effective relief—temporarily. As one of "an undetermined number of schmucks," I would like to see other discussions of counterproductive reliance on drugs. However, I imagine many of those who need such discussions don't read *High Times*.

—Allen Woods, Homestead, Fla.

Pick a Fist

I really got off on Glenn O'Brien's article "Piss, Leather and Western Civilization" [*High Times*, August 1976]. It was the first time I've ever seen the Crisco set mentioned in print. One thing, though, made me think that either your sources are misinformed or customs are different on the West Coast. In Los Angeles, at least, a red hankie in the left back pocket means that the wearer is a fist, or "top," not a recipient, or "bottom"; the recipient here wears his in the right pocket. Such information might save someone's ass someday. As O'Brien indicated, the experience can be intensely erotic, affecting the entire body and mind, when done intelligently, with sensitivity and caring. Incidentally, a series of barium x-rays taken of my lower

intestines three months ago showed absolutely no damage.

—Doug Ramsey, Los Angeles, Ca.

No Laurels for Myrtle Beach

On July 1, a friend and I tried escaping the Philadelphia Bicentennial Bullshit by traveling to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Upon arrival we were immediately escorted to the local jail and charged with drunkenness and obstructing traffic. Neither of us was drunk, and we were parked on the side of a road with our four-way flashers on. No rights were given, and we didn't find out our charges until after 14 hours with about 40 other "criminals" in a tank built for 12. Phone calls and drinking water were denied. Anyone requesting these rights was sprayed with mace and threatened with "a fuck up the ass" or "a hole in the side of your head," along with additional fines.

No alcohol test was given, but previous "offenders" warned us not to try to beat the rap. We were released on \$60 bond on July 4 and asked never to return. We won't. All you snowbirds looking for warmer climes in that town, beware. Paint your neck red, pack your white socks and go elsewhere.

—Hans Holm, Ogden, Pa., and
Tom Pennell, New Castle, Del

Fungal Feast

The bicentennial year brought one of the



best mushroom crops ever. This bounty is one day's harvest of cow-pie high.

—C.B., Albuquerque, N.M.

Crowley and Leather

To paint Aleister Crowley strictly as a sodomizing sadist—as Glenn O'Brien did in "Piss, Leather..." [*High Times*, August 1976]—will discourage interest in his gifted philosophical writings. Crowley was an enlightened astrologer and a sublime cabalist who also left a legacy of fine poetry and abstract fiction. His main purpose was union with the highest ineffable, the one, the point, the crown. I can't deny the Master Theron's interest in the limits

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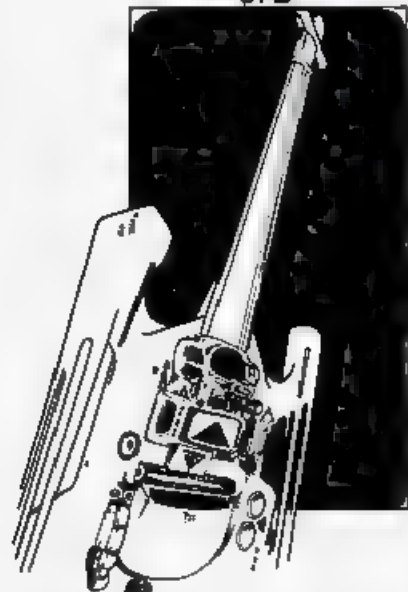
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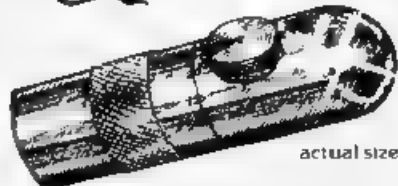
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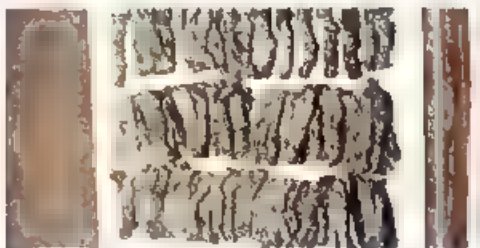
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of human endurance, but I don't know whether his pleasures included anality or cruelty. — Claire L. Lyons, Boston, Mass.

Nippon in the Bud

Here's a photo of some Buddha buds I got in Tokyo this year. It was a trip trying to



score in a foreign city with no contacts — and then to come up with a hundred of these beauties. — J. B., Los Angeles, Ca.

Old Giza's Age

M. de Mello ["Letters," *High Times*, August 1976] really blew it with those broad assumptions about the Giza pyramids. Taking unreliable sources for granted and assigning a precise age to a structure that has not been assigned an age — unless one wants to believe cosmic ray tests capable of such a function. Among archaeological and historical circles it's known (though ruefully admitted) that there's no evidence to allow us to assume that any Egyptian king was buried in the Great Pyramid. In fact, if not for the accidental discovery of a hasty reburial of one Queen Hetepheps, there wouldn't be any historical data to prove the existence of any "King Khufu"!

The monarch in question is actually named Suphis, and it is not known whether he had anything to do with the Great Pyramid, since his traditional resting place is on "an island, surrounded by water." This description closely matches a temple of Osiris excavated at Abydos, quite a distance south of Giza. Herodotus, the obvious source for de Mello's information, visited the pyramids when they were as old to him as his times are to us. He also mistook some friendly locals as Egyptian priests, and repeated historically false tales to amuse his readers. Egyptologists consider him about as reliable as a small-town gossip. We quote the fellow as an expert on the pyramids today simply because his is the oldest complete work of its kind. The date of the pyramids is a point of contention among archaeologists; some say it is as late as 2300 B.C., while others stretch it out to 6000 B.C. Had the Christians not burned the Library at Alexandria under Emperor Theodosius' orders we might have the details today. Instead of the opinions of Herodotus, we'd have the entire journal of Strabo the geographer rather than just an index!

As for the pyramids' real function, our views about the age of megalith building

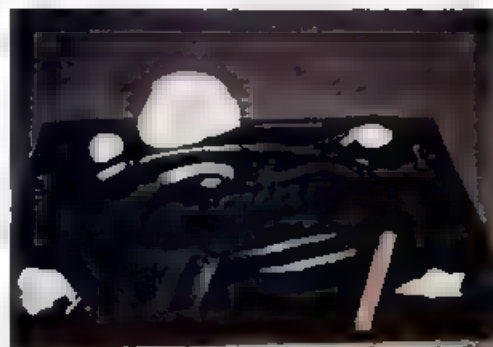
(roughly 8000 to 1000 B.C.) have been radically changed in recent years. The Victorian account of prehistory and early written history is only now being rewritten. How many people know that the Great Pyramid can be used to check compass errors, or that its precise location can be used to construct a highly accurate meridian? Or that Stonehenge was a sophisticated astronomical computer? The Khufu story is about as ridiculous as claiming that Stonehenge's builders were uncouth, dim-witted savages who raised stones in a frantic attempt to appease some appalling deity.

For those who really think spacemen built the Great Pyramid and that it has some esoteric powers we can only guess at, or for those who do not realize or cannot believe that our ancestors had any imagination, I suggest Peter Tompkins' book, *Secrets of the Great Pyramid*. The public needs re-education about the past. We are full of superstitions about ourselves and our accomplishments.

— Cathryn Bramble, Van Nuys, Ca.

Getting His Drift

We had a record high snowfall in Portland recently. The three-quarter ounce speci-



men here was part of a kilo blizzard that just struck.

— Tex Antonia, Oregon Weather Bureau

White Stash

A "Forum" answer in your March issue debunked the myths of "Manhattan Silver" and sewer alligators. Well, a friend of mine once worked in the New York "underground," and reported finding alligators up to nine feet long, as well as exotic snakes. Furthermore, your market quotations for the same issue listed Siberian albino grass at \$600 to \$800 a pound. As a matter of fact, I have been lucky enough to taste some pure white translucent dope that was at least reputed to be subterranean Manhattan. It smelled strongly of ammonia, but produced a helluva high.

— A T.B., Danielson, Conn.

Correction

The Big Youth photograph pictured in the spliff-rolling centerfold in September's *Reggae Special* was taken by Chuck Krail. His was the photo on which the spliffs were rolled. Natty confusing. ☐

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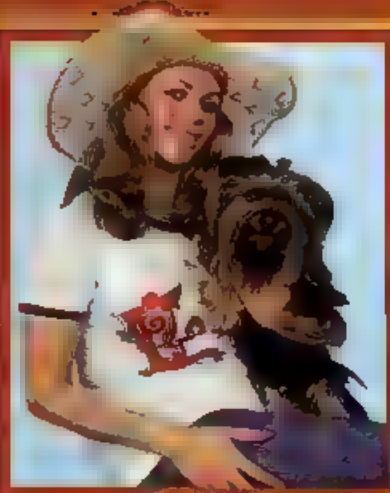
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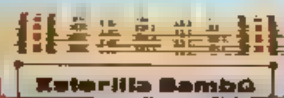
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Forum

Magical Mystery Tour de Force

Q: While in Florida last summer, I ate 200 psilocybe mushrooms at one sitting. Needless to say, I refer to the trip as mystical. I wish everyone could do it just once. But I'm curious, is it possible to OD on magic mushrooms?

—Jim Meyers, Columbus, Ohio

A: These mushrooms are remarkably safe within the limits of human consumption. They contain many alkaloids besides psilocybin, psilocin and DMT, and even though species vary in the amounts of other ingredients, an overdose of even the most dangerous would probably be more than you could eat. No clinical research has been done on their toxicity, but then there are only four reported cases of poisoning from these fungi. Four children in Oregon and Washington developed fever and convulsions, and one of them died after eating *Psilocybe baeocystes*. An overdose of pure psilocybin was alleged to be the cause of the death of "Farmer John" Griggs, a founder of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, in Laguna Beach, California, in 1966.

Gas Bags

Q: I just scored a five-foot-tall tank of nitrous oxide, and I need advice about using it. Is it safe to take a hit directly from the tank, or is it better to fill up a heavy-duty trash bag?

—Glenn F. Philadelphia, Pa.

A: Inhaling gas from a bag or balloon is safer than taking it straight from the hose, for a couple of reasons. Nitrous oxide will not support life by itself. A few users have actually suffocated when they passed out with the hose still in their mouths. Nitrous must be mixed with some air, either in its container or in the process of inhaling. Also, since it's so cold when it comes out of the tank, it's easy to freeze your lips to the nozzle. Some people have even died from frozen larynxes. Please be careful.

Cramming for the Acid Test

Q: Today's street acid is garbage, and I eventually want to make my own. I'm studying Michael Valentine Smith's *Psychedelic Chemistry*, Leval Press's *Basic Drug Manufacture*, Siva Sankar's *LSD—A Total Study* and Irving Penkethman's material advertised in *High Times*. Are

there any other sources of information I should know? What background in organic chemistry is a prerequisite for making good, pure LSD?

—D. B., Sioux City, Iowa

A: Albert Hofmann says you must be an excellent chemist, not merely good and certainly not an amateur, to make pharmaceutical quality acid. One must know enough to evaluate disagreements among the published writers; for example, Smith says that a final purification process is not necessary, while Hofmann says it is. Another excellent book is Robert Brown's *Psychedelic Guide to the Preparation of the Eucharist*. None of these is the last word, though, the best purification methods are still the trade secrets of Sandoz and a few of the best underground chemists.

Ad Credibility

Q: Many of your advertisements catch my eye in each issue, but my friends and I all wonder how reliable they are. Do you just sell space to anyone with the bucks, or are they there with your endorsement?

—Doris Schultz, Tampa, Fla.

A: About 90 percent of our advertisers are businesses already known to us as honest dealers in reliable goods. Our credit manager investigates all new contacts to make sure the company is for real—we don't like getting taken any more than our readers do. All ad copy is processed by the editorial department, and anything that sounds suspicious is checked out further. We ask all advertisers to send us samples for approval. Still, we do get a few complaints, but the problems are almost always procedural (lost order, lost mail, etc.) rather than a ripoff pattern.

Seeds of Doubt

Q: Rumors abound that mutations and polyploid grass offer increased resin production and can be produced by radiation, chloral hydrate, mustard gas and especially an alkaloid called colchicine. Do these methods really work, and are the results safe for human consumption?

—Rodney M., New Orleans, La.

A: Colchicine is produced by several species of *Colchicum* and may serve this decorative garden plant as an insect repellent. It produces diploidism (doubles the chromosome number) only in about

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0.5 percent of the seeds treated, and research at the Canadian Agriculture Department's Central Experimental Farm indicates the effect on THC production is negligible. Colchicine is a highly poisonous compound used medically in small doses to treat gout. Dangerous amounts might remain in the leaves of first-generation plants, although it would probably be completely metabolized and deactivated when the plants are mature. Succeeding generations would certainly be safe to smoke. No research has yet been done on producing mutants with high resin content by other methods. So far, the only sure way of creating more potent strains is by selective breeding.

Testing Our Nettle

Q: Out here in the good old rainy Northwest, there is a certain plant called the stinging nettle, which various people say will get you high. Will it?

A: Nettle's history as a healing herb, especially in anemia, stretches back at least to the Ayurvedic system of medicine in ancient India—in the form of tea or a few tablespoons of the juice. It's practically the only plant containing vitamin D. We've never heard of it being used for a high, although powdered nettle was occasionally snorted to stop nosebleeds.

Teen Poppers

Q: A friend of mine recently turned me on to something called "Locker Room," which he scored (legally?) in a local porn shop. Then I read that one of the paraphernalia moguls you interviewed refuses to sell it any longer. I figure there's a reason for that, which I would like to know. What's in Locker Room and when I sniff it, is my brain expanding or is it withering?

—Rich J. Urbana, III

A: Locker Room Aroma for Men, Jac Aroma, Brand X and other labels are preparations of amyl nitrite, an inhalant that's had a small but devoted following since the late Sixties. Its hallucinatory effects are dramatic, but last only four or five minutes. It has been touted as an orgasm-enhancer when it is inhaled just before climax. It is not legally defined as a controlled substance, but by federal law it can be sold only by prescription—to lower the blood pressure of cardiac patients during angina attacks. It is dangerous for persons with anemia, glaucoma or low blood pressure problems. The pharmaceutical variety comes in little ampules, called "poppers" because of the noise they make when you break them open. A few of the nonmedical brands have been tested by street drug

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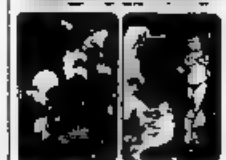
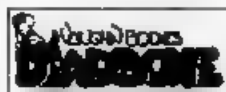
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analysis labs and found to be cut with other unidentified compounds. Their doubtful safety and certain illegality accounts for the refusal of many shop-owners to stock them

Seed Semilla

Q: In a letter from Korea in the August issue, a reader mentioned hash made by rubbing the seeds. I've always wondered if you can get high from smoking seeds.

—The Fox, Celina, Ohio

A: No, but you sure can get low. Most smokers agree that a few tokes of ground-up seeds will give you a lungful of hot oil and a high like the lowering of the boom. You'd be better off eating them; they might make you sing. The seeds contain almost no THC, but between 19 and 35 percent of an oil that's great food for bird feathers, as well as for human hair and skin. Smoking the leaflike seed coverings called bracts, however, is well worthwhile. In fact, the Korean hash is made from these thin pods, which grow around each seed. They are rich in THC.

A Hell of Beans

Q: I've read two accounts of mescal beans, or Texas Mountain Laurel. One said they are used by Indians in peyote rites; the other said they are poisonous. Neither gave any information on dosage or preparation. Can you help me?

—H. Brinkmeyer, Piedmont, Ca.

A: Ingestion of mescal beans precedes the cult of Mescalito among the Plains Indians by many centuries. The red beans of the evergreen shrub *Sophora secundiflora* have been used for divinatory visions at least since the first millennium B.C. in northern Mexico. Peyote replaced the Red Bean Dance because of the safety factor. Mescal beans contain a chemical relative of nicotine called cytisine, which causes nausea, convulsions and death from respiratory failure. The vision-producing molecule has not been identified. Among the Indians, one-quarter of a bean or less was roasted until it turned yellow, then ground and chewed. Even a half a bean can be fatal, a rather narrow margin of error. The experience was often followed by three days of exhausted sleep.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. ■

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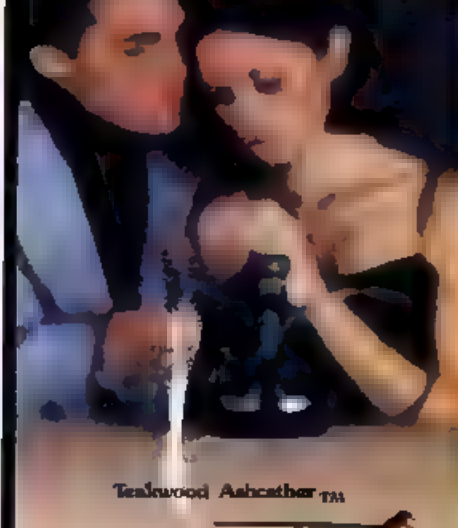
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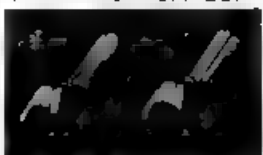
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New York Doctors Test Michigan Pollution Casualties

Over a thousand victims of a 1973 pollution accident were tested in October by two dozen physicians to determine what danger PBB (polybrominated biphenyl) pollution poses to consumers of Michigan farm products. Testees are Michigan farmers whose livestock were poisoned by PBB in animal feed. PBB is known to cause thyroid, liver and nerve damage, skin lesions and pregnancy abnormalities. Long-term effects have been studied only in laboratory animals—they include cancer and growth retardation. Both compounds remain in the body indefinitely, stored in fat tissue, but PBB is five times as powerful as PCB. They are transmitted to the fetus in the womb and to the newborn in the mother's milk.

Dr. Irving Selikoff and other physicians from New York's Mount Sinai Medical Center will conduct complete physical and metabolic tests of the farm families, comparing them with people from uncontaminated areas outside of Michigan. A study of all births in Michigan since the accident will also be done to evaluate the danger of birth defects from PBB. No conclusions are expected for three to six months after the investigations, Selikoff cautioned.

The agricultural disaster occurred when Michigan Farm Bureau feed mills accidentally mixed 1,200 pounds of Firemaster, a fire retardant, into animal feed instead of Nutrimaster, a magnesium oxide supplement. Both products were packed in identical brown paper wrappings by the Michigan Chemical Company of St. Louis, Michigan. The mix-up was not discovered until almost a year later, after the meat, milk and eggs of scores of thousands of poisoned animals had already been consumed. Many animals that did not reach the market were recycled as protein supplements for other livestock. Michigan dairy products from 1973-74 contained up to 4,000 parts per million of PBB, as compared to the 0.3 parts per million allowed as safe by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration.

Even at this "safe" level, the compound may be deadly. Farmers whose livestock tested under the FDA limit say many of their animals have nevertheless sickened and died from the low-level contamination. A panel of scientists convened by Governor

Milliken recommended that the PBB tolerance be dropped to the lowest detectable level—0.005 parts per million meat and 0.001 parts per million for milk. The state's department of agriculture rejected the idea "because we were convinced [PBB] could result in no human health effects and because consumers in this state couldn't acquire food anywhere near that level."

A 1974 Michigan Health Department survey of farm families reported no health problems that could be attributed to PBB, even though many claim the poison produced hair loss, skin rashes, chronic exhaustion, digestive problems and lowered resistance to infections. The study has been questioned because the families used for comparison were also exposed to PBB.

Grand Rapids lawyers Gary Schenk and Paul Greer are representing families seeking compensation from the state for PBB damage. Schenk estimated there are 3,500 contaminated farms in Michigan that have not yet been identified, but "as long as the state keeps the lid on this we'll eat up the problem."

Legionnaires Disease: Nickel Carbonyl Poisoning?

Tissue specimens taken recently from bodies of victims of Philadelphia's "American Legion Fever" show five times as much nickel as normal tissue, providing further evidence that the mysterious disease was nickel carbonyl poisoning. Earlier analyses had shown high nickel levels in both disease victims and controls, raising the possibility that the results were due to contamination from metal autopsy instruments. The latest series of tests was done with plastic instruments. However, the test for nickel is still "difficult and unproven," said Pennsylvania health secretary Dr. Leonard Bachman, so identification of the poison as nickel carbonyl must be considered inconclusive.

Identification of the causative chemical still does not explain the source of the poison that killed 26 persons and affected 150 others who attended the American Legion convention in Philadelphia last July. Sunderland speculated that, because of a sanitation workers' strike, the victims could have inhaled smoke from business forms coated with a duplicating chemical containing nickel that may have been burning in accumulated

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Police Test Developed for Grass in Blood

A blood test for marijuana, sensitive to cannabinoid levels of less than one part per billion, has been devised by Dr. Joe Vinson, assistant professor of chemistry at the University of Scranton in Pennsylvania. Vinson described the test as fast, cheap and ideally suited for police laboratories, but said its major drawback is that it must be made within two to three hours after the suspect has smoked. THC levels in the blood drop so fast, he explained, that it is virtually undetectable after a long period. The procedure involves treating a blood sample with a series of compounds that cause THC to fluoresce. It cannot yet show the exact amount of THC present, but Vinson expects to solve that problem within a year. He says he has already been getting calls from police departments throughout the nation.

Time-Release Heroin Detox Capsule Developed

A method has been developed to release controlled amounts of a narcotic antagonist into the bloodstream. The method, intended as an adjunct to other methods of addiction treatment, artificially bolsters the addict's own resolve during weak moments. One shot or capsule can block the effects of heroin for as long as two months. Naltrexone, a compound that prevents the user from feeling any effects from heroin, is placed in microcapsules the size of grains of fine sand, given a polymer coating, then either injected or placed in a capsule and swallowed. The capsule gradually breaks down during the ensuing weeks, providing a continuous supply of naltrexone, while the polymer coating is changed to lactic acid, a harmless substance. In announcing the achievement, Curt Thies, a chemical engineer at Wash-

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ington University in St. Louis, said research on primates indicates the procedure is safe, but it has not yet been tested in human subjects.

Vitamin C Compounds Damage Test Tube Chromosomes

Vitamin C, when combined with oxygen or copper, damages human chromosomes cultured in test tubes, report biochemists at the University of British Columbia. Oxygen and copper alone caused no DNA abnormalities, but only when combined with vitamin C in approximately the amounts found in human tissue. Previous research had indicated that the oxidation products of ascorbic acid cause four kinds of chromosome changes in bacteria and cells from mice and humans. The Vancouver scientists stress that chemical processes in the living body may deactivate the dangerous compounds, but urge that the question be explored. In the meantime, they advise caution in the use of vitamin C as a food preservative and in megavitamin therapy.

Methadone Patients Go on the LAAM

Within the next few years, methadone clinics may switch to LAAM (1-alpha-acetylmethadol), a synthetic heroin substitute whose long-lasting effects would free patients from the burden of daily trips to the clinic. LAAM has been under study by the National Institute on Drug Abuse since 1973; safety tests on animals have been completed, and it is now being tried on several hundred patients in over 50 methadone clinics. A dose of LAAM lasts 48 hours, and it produces the addiction and withdrawal symptoms characteristic of heroin, morphine or methadone. Besides increased convenience for patients, LAAM offers a possible solution to the hassles that have plagued the methadone program from the start. Since LAAM produces a more stable consciousness than methadone and almost no euphoria, there would be no incentive to divert it from clinics to street sales, explained Dr. Avram Goldstein, director of the Addiction Research Foundation in Palo Alto, California.

One major problem has been encountered in human testing. When subjects switch from methadone to LAAM, withdrawal symptoms often appear in a few hours. The body apparently converts LAAM into two metabolites, both more powerful than the original compound. Until these secondary substances build up, the addicting effect of LAAM is too weak to match a methadone habit. □



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Law

Supreme Court Sanctions Search of Impounded Car

The United States Supreme Court on July 6 upheld the conviction of Donald Opperman for possession of marijuana that was found in a search of his car after it was towed away for parking violations in Vermillion, South Dakota. The pot was found in the unlocked glove compartment during a routine police inventory of the car's contents. The Court's six to three majority held the seizure did not violate the Fourth Amendment right to privacy because it resulted from a routine "caretaking procedure," not a search, and because "the expectation of privacy in one's automobile is significantly less than that relating to one's home or office." The South Dakota Supreme Court had previously reversed Opperman's conviction on grounds of invasion of privacy. He was sentenced to a \$100 fine and 14 days in jail.

D-Men Push Computerized Drugstores

The Drug Enforcement Administration has nabbed a couple dozen pharmacists and doctors for illegal drug distribution as part of a pilot project testing the use of computers for drugstore record-keeping. Project DART (DAWN/ARCOS Registrant Targeting) is composed of a network of computer terminals in pharmacies in the Watts district of Los Angeles that feed data to a central computer in the Charles R. Drew School of Medicine in Los Angeles. DEA agents can thus get a print-out of all prescriptions issued for Schedule III, IV and V medications written within a given period. Any doctor, druggist or customer who has dealt in suspicious quantities of any such substance can then be investigated by the agency's ARCOS (Automated Records and Consummated Orders) bureau. For news of the street trade in bootleg prescription drugs, the DEA currently relies on tips from 1,300 hospitals, drug crisis centers and medical examiners participating in yet another alphabet-soup bureau, Project DAWN (Drug Abuse Warning Network).

The DEA is encouraging the adoption of computer systems by pharmacies throughout the country, but has received mixed reactions from state pharmacy boards. Six competing computer systems were displayed last June at the annual convention of the National Association of Boards of Pharmacy at Lake Buena Vista, Florida. These systems typically respond to a refill order with a read-out of

the patient's and physician's names, the patient's previous prescriptions, allergy and drug interaction warnings and the prescription label in triplicate. Ken Durin, director of the DEA's Compliance Investigation Division, said that any system he approved would also have to prevent unauthorized prescriptions from being entered under the forged initials of the pharmacist.

Massachusetts Court Allows Dope Search of "Any Person Present"

A warrant to search a suspected heroin dealer's apartment and "any persons present" was upheld as not overly vague by the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court on May 24. The court agreed with the defense that in most cases such broad search authorization would violate the Fourth Amendment. Nevertheless, the majority of the judges ruled that "due to the nature of drug trafficking, any person in the apartment would probably be involved." A dissenting minority opinion held that warrants for such searches are unconstitutional.

Colorado Case Dismissed Due to DEA Snooping

DEA eavesdropping on conversations between a defendant and her lawyer led to dismissal of a narcotics case by the U.S. District Court for Colorado. Guler Orman was arrested in Paris, France, on a U.S. federal warrant for importing heroin into the United States. The warrant was issued on a tip from a DEA informer. After extradition and before her trial in Colorado, DEA agents surreptitiously monitored talks between Orman and her lawyer in order to learn the defense strategy and prepare a rebuttal. An entrapment defense was planned, based on alleged sexual relations between Orman and narcotics agents. The court held that the spying violated the defendant's Sixth Amendment right to counsel so grievously that the only remedy was dismissal.

The court also reprimanded the DEA for its callous decision to pursue the trial even though it may have meant the death of one of its informants. Orman's attorney had moved to obtain the identity of the source who led to her arrest. The court held that the case would have to be dismissed if this information were not supplied. DEA Regional Director John Enright decided to continue prosecution

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even though he and three agents agreed that disclosure would mean almost certain death for the informer.

Feds Rob Cactus Dealer of Rare Peyote Specimens

Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents recently confiscated two rare "created" peyote plants from the living room of a Texas cactus dealer—after he showed them which were the illegal plants. Ralph Spencer's Desert Plant Company has been a supplier of peyote as a botanical curiosity for over 50 years. Although the plants were worth about \$5,000 each, Spencer has not been offered any compensation, nor has he asked for any; he just wants the plants.

Heroin Courier Gets It Up the Ass in California

The failure of Customs agents to get a warrant or use less painful methods in their internal search of a suspect rendered their search illegal, ruled the U.S. Court of Appeals (Ninth Circuit) last June. The court said such drastic invasions of privacy "must be conducted with regard for the subject's privacy and be designed to minimize emotional and physical trauma." Kenneth Cameron, out on bail on another smuggling charge, was stripped at a Chula Vista, California, hospital and forcibly subjected to two finger probes of his throat and anus, two enemas and a laxative treatment, despite his struggles and his insistence that he was under treatment for stomach and rectal pain. The next morning he allegedly passed a heroin-filled condom.

The court stressed that less drastic procedures could have been used. Cameron was wanted for bail jumping, so he could have been simply held and his bowel movements observed, the judges agreed. Securing a warrant, they felt, would have alleviated Cameron's fear by assuring him the search was legal and would be done without violence.

Michigan Airport Search Upheld After Spill

A tip from an airport worker who noticed plastic bags of pills in luggage that had accidentally fallen open while being loaded was held to be a valid cause for a warrantless search at the bag's destination. The Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that the tipoff from an equipment serviceman in Philadelphia, relayed to Detroit Metropolitan Airport via telex, was probable cause for the search. The

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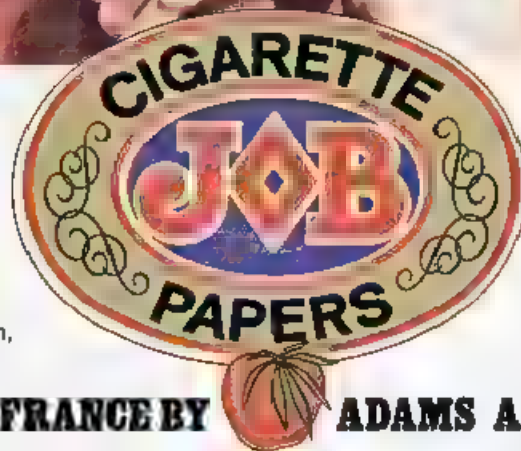
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court further held that proceeding without a warrant was justified, since any prolonged delay in delivering the luggage to its owner, Kenneth Giles, would have alerted him that the μ g was up. The officer in charge testified he was sure the pills were contraband "because of their quantity, because they were unmarked and because they were not commercially packaged."

Giles was arrested on November 17, 1974, as he was driving from the Detroit airport parking lot; his luggage was again searched, and cocaine and a large quantity of Quaaludes were confiscated.

Florida OKs Bedroom Snooping for Hearing, Not for Trial

A probation officer may search a probationer's bedroom for evidence of law-breaking and may use it at a hearing to revoke probation, but it cannot be introduced in a criminal trial, ruled the Florida Supreme Court on June 16. Thus, when Gerald Croteau's supervising officer rifled his bedroom dresser drawers without a warrant early one morning and found some pot, such action was properly used as evidence to revoke probation. Croteau's subsequent conviction on a new pot charge was overturned, however, as the court held that the Fourth Amendment applied to the new trial even though it does not apply to probation hearings.

Army Court Rejects Prosecution Under Tough Pot Law

The U.S. Court of Military Appeals last July denied the prosecution's intention to press charges under one law so as to extract a longer sentence than is allowed under a parallel law against marijuana possession. A majority of the court ruled that trying some violators under one statute and some under another with greater penalties is an infringement of the right of equal protection under the law. Possession charges were brought against a private in the Army under Article 134 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, which carries a maximum five-year prison sentence. The more frequently used Article 92 provides a two-year limit. The court based its ruling on a 1942 U.S. Supreme Court ruling that struck down an Oklahoma scheme that allowed compulsory sterilization of persons with multiple larceny convictions but had no such embezzlement penalty.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. ■

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American Prisoners May Be Released

story on next page



Defendants (left to right) Bell, WerBell, Franklin and Nardi as they leave a Miami courtroom after being acquitted of conspiracy charges to import and distribute million pounds of marijuana to Florida

Five Acquitted in Nixon White House Grass War Trial

details on page 37

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Mexico Expected to Release 610 Americans State Dept. Urges Caution

By A. Craig Copetas in New York
Bill Choyke in Washington

High-ranking State Department officials are encouraged but cautious regarding lame-duck Mexican president Luis Echeverria's proposal to parole and exchange the bulk of some 610 American prisoners now in Mexican jails on a variety of charges that range from possession of marijuana to driving a car without insurance.

On the eve of a September visit to the United States the Mexican president sent to his Congress the measures that would make those prisoners convicted of drug offenses eligible for parole, and authorize the Mexican president to sign prisoner exchange treaties with foreign nations. Echeverria will be succeeded as president by José Lopez Portillo on December 1.

The Mexican congressional proposal is viewed as more symbolic than substantive by top State Department officials who explained that the Congress would have to give its rubber-stamp approval to the Mexican president before he could enter into formal negotiations. Such congressional action does not need to be taken in the United States, a State Department attorney said.

However, in an interview with *High Times* prior to Echeverria's recent announcement, Alan Guise, Director of the Special Consular Services at the State Department, predicted that the negotiations would be a "long time-consuming process."

"We are trying to define these things," Guise said of the problems involved in the preliminary talks. "We've never done this before." The soft-spoken State Department official said that a number of constitutional and jurisdictional questions would arise in the negotiations including—

The constitutionality of holding in American jails as part of any prisoner exchange U.S. citizens who are not given jury trials prior to Mexican incarceration.

The constitutional and moral problem of confining Americans for Mexican drug charges when the Mexican sentence is longer than what would have been a U.S. sentence for the same offense.

Whether U.S. citizens involved in any exchange should be placed in a federal, state or local institution after their arrival in the United States.

To help speed up efforts to release the 610 prisoners, the State Department's top legal officer, Monroe Leigh, has been dispatched to Mexico for consultations on the proposed exchange agreement.

While encouraged by the first Mexican offer to parole the alleged drug offenders since 1971, a State Department official who desired anonymity, frankly couldn't say how many American prisoners would be affected.

The problems of Americans in Mexican jails is increasingly gaining the attention of the Ford administration and the Congress particularly in the wake of a string of reports about the inhumane conditions in Mexican jails.

State officials, cognizant of the charges that the federal government has virtually abandoned Americans in Mexican jails, maintain that the prisoner situation must be viewed in the broader context of U.S.-Mexican relations that include such areas as trade and sea rights. Guise says that any time an arrest report is received by any of nine Mexican consulates an officer is dispatched to interview the prisoner. However, he acknowledges that little more can be done than notify him and provide a list of attorneys.

"If you're going to smoke pot you're better off doing it in the States than in other countries," Guise suggested. "There's still a fallacy that if you get in trouble we can do something for you. As an American you are not immune to foreign laws."



Jay Dickman

Jeffrey Garofala, who spent nearly ten months in Piedras Negras prison before he was freed during a commando raid that released 13 others last March, may soon be joined by the 610 Americans still being held by Mexican authorities.

Echeverria's willingness to return American prisoners to the United States is based in part on a September hunger strike scheduled by at least half of the 610 Americans being held. The prisoners announced the plan to not eat until released at the time talks began on the swap proposal last June.

"We can't stop now. It's been coordinated all over the country," related Dan Brown, the American spokesperson for an inmate group called the Committee of 120 which is based at the Reclusorio Norte Prison in Mexico City.

The Committee of 120 sent copies of their "Bicentennial Strike Manifesto" along with an open letter to Secretary of State Kissinger and Jimmy Carter. In the letter the committee accuses Kissinger of failing to fulfill a promise to respond to a prisoner exchange proposal.

According to Patricia Anderson of 1732 Incorporated, a citizens group fighting for the release of the American prisoners, there is a "very firm resolve" among the prisoners. Anderson also said that the prisoners had been pressured by both Mexican prison officials and the State Department to forego the hunger strike.

Sources close to the Mexican president's office have confirmed long-held speculation that Echeverria, who has attempted to play down his association with the United States so as to foster a Third World image of Mexico, has been told by president-elect Portillo that he intends to strengthen ties with Washington. Observers feel that Echeverria's move to begin negotiations to return the prisoners, originally proposed by Foreign Minister Robles, will begin within the first month of the Portillo regime and thus add authenticity to Mexico's plan to initiate firmer ties with the United

States—particularly in receiving increased U.S. foreign aid.

As tempered caution surrounding the expected release of the prisoners continues to filter out of Washington and Mexico City, an investigation has been launched into the role of INTERPOL in the jail tortures.

Vaughn Young, the research director of the National Commission on Law Enforcement and Social Justice, which is sponsored and funded by Ronald Hubbard's Church of Scientology, says his agency has found "clear references to the involvement of INTERPOL officials" in interrogations, threats and violations of basic human rights against Americans in Mexican jails.

The NCLE bases its allegations on nearly 200 affidavits from Americans who have been smuggled out of Mexican jails. One formerly imprisoned American allegedly told of beatings administered by a man who identified himself as "the INTERPOL chief" in Mexico. *High Times* attempted to secure copies of the alleged affidavits but NCLE refused to release them.

The NCLE claimed to have turned over the bulk of its information to California Congressman Forney Stark, who has spent nearly three years investigating jail abuses against Americans. However, *High Times* has learned that the Scientology group "did not turn over any affidavits."

Congressman Stark is looking into charges against INTERPOL, however, his information came from a few sources," said Edie W. Irie, who is handling the investigation for Stark's office. "I've never seen 200 affidavits. If we had 200 affidavits I'd know about it." Stark's office, however, did receive a book on the Church of Scientology from the NCLE.

WerBell, Four Others Released Burnstine Death Key Factor in Not Guilty Verdict

MIAMI—A federal jury in Florida has acquitted Atlanta arms dealer Mitchell WerBell III and four others. The government alleged that they conspired to import tons of marijuana, but the defense declared they were merely operatives of Richard Nixon in his war to wipe out marijuana importers.

The jury of seven women and five men took more than ten hours to find WerBell III, 56; Cleveland Teamsters Union official John Nardi, 61; Cleveland insurance man Morton Franklin, 49; North Carolina businessman William Bell, 52, and Florida-based weapons designer Gerald Cunningham, 49, not guilty of charges that they masterminded a 1975 Colombia-to-Florida marijuana deal in which they hoped to make \$100,000 each.

The government's case was seriously weakened by the mysterious death of key witness Kenneth Gordon Burnstine, who, acting as a government informant, allegedly introduced the five men to DEA agents posing as marijuana importers. Burnstine was killed when his P-51 race plane crashed in the Mojave Desert on June 16.

The jury was allowed to hear tape-recorded conversations between Ken Burnstine, DEA agents and defendants Cun-

ningham and Nardi, in U.S. Attorney Karen Atkinson's attempt to depict "the flavor" of their grass negotiations. However, the judge ruled Burnstine's conversations irrelevant.

—AGENTS NOT CONSPIRATORS—

"They didn't have to know each other to be partners in crime and part of a conspiracy," said Atkinson in her opening statement leveled against the five men. Atkinson then played the tapes of talking DEA agents.

The tapes became a crucial issue when, during their deliberations, the jurors came back and asked the judge, "Do the defendants have to conspire with each other, or can they be linked together by undercover DEA agents?"

The judge told the jury that "a government agent cannot be a member of a conspiracy."

The five-lawyer defense team, which included bench pounder Roland Braswell, argued that the government had "gotten its signals crossed" and decided to prosecute the five even though they were working for the government in an attempt to "silence WerBell." WerBell, the son of a colonel in the Russian cavalry, had worked with DEA intelligence official, former CIA agent Lucian Conien, putting together assassination devices for the DEA to use against marijuana importers, contended the defense.

—NIXON TESTIMONY NOT NEEDED—

Former President Nixon had been handed a subpoena to appear as a defense witness along with former White House operative

John Ehrlichman. Although the judge refused to quash the subpoenas, the defense later deemed the two men's testimony unnecessary. However, Egil Krogh, a former Nixon White House liaison officer with the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs (BNDD), the agency that preceded the DEA, appeared as a defense witness and denied any knowledge of a White House-instigated marijuana war. Krogh said that he didn't know the defendants, that he knew of no marijuana intelligence operation from the Nixon White House, and that he didn't even know why he was subpoenaed to testify.

To Our Readers

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House Forms New Drug Committee

—Wolff Says DEA Coy in Decrim Movement—

WASHINGTON—The U.S. House of Representatives has created a special committee to coordinate the investigation of narcotics abuse and control now under way in seven House committees. The new Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, chaired by New York Congressman Lester Wolff, will have no authority to draft legislation but will investigate trafficking, abuse and the federal decriminalization of marijuana.

Wolff, who appeared at a New York City press conference with DEA chief Peter G. Bensinger and Customs Commissioner Vernon "Mike" Acree, told *High Times* that his new committee "would not be a waste of the taxpayers' money" and that he "intends to study all elements of the drug problem."

The press conference, designed by the DEA to laud their recent seizure of 14 pounds of pure Thailand heroin at the Honolulu International Airport, was called to discuss "the bringing together of the different aspects of government around a common problem."

Flanked by Bensinger and Acree, Wolff was asked if the refusal of the DEA to endorse the federal decriminalization of marijuana would hamper this "bringing together" process. Wolff, a supporter of federal marijuana decriminalization, said, "Yes, I do think it will hamper the process." DEA director Bensinger refused to comment.

High Times also asked Wolff if he thought it necessary for the DEA to formally endorse decrim before the Congress would drop



DEA director Peter G. Bensinger, New York Congressman Lester Wolff and Customs Commissioner Vernon Acree at the New York City press conference where they lauded the recent seizure of 14 pounds of Thai heroin at the Honolulu International Airport. Congressman Wolff, Chairman of the new Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse and Control, said the committee would study federal marijuana decriminalization and that the DEA's refusal to endorse decrim could be a problem in passing such legislation.

its federal marijuana laws. Wolff responded, "I really can't answer that question truthfully. I do believe in decriminalization."

After the press conference, DEA chief Bensinger said that "he had his priorities." Bensinger remains a strong opponent of decriminalization.

Customs Commissioner Vernon Acree, reiterating the pledge

that Customs will not bust small quantities of marijuana, said that the decriminalization movement "would not hinder Customs from stopping the marijuana importer. Our attention is directed at the multiton mover and then only because he has not paid duty on it." Customs confiscated 395 tons of marijuana in 1975 for nonpayment of duty.

Flowers and Hoffman Sentenced in Florida

Prosecution Unveiled Secret Witness

CLEARWATER, FLA.—Marvin Flowers and Harry "the Rock" Hoffman have been sentenced to from six months to three years in a Florida state prison after pleading guilty to their role in a multimillion-dollar marijuana import business in the state.

The pair decided not to make a fight out of the case after Florida State Attorney Lee Fugate appeared in court with two new witnesses who claimed that the men were involved in a scheme to import two tons of grass into the U.S. Fugate would not reveal the names of the two witnesses.

The decision of Hoffman and Flowers to plead guilty came as a surprise. Last June prosecutor Fugate was prepared to drop the case for lack of witnesses.

"It's too far away from Christ mas to hope that anything will happen," said Fugate last June in reference to the mysterious disappearance of chief prosecution witness Earl Follett.

Since June there have reportedly been several sightings of Follett, and the FBI has joined in the search for him. Officials admit, however, that they do not know if Follett is dead or merely hiding.

Hoffman and Flowers were responsible for importing at least 650,000 pounds of marijuana, which they purchased for \$20 a pound in the Caribbean. The duo gained the attention of the state attorney's office after Flowers was arrested in the early morning hours on a Florida state highway in June 1974 after a Pinellas County deputy sheriff found him unconscious in the back seat of his black Lincoln Continental. Flowers was charged with being drunk, a misdemeanor.

However, Flowers refused to answer questions about more than



Chuck DeLoach

Marijuana importers Harry "the Rock" Hoffman (right) and Marvin Flowers walk up the jailhouse steps on their way to turn themselves in to begin serving terms of from six months to three years. Florida's most dynamic importing duo arrived at the Pinellas County jail five minutes before the deadline set by Circuit Judge John Andrews.

\$300,000 in cash found in his car and after he disobeyed a circuit judge's order for him to answer, he was found in contempt of court. The judge sentenced Flowers to 129 days in jail.

After Flowers' release on contempt of court charges he eluded other contempt of court arrest

warrants for nearly a year. He was subsequently ousted from a Bahama resort and was arrested by Florida officials when he and Hoffman attempted to cross the Rio Grande into Texas from Mexico in September 1975. The two men were charged with conspiracy to smuggle an outlawed substance.



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Feds Tame Burroughs 7700

By Ed Kiersh

A frightening weapon spearheads the government's war against smuggling. It is the extraordinarily efficient Burroughs 7700 computer. One of the most advanced data-processing machines in the world, the 7700 is the heart of TECS—The Treasury Enforcement Communications System, the information-retrieval network behind the soaring dope seizure and arrest statistics.

The focal point of this dragnet is the land-border crossing at San Ysidro, California, where the 7700 data bank is located. It is from here that six hundred terminals on the Mexican and Canadian borders and other international entry points receive within seconds communications on suspected smugglers. The profiles coughed up by the huge memory facility are put together from facts fed to it by the FBI Crime Information Center, U.S. Customs, IRS Intelligence, Interpol and all state law enforcement agencies.

Computer checks on travelers are set in motion by a customs inspector. If he feels that responses to his questions are inadequate, or if he just wants closer scrutiny of an individual, he begins a simple operation. The officer will first punch out names or license-plate number on his own terminal, like a typewriter keyboard. The system, which can store fifty to sixty billion characters, each representing a single bit of information, will almost immediately flash "No" if the person has no drug-related

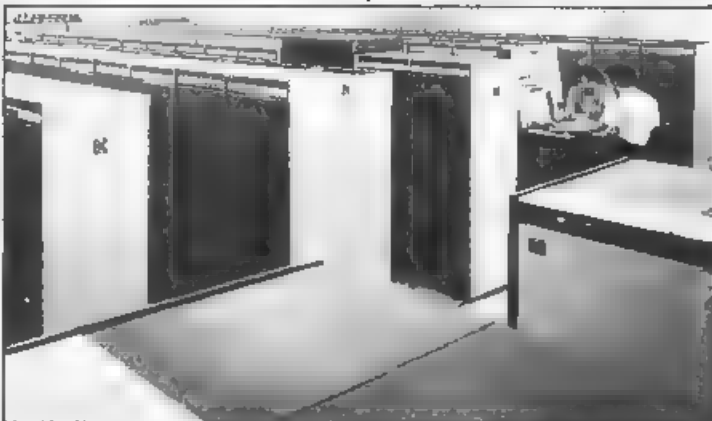
history—or the screen will gleefully light up like a pinball machine, the "Yes-Yes-Yes" signaling a "hit."

A more thorough sleuthing follows a positive reading. Into the machine channels, which cost the government \$5.6 million to buy, and \$3.1 million to run annually, are fed home address, age, sex, color, nationality, occupation, place of birth and social security number. This more intimate character analysis is largely responsible for the 220 percent rise in heroin interdiction,

295 percent climb in hashish busts and 62 percent increase in marijuana seizures during fiscal 1976.

The TECS newsletter boasts about one of the more interesting examples of the system's success. A few years ago a youth spent a month in a Morocco jail for a hashish conviction. His name was thrown into the TECS files by Interpol. When this same man

was spotlighted by Charles McGee, the U.S. Customs Public Affairs Officer in New York. Ensnared in a World Trade Center office overlooking the Statue of Liberty, McGee talked enthusiastically about the system, any hint of concern that TECS has Big-Brother potential absent from his voice. "Boy it's quite impressive, it goes on and on for several acres," says McGee, referring to the physical



Burroughs Corp.

Part of the Burroughs 7700 data bank complex in San Ysidro, California. This seven-acre installation whisks profile information on smugglers to 600 terminals located on the Mexican and Canadian borders as well as other major international points of entry.

Customs Issues Guidelines to Curb Grass Imports

The U.S. Customs Service has issued an official list of anti-marijuana smuggling guidelines to all domestic airports in an attempt to curb the amount of marijuana brought into the U.S. on airplanes.

The Customs list, which offers a reward for "any information leading to an arrest or seizure" tells the nation's half-million airport workers that they "are in a position to render invaluable assistance to the Customs Service in its attempt to halt the flow of contraband and drugs into the U.S."

The Customs Bureau checklist includes nine points that "when coupled with suspicious behavior by the aircraft operator" should lead one to believe that a marijuana smuggling operation is under way.

1. Passenger seats removed from the aircraft
2. Gasoline cans inside the aircraft
3. Numerous cardboard boxes, duffel bags, plastic bags, etc. inside the aircraft
4. Maps of areas in foreign countries which are apparently being used by the pilot

5. Pilot reluctance to discuss destination or point of origin, or reluctance to discuss the above-listed conditions.

6. Payment of cash for fuel or services, and display of cash by pilot or passengers

7. Requests for maps or information pertaining to areas in foreign countries by pilot

8. Pilot or passenger reluctance to leave immediate area of aircraft during refueling

9. Strong odors (perfumes and deodorizers are often used to disguise the odor of marijuana)

The official one-page document concludes by telling the airport worker that "when several or all of the above conditions are observed, and in your judgment there is reasonable cause to believe the aircraft is engaged in smuggling activity, please call collect the U.S. Customs Air Support Branch."

tried to enter the country with a VW camper, TECS's octopodan arms became fully evident. After a computer query of the ex-offender scored a "hit," customs officers and dogs found over one hundred pounds of hash secreted in the engine of his vehicle.

Yet despite this harrowing picture, the Burroughs 7700 complex has its shortcomings. Though it is a felony to lie to federal officials, there is no way to test the veracity of information that goes into the machine. The computer only handles requests, it does not know if the person under investigation is assuming a false identity. Government agencies are working on a method to digitalize fingerprints, but this more foolproof system is still in the drawing-board stage.

Also, the arbitrariness of relying on an inspector's intuition to determine who will go into the computer has its pitfalls, chief among them being the inevitable fatigue and disinterest an inspector is subject to as a result of the heavy volume of border crossings.

The capabilities rather than the defects of TECS were recently

dimensions of the San Ysidro terminal and its hookup with an arsenal of law enforcement agencies. "It's doing what we could never humanly do before. The quick access to information can detect patterns, this picture of a man's social status is the beauty of TECS. Now we can get into all areas—gun smuggling, importers delinquent on paying fees. We pick up a lot of people wanted for nonrelated offenses. This machine is a honey. It's one big law enforcement memory center."

It's understandable that McGee would gloat about the time-saving, multifaceted power of TECS and the Burroughs 7700. Now all government bodies, like the IRS, or Washington committees with only civil functions, can plug into personal histories to assist their "work." Individual liberties are being sacrificed to the cause of greater efficiency, but all is not yet lost. Under the 1975 Freedom of Information Act, individuals have the right to know all that TECS has on them. Write to the Commissioner of Customs. It's one way to try taming the Burroughs beast.

Grass Growth Slow in Texas

By Kaye Northcott

AUSTIN—Eight states have now gone further than Texas in reducing penalties for marijuana possession, and Keith Stroup, national director of NORML, is hoping to goose the Texas Legislature into additional drug law reforms in 1977.

"Texas would be an incredible symbolic victory for us," Stroup said. In early August he visited the state to urge defense attorneys to lobby for more lenient marijuana laws. Stroup wants to put together a statewide organization of criminal lawyers, with chapters in every major Texas city, to beat the drums for decriminalization or reduction of pot penalties.

Stroup, however, is being realistic: "The climate is right for a very good battle, but to say it is time for decriminalization in Texas with Dolph Briscoe as governor—I just don't know."

Marijuana law reform is definitely not on the governor's agenda for 1977. Instead, he'll be pushing "anticrime" legislation to expand the death penalty, legalize wiretapping and allow oral confessions. Civil libertarians are going to have a tough time just beating down the Briscoe package, much less trying to swim upstream against the tide.

But while the governor may still think of marijuana use as a criminal activity, many residents of the Texas capital act as if the wildwood flower were already legal. The drug climate has warmed considerably since 1973, when the legislature amended Texas's harsh marijuana laws. Possession of two ounces or less is a misdemeanor punishable by up to six months in jail and a \$1,000 fine. Two to four ounces will get you a year and a \$2,000 fine. Possession of more than four ounces or delivery of any amount is a felony punishable by two to ten years in prison and a \$5,000 fine.

Weed has been smoked openly at musical events in Austin for years. Now it is also common to see folks passing joints as they cruise the hill country in cars or as they walk across the University of Texas campus. At the city's favorite swimming hole, municipally owned Barton Springs, swimmers climb the hill on the far side of the pool before they pull out their baggies and roll up a toke. As Austin attorney Cam Cunningham says, "People are using marijuana much more casually in public places."

This is not to say that nobody gets arrested. "The city cops will bust you for a small amount when they come across it," Cunningham said. "A shoplifter with a film can of grass in her purse is gonna get charged, and so is the

speeder who has a couple of joints under his front seat." But in Austin these small-time offenders are given a summons rather than jailed. And outside the city limits where County Sheriff Raymond Frank, "Sheriff Wonderful," is in charge, Cunningham said, "they might just confiscate your marijuana and send you on your way."

Austin juries are inclined to give probation for marijuana cases involving upward of a thousand pounds. About a year ago two men were assessed ten years' probation after being arrested in a truck carrying 2,500 pounds.

One no longer hears horror stories about pot martyrs like Lee Otis Johnson, who in the Sixties got 30 years for giving one joint to an undercover officer in Houston. John Duncan, executive director of the Texas Civil Liberties Union, said, "Occasionally somebody will call in with a narcs-kicked-down-the-door story, but most of that has disappeared."

Still, in some backward nooks around the state marijuana continues to be viewed as the devil's hatchet. NORML's Stroup was surprised to find Amarillo policemen "harassing the hell out of rock concert crowds." He said that 30 people were arrested at one concert in this West Texas town in August, and 13 were arrested at another. Stroup also learned of a 19-year-old who was given a two-year prison sentence by an

Amarillo jury for selling five pounds of marijuana. "They treated the kid as a major dealer," Stroup said.

The Texas Department of Corrections does not keep separate records on marijuana offenses, but for all drug-related crimes it was housing 175 females (out of 706 in prison statewide) and 1,904 men (out of 18,299) as of December 31, 1975.

The best-publicized bust of the summer was in Corpus Christi where a former Raza Unida candidate for governor was charged with conspiring to smuggle and distribute about six tons of weed from Mexico. Ramsey Muinz, who got more than 200,000 votes when he ran against Dolph Briscoe in 1972, used to argue that marijuana should be considered "a health and medical problem." Now it's a legal problem for him and his brother Roberto. They pleaded not guilty to an 11-count indictment, in which the Drug



Texas Observer

Ramsey Muinz, footballer and former candidate for the governorship of Texas, was charged last summer with conspiring to import six tons of marijuana from Mexico into Texas. Like other grass smokers and importers in Texas, Muinz must contend with Governor Dolph Briscoe's theory equating marijuana with crime.

Enforcement Administration alleges, among other things, that the two were paid about \$20,000 to transport nearly 2,500 pounds of marijuana to Birmingham, Alabama, in a mobile home.

Muinz, a 33-year-old attorney, was named "Mr. Corpus Christi" in 1963.

Two Die in Utah Shoot-Out Undercover Scam Backfires

SALT LAKE CITY—More than a dozen shots were fired in a shoot-out that killed two persons—Dick Larson, 28, and Robert Hutchings, 32—after Utah State narcotics agents and a local police chief forced their way into a duplex home owned by a local dealer.

Larson, the dealer who was subject of a marijuana-cocaine investigation by Utah narcs, allegedly gave narc Hutchings a spoon of cocaine prior to the shoot-out. Hutchings had entered the apartment with a felony arrest warrant, but his back-up team wanted him to make one more purchase before the arrest.

After Hutchings purchased the spoon, he uttered a secret word into a concealed microphone attached to his body. Immediately, the back-up team began to break down the door to the duplex. Larson ran to the bedroom and grabbed a double-barrel, 12-gauge shotgun. He had recently purchased the weapon for protection because he had been robbed of \$25,000 by another local dealer last March, according to sources in Utah.

Hutchings, unaware of the shotgun loaded with 36 heavy-gauge slugs, pursued Larson into the

bedroom and was met with a fatal barrage from both barrels. However, before dying Hutchings managed to fire a shot from his own Walther automatic pistol, killing Larson.

At that point West Jordan, Utah, Police Chief Lance Foster, 34, burst into the bedroom spraying bullets from a nine-millimeter machine gun. Confiscated were \$23,000 worth of marijuana, cocaine and assorted pills.

Detective Dave Bradford of the Salt Lake City Police described the shoot-out as "one of the grisliest events to ever happen in Utah."

Mexican Narcs Seize 4,500 Tons of Grass, Arrest 16,000 Under Echeverria Regime

During the administration of former Mexican President Luis Echeverria Alvarez, DEA-assisted Mexican narcs confiscated 1,050 kilos of cocaine, 1,213 kilos of heroin, 3,200 kilos of crude opium and 4,500 tons of marijuana.

Echeverria's six-year regime also netted 3,650 vehicles, 200 airplanes and 16,000 arrests for smuggling illegal substances, according to Alejandro Henestrosa Solorzano, information officer for

the National Antidrug Campaign of Mexico.

Henestrosa also said 115,000 opium plants were destroyed during the Echeverria administration and that within the last two years, 265 new narcotics agents have been commissioned to investigate more than 50,000 smuggling incidents throughout Mexico. Mexico presently maintains 400 DEA-trained narcotics agents dispersed throughout 85 narcotics units.

Colombia Releases Official Bust Figures

BUENOS AIRES—The Colombian National Police announced that at the end of July 1976 their totals for busts over the time period January 1972 to June 1976 were valued at \$1,789,057,398 for 1,081 kilos of cocaine and 2,025,000 kilos of marijuana seized and destroyed.

At least 2,121 marijuana exporters were arrested, including 140 foreigners. Arrests for marijuana cultivation totaled 512 people, including ten foreigners. Arrests for attempting to export cocaine totaled 571 people, about one-quarter of these people were foreigners.

The relatively low proportion of foreigners involved is interesting in the light of a statement by Colombian president Alfonso Lopez Michelsen prior to his visit to Washington last year. He said that the responsibility for increased marijuana-cocaine trade lies with the U.S.

For the first time ever, 243 grams of opium were picked up in Colombia. The opium reportedly

was being run through Germany. One acid laboratory and 33 cocaine labs were also seized by Colombian police.

—1976 Raids on Rise—

The Administrative Security Department (DAS) has its own separate narcotics group, founded in November 1974. In the period to July 31, 1976, this group had raided 12 labs, destroyed 707 kilos of coke and 111 kilos of paste, 54 kilos of hash, 194,345 kilos of loose grass, 2,371 sacks averaging 15 kilos each of ready-packed-for-market grass, and burned plants totaling over half a million. Sixteen planes were confiscated, and 33 cars, with 1,353 Colombians and 366 foreigners arrested. DAS's proportion of foreign citizens is slightly higher, partly because DAS is also responsible for immigration. DAS busts this year include an 80-ton shipment of grass in the Guajira Desert (defined by the state police commander as "one big airstrip") and 110 kilos of coke in Bogota.

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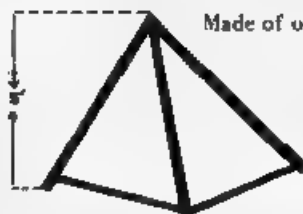
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Hemostat Controversy Heats Up

In the wake of reports that medical schools and hospitals around the country are running out of hemostats—the scissorslike clamps used in operating rooms—New York City's largest hemostat distributor told *High Times* that "very few companies" are running low on the instruments.



Bob Esai

Elizabeth Collier displays a hemostat similar to the one removed from her abdomen last autumn. The clamps, used by physicians to tie off blood vessels—and by smokers as the ultimate roach clip—were left in Collier's abdomen 20 years ago during a tubal pregnancy operation. But Collier had learned about it only last May when Dr. Donald Furrer x-rayed her kidneys.

Mike Rubin of the Miltex Corporation said his company has been selling over 100,000 a year Hemostats, which are sometimes used by fishermen to remove hooks from fishes' mouths, have become popular as the ultimate roach clip over the past few years.

"I can't understand why they are so popular as roach clips," said Rubin, who has never smoked marijuana. "It seems to me that there is not as much give in a roach as in an artery. Hemostats provide tension that would cut off the flow of smoke."

The precision surgical instrument, which is usually used to cut off the flow of blood from an artery or vein during a medical operation, has had the highest replacement rate of all hospital med-

ical items during this past year.

The quality of a hemostat is based on the construction and type of steel used in its manufacture. The Cadulac of hemostats is handmade in Sweden and can run as much as \$75. German hemostats, by far the most popular with surgeons, are considered the finest machine-manufactured hemostats in the world. Japanese and Pakistani hemostats, considered by Rubin to be "low-quality instruments," are the ones most often used by marijuana smokers.

Although most smokers swear by their hemostats, Rubin remains adamant about their disadvantages as roach clips. "They're just too long and too heavy. I can't understand how the smoke can get out of a pressurized roach."

Light Destroys THC, New Research Finds

By David A. Dillon

Exposure to light is the greatest single factor in the loss of marijuana potency, according to pharmacognosists at the University of London School of Pharmacy, who recently published the results of a two-year study on the stability of grass, hash and THC under various storage conditions. Previously it had been believed that THC was destroyed mainly by heat and oxygen and could be maintained by refrigeration in an airtight package. It now seems that that's because refrigerators are dark containers. The research group—J. W. Fairbairn, J. A. Leibmann and M. G. Rowan—has shown that the THC content of cannabis will be reasonably stable for one to two years if stored in the dark at room temperature. This is especially good news for those whose stash has mildewed because of the condensation of moisture caused by refrigeration.

The London research group has also demonstrated that the glands of marijuana leaves act as "well-filled, well-closed containers" and that when they are broken up, the THC is lost somewhat faster. Not too surprisingly, finely powdered pot loses THC faster than coarsely powdered pot. The obvious hint to the marijuana user is not to clean any more herb than you are about to consume, since cleaning entails crumbling the tops. Likewise, hash should be kept in an intact chunk until used. The experimenters found marked deterioration in the outer layers of hash chunks, but the center retained almost full potency for a year.

The Fairbairn group used British domestic that they grew from Turkish, Nepalese, Mexican, African and unknown seeds. They also studied Pakistani hashish, their own homemade hash and pure THC. The "London" hash was made from plants grown from South African seed, the tops of which tested at 3.65 percent THC.

The tops were frozen to make the resin glands brittle, then passed through a fine sieve (125-mesh) and pressed into blocks. The final THC content was 11.6 percent, and microscopic examination showed most of the glands were intact.

Earlier reports had maintained that THC in an inert solvent (eth-

anol, chloroform, petroleum ether, etc.) remains stable. However, chemists should note that this is only true if the solution is kept in the dark. In petroleum ether there is virtually a total loss of THC after six days of exposure to light at room temperature. However, THC in the same solvent shows almost no loss when

kept in the dark. Solutions of cannabinoid are also stable when stored in darkness but decompose faster than THC in light. The next problem is which portion of the light spectrum can be safely used for handling cannabinoid solutions in the laboratory.

Although the Fairbairn study answers many questions about what causes THC to decompose, it raises some others about what it decomposes into. Although the researchers demonstrated that oxidation and/or high temperature (over 150° F) convert THC into cannabinol, they could not detect what light transforms it into.



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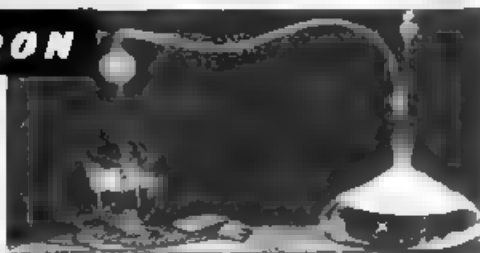
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Morale Drops as Navy Cracks Down on Shipboard Smoke

By Ellis Rogers

MOMBASA—In the wake of marijuana crackdowns aboard United States Navy ships, sailors have taken to hoarding their once-communal stashes in anticipation of grass-packed Cinderella Liberties when they can replenish themselves and their on-board supplies. Late last summer one such ship docked in the Kenyan port of Mombasa.

Changaa, an illegal local drink made of coconut and "something lethal in a glass," was being passed through the humid, grass-filled atmosphere in the back room of Mombasa's Florida Night Club. The Kenyan port call had become something of a haven for the sailing smokers aboard the U.S.S. *Donald Beary*, one of many ships in the Navy's Middle East Force Fleet that had heeded Washington's call to crack down on on-board marijuana.

"Last year there were no problems aboard ship," related one smoke-filled sailor. "Until the bust we all had our stashes—hell, there was more than 50 pounds of grass aboard ship."

The U.S.S. *Donald Beary*, a frigate based in Norfolk, Virginia, called on Mombasa as part of its current Middle East and Indian Ocean tour. There has been some

speculation that the *Beary's* appearance in Mombasa is a show of American solidarity with Kenya in the wake of growing hostility from neighboring Uganda, ruled by President Idi Amin. During the summer, Amin's soldiers have massacred a reported 3,000 Kenyan civilians who were living in Uganda. Most of these massacres came in the wake of the Israeli raid that freed 104 hostages who were being held in Uganda by Palestinian hijackers. Amin has accused Kenya of complicity with the Israelis, and the situation along the Kenya-Uganda border remains tense.

The American sailors consider the Mombasa call to be a rest and recuperation stop, however, and are fully enjoying Mombasa's marijuana. One sailor from Tennessee said that the recent crackdown aboard the U.S.S.

Beary netted bags of marijuana from almost every passageway and other conceivable hiding place. "Bags of the stuff had been stashed in every nook and cranny of the ship. It was everywhere," he declared.

The uncovered grass was dumped into the sea. "It all came from West Africa," said a remorseful Maryland sailor. "In Dakar, Senegal, we made good friends with the Senegalese sailors and they carried it aboard ship for us under their greatcoats. But eventually they became frightened, and they told us to carry it aboard ship ourselves through the front passageway. They arranged for this entrance to be left unguarded all night. They were really great guys."

Since most of the pot was uncovered and dumped overboard, there has been a noticeable decline in the ship's morale and heightened dissension among the men. Fighting and disobedience are on the upswing.

The ship also stopped in Monrovia, Liberia, before the crackdown. "Monrovia also had good grass," said a sailor who hails from Florida. "We ordered it from

ashore, and it was delivered to the ship for \$50 a pound. It was every bit as good as the Colombian, which costs \$350 a pound back home." The sailor went on to say he almost cried when it was all dumped overboard.

Most of the *Beary's* sailors claim to like Mombasa and the two West African ports they visited very much. Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, the port immediately before Mombasa, was, however, not popular. "Jeddah was a drag," one said. "No women, no booze and practically no dope." Some sailors managed to find some moonshine whiskey locally distilled by Americans working in Saudi Arabia and a few lucky ones managed to meet some Americans who turned them on with hash, but none was available to buy.

"I feel like jumping ship and staying in Mombasa," said the Floridian sailor. "Here the grass is superb." He also commented favorably about Mombasa's women. "They really knew we were coming," he said. "Almost all of the girls I've met or heard about made sure to have some smoke ready in their rooms to turn us on."

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Three Yanks Sent to Russian Prison for Smuggling

MOSCOW—Three Americans who pleaded guilty in a Russian court last August to charges that they attempted to smuggle 62 pounds of Southeast Asian heroin into the Soviet Union were sentenced to from five to eight years in a Soviet prison.

The men—Gerald Amster, 33, of New York City; Paul Brawer, 31, of Philadelphia, and Dennis Robert Burn, 26, of Queens, New York—told the three-judge panel that they smuggled the heroin in false-bottom suitcases on an Aeroflot flight from Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. They were arrested June 27 while passing through Moscow's Shermetyevo International Airport on their way to Paris.

After three hours of deliberation, the Soviet judges sentenced Amster to eight years, Burn to seven years and Brawer to five years at the Potma Gulag, located 250 miles southeast of Moscow. Only Brawer intends to appeal.

The three are the first Americans to go before a Soviet court since 1968. The last Americans to appear were sentenced to five years for possession of hashish but were released before completing their sentences.



Paul Brawer of Las Vegas waves to crowd in Moscow courtroom after being sentenced along with Dennis R. Burn, right, and Gerald R. Amster for attempting to smuggle 62 pounds of heroin through the Soviet Union.

—Golden Triangle Sugar—

The heroin, which was allegedly being delivered to an Amsterdam dealing ring run by Chinese, is the largest smack seizure by Soviet Customs officials in history. The smuggling trio admitted to acting as paid couriers for a group of Chinese in Malaysia.

"It was the saving of money on the Aeroflot ticket that was the reason Moscow was selected," Amster said in his testimony. Aeroflot has been offering discount fares from Asia to Europe via the Soviet Union, thereby

appealing to many travelers. It is possible to fly for as little as 20 percent of full fare on some Aeroflot runs from Asia "if you want to bargain them down," said one Asian diplomatic source in Moscow.

Amster, who had undergone heroin withdrawal while being held in Moscow's Lefortovo prison, testified that he and Burn had been recruited for the run while living in Amsterdam by a man known as Mr. Lee. They had been offered \$8,000 each plus expenses to bring the heroin back from Kuala Lumpur.

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Dispatch from Italy: Domestic on the Upswing

by Angelo Quattrocchi

ROME—We call it Chianti silver. We named it at one wild rock festival in the hills of Umbria, north of Rome. It's very good home-grown grass that comes from many communal farms in Tuscany where farmers have been growing grapes for Chianti wine for centuries. It took California a century, and Italian emigrants, to grow wine that can compete with our Italian vintages; it should take no more than a decade for the new Italians to grow grass that can rival the homegrown Californian, or even the Santa Marta gold.

Rome and Milan, like Paris, Amsterdam and London, used to be centers of hashish cultures in the Sixties. From low-grade Moroccan stuff to Lebanese black, with some hash oil thrown in for good measure, it was all brought in by explorers, seekers and adventurers coming back from the Middle and the Far East or North Africa. But borders became increasingly difficult to cross as the years went by, and the market grew fast as the Mafia and big business got ready to set up the real killer: the multimillion-dollar heroin scene. But it's history already. Now, if you go to Milan, Rome or Genoa you find everything, from heroin to hash to grass, but the prices are as high as the risk of being burnt, or set up, or cornered by a narc.

A big shift has taken place, after a three-year-long dry season, as the Mafia has closed down the hashish market and flooded the country with heroin. The people's answer has been to grow their own. It's beginning to pay off now. The story of dope in Italy is now ten years old, and it has followed a predictable road, from the times of the heroic smugglers who were giving out stuff for free, to the middle-class dope explosion, to the heroin invasion. They reckon there are a million smokers now, mostly weekend smokers of course, and 50 to 100 thousand heroin addicts. Some methadone programs in the big cities have just started, but they are very questionable. Rome snorts coke, Milan is big on amphetamines and uppers and downers of all sorts, the provincial towns use more hashish and heroin. A few smoke-ins have taken place in the past two

years or so, and the movement to legalize pot is very strong, but still divided.

Can you smoke marijuana in the streets?

Well, if you do it in a quiet, beautiful square in a village or in a small town, nothing will happen to you. If you do it in *Trasevere* or *Campo dei Fiori* in Rome, however, plainclothes narks are going to bust you very fast. The same is true of the *Breia* in Milan or the *Giavotto* in Genoa. They are the Greenwich Villages of those towns and are considered disaster areas by the old timers and the people who know better. Prices are higher in those areas and they are more dangerous than anywhere else. Now, both for hard and soft stuff, the neighborhood bar is your place to make a contact.

But, as we were saying, more and more people are switching to homegrown grass and building up an alternative market—nothing big, just enough for you and me, and close friends. Some have tried to go big, but the result has been big busts. The country is just too

small, and Italians are too extroverted and talkative—it's very difficult to keep a thing quiet. In certain areas, like Veneto, the region around Venice, farmers have grown weed since before anyone can remember and have used the stuff for making rope. Most of it is not smokable, but local folklore has it that the good stuff is used to make a medicinal tea.

Interest in herbal medicine and different herbal highs is growing fast too among the new generation. It's going to make a good bridge with the great herbal culture of the recent past. Only 20 or 30 years ago, if you'd go to the chemist you'd get a lot of herbs, but almost no manufactured pills. There's no farmer in Italy, from the Alps to Sicily, who doesn't know quite a bit about comestible herbs, medicinal herbs, herbs that give you a high—mushrooms too, although the lore and the knowledge about mushrooms is more esoteric and less widespread.

There's probably a big future for the herbal medicines and herbal highs that faded with the advent of hospitals and big-business pills, and it could help both the health and the high consciousness of new generations.

Italy has managed to make hashish and marijuana acceptable to the more progressive segments of the population. A lot of middle-class professionals in their thirties smoke pot in the same way they drink wine. There's no more "two years in jail for two joints." A new

law makes a clear distinction between users and dealers, and users don't usually get put in jail. But it depends a lot on who you are and where you are. If you are a street kid with poor parents and get caught in some small town, you might still spend a few weeks in jail before appearing before the judge. And then you might still find an old-fashioned judge who thinks that sex and dope are the source of all evil, and you may get a sentence for dealing, even for a few grams. The new law has also made illegal a lot of uppers, downers and amphetamines that one has been able to buy until now at the chemist for a few cents. Mandrax was also among the pills available at the chemist with no prescription, but no longer. There is, however, a lot of new stuff coming from more backward countries where pills are still sold openly. For example, in Yugoslavia, next door to Italy, one can buy all the pills one wants, imported from Italy and Switzerland, of course, and bring them back and sell them for profit.

Marco Pannella, the radical maverick of Italian politics, the charismatic and articulate leader of the small and precisely named Radical Party, has been advocating total legalization of everything for the past two years. Support for the party's position is growing so fast that even the media have been talking about legalization with some sympathy.

The real issue in Italy isn't legal but philosophical, however. During the elections here last summer a heated debate raged over whether or not it is Marxist to smoke marijuana. Should a good communist smoke dope? The debate has yet to subside with the only agreed-upon point being that smoking grass cuts through class politics and religion... which is still the heaviest dope of all in Catholic Italy.

Angelo Quattrocchi is the editor of the Italian magazine *Fallo* and contributor to three of Rome's daily newspapers.

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Top Marijuana Researcher Contradicts DEA Statement

High Times recently sent a copy of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration's (DEA) statement, "Effects of Marihuana," to Dr. Tod H. Mikuriya, one of the nation's leading and most respected marijuana researchers. What follows are the DEA statement and Dr. Mikuriya's response. In his covering letter, Dr. Mikuriya told us that the DEA statement "demonstrates the problem of police-oriented bureaucrats foundering when they attempt to practice medicine."



DEA Marijuana Statement

When smoked, marihuana appears to enter the bloodstream quickly because the onset of symptoms is rapid. It affects the user's mood and thinking. The drug's effects on the emotions and senses vary widely, depending on the amount and strength of the marihuana used. The social setting in which it is taken and the effects anticipated by the user also influence the individual's reaction to the drug.

Usually, the drug's effects commence in about 15 minutes after inhaling the smoke of the cigarette. Its effects can last from two to four hours. At low "social" doses of 1 to 2 cigarettes, individuals who become intoxicated may experience an increased sense of well-being, initial restlessness and hilarity followed by a dreamy, carefree state of relaxation, alteration of sensory perceptions including expansion of space and time, and a more vivid sense of touch, sight, smell, taste, and sound, a feeling of hunger, especially a craving for sweets, and subtle changes in thought formation and expression. To an unknowing observer, an individual in this state of consciousness would not appear noticeably different from his normal state.

At higher, but moderate doses, these same reactions are intensified but the changes in the individual would still be scarcely noticeable to an observer. The individual may experience rapidly changing emotions, changing sensory imagery, dulling of attention, more altered thought formation and expression such as fragmented thought, flight of ideas, impaired immediate memory, disturbed associations, altered sense of self-identity and, to some, a perceived feeling of enhanced insight. Such distortions can produce feelings of panic and anxiety in an individual who has little experience with drugs. The panic and anxiety can cause the individual to fear that he is dying or "losing his mind." This panic reaction is transient and usually disap-

pears as the drug effects wear off. Low to moderate doses of the drug produce minimal changes in body functions.

At very high doses effects may include distortions of body image, loss of personal identity, fantasies and hallucinations. In addition, toxic psychoses can occur after extremely high doses. This state clears as the drug is eliminated from the body.

A person under the influence of marihuana finds it harder to make decisions that require clear thinking. He finds himself more easily open to other people's suggestions. Tasks which require good reflexes and thinking are affected, and this makes it dangerous to drive while under the influence of the drug.

Marihuana does not cause physical dependence like heroin or other narcotics. This means that the body does not become dependent on the continuing use of the drug. Withdrawal from marihuana does not produce physical sickness as does withdrawal from certain narcotic drugs, though continued use of the drug may cause psychological dependence.

Researchers point out that a person predisposed to the abuse of one drug may be likely to abuse other, stronger drugs. Also, users of one drug may be exposed to a variety of other drug users and sellers and through this association may be encouraged to experiment with more potent drugs.

In 1966, the active ingredient of marihuana, tetrahydrocannabinol, was synthesized in pure form by an Israeli scientist with support from an American grant. Research is currently being done into the short- and long-term effects of the drug. It is anticipated that in the near future scientists will better understand marihuana and its effects on memory, mood, perception, and other physiological and psychological functions. It is also expected that reliable scientific data will become available with regard to chronic toxicity resulting from long-term use.

Mikuriya Responds

1. Onset of the effects of smoked cannabis occur after 1-3 minutes, not 15 minutes.

2. Low "social" doses depend on the strength. One or two "cigarettes" could contain anywhere from 4 to 40 mg. of THC. Effects would depend on the length of time taken to smoke the "cigarette" as well as the strength of the cannabis.

3. Initial restlessness, hilarity, rapidly changing emotions and marked perceptual changes take place only with novice users or patients with unusual sensitivity to the drug.

4. The usual effect of low to moderate amounts of smoked cannabis is a mild calming effect on the emotions with decreased mobility. Aggressive impulses are usually quelled and alteration of time perception diminishes the pressure of time.

5. Panic reactions, distortion of body image, hallucinations, fear of identity loss, dymia or control of mind are functions of either unfamiliarity with cannabis or overdose. Intensity of and duration of symptoms is directly related to degree of overdose in experienced users.

6. Overdose is rare when cannabis is smoked since the rapid onset of effects permits easy self-adjustment of dose. If taken orally, however, slow and uneven absorption from the intestine often causes overdose, especially when the user becomes impatient and takes a second dose before the effects of the first dose begin (1 1/2-3 hours after ingestion).

7. Toxicity: Despite intense mental symptoms from overdose, huge doses have been taken without any immediate or lasting physical or mental effects and no documented human fatalities have resulted from effects of the drug.

8. Behavioral adjustment to the effects of cannabis by the experienced user permits many to perform complex tasks (including driving) without impairment. Other users, however, may continue to experience perceptual and reflex changes that prevent effective performance of these tasks. Fortunately, those who experience these performance-impairing effects will avoid driving, since attempting to do so is quite uncomfortable—unlike those who overdose on alcohol and drive.

9. THC was discovered by Cahn in 1930, confirmed by Loewe and Adams in the *New Times* and easily artificially synthesized by Mechoulam in 1966.

10. There may be minimal physical dependence produced by cannabis at high chronic use rates but none at usual low "social" doses. Psychological dependence is possible.

11. All drugs are tools and thus are capable of being abused. Abusive use of drugs is a result of ignorance, impurity or pre-existing emotional problems. The most harmful effects of cannabis are from expensive bad trips imposed by the law.

Pot on Trial in U.S. Court

By Patrick Lanzing

SACRAMENTO—Federal Judge Thomas J. MacBride will soon rule on the merit of the "classification argument," a new legal strategy aimed at easing U.S. pot laws. In the early legal rounds of a case involving the importation of thousands of kilos of Mexican marijuana, Judge MacBride must decide whether alleged pot trafficker Rodney Ellison and six codefendants must stand trial or be released on the defense contention that marijuana is improperly classified with narcotics under federal law.

During a pretrial hearing in August 1975, lawyers defending alleged members of a California marijuana ring called two expert witnesses who testified that marijuana does not belong in Schedule I, the federal drug classification carrying the strictest provisions for regulation and enforcement. Dr. Joel Fort, an authority on sex and drug problems best known for his appearance as a government witness during the first Patty Hearst trial, told the court that pot is less dangerous than alcohol or tobacco and stated, "I think it is great potential medicine." Dr. Thomas Ungerleider, UCLA researcher and member of the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, testified that marijuana use does not lead to physical dependence, brain damage, loss of motivation, sexual impotency or heroin addiction.

Asked by defense attorney Mark Soler whether marijuana use posed a threat to public health and welfare both Dr. Fort and Dr. Ungerleider answered that it did not. Dr. Ungerleider added that in his opinion, there was no longer any substantial debate among reputable scientists on the question.

Dr. Fort and Dr. Ungerleider recommended that marijuana be removed from Schedule I, which includes drugs of high "abuse potential" having no medical use and lacking safety even when administered by doctors. At present, pot shares its Schedule I status with illicit narcotics and psychedelics. Schedule II lists the amphetamines and cocaine, while Schedules III and IV contain the barbiturates and sedative-hypnotic drugs. Dr. Fort advised that marijuana be reclassified in Schedule V, the schedule for such

over-the-counter drugs as Compoz and Nytol. Dr. Ungerleider stated that pot should probably be removed from the federal drug schedules altogether.

Testifying for the government at the hearing were Dr. Stephen Szara, chief of the Biomedical Research Branch at the National Institute of Drug Abuse, and Dr. Reese T. Jones, an NIDA-funded pot researcher whose "super-dose" experiments at Langley-Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco have drawn wide public attention.

Dr. Szara supported pot's present listing in Schedule I, saying that marijuana has "abuse potential," and that no medical use for the drug has yet been determined. Dr. Szara added that he was still concerned about three "potentially important" health hazards of pot smoking. Grass might yet be

linked, he said, to genetic damage, decreases in male sex hormones and lung disease.

Under cross-examination by attorney Soler, Szara admitted that such claims had been widely challenged by scientists and that none had yet been scientifically confirmed.

Dr. Jones testified that marijuana can cause "physical dependence" in humans when used in large doses, and likened the withdrawal symptoms a heavy pot smoker might have to what "one might experience if one were a tobacco cigarette smoker and stops smoking tobacco cigarettes." Though Dr. Jones favors retaining marijuana in Schedule I, he played down the importance of his findings. "It's a worrisome finding," Dr. Jones told Soler, "but it's not the kind of thing that makes you want to run out and burn your marijuana."

Dr. Jones, whose research has received more than a million dollars in federal funds, was reluctant to testify at the hearing, according to informed sources. Widespread criticism of his experiments by other researchers and former subjects (see *High Times*, Dec./Jan., 1976) has, he feels, hurt his reputation as an objective scientist. His yet unpublished findings of physical dependence on pot, however, make him extremely useful to the government in the prosecution of marijuana cases.

Under cross-examination by



Bruce Smith

U.S. Judge Thomas J. MacBride must soon rule on a significant new challenge to the nation's marijuana laws.

U.S. Attorney Donald Heller, Dr. Fort was asked if he considered Dr. Jones a "reputable scientist."

"No," answered Dr. Fort. "I would not... I consider him unethical and not a drug expert particularly unethical," adding that he based his judgment on Dr. Jones' research. Subjects in the Langley-Porter experiments receive massive doses of THC and marijuana oil on a round-the-clock basis for periods as long as 45 days, while living with mental patients on a locked ward.

At the conclusion of the hearing, defense attorney Soler submitted to Judge MacBride a brief strongly critical of the Jones experiments. Soler says he expects the government will call Dr. Jones to testify in future pot trials.


Judge MacBride, in considering the evidence presented at the hearing, will decide not only the fate of the seven accused, but the sense of federal law that applies stricter standards to grass than it does to barbiturates and amphetamines. His ruling may influence the prosecution of future pot trials and ultimately play a part in reforming U.S. marijuana laws.



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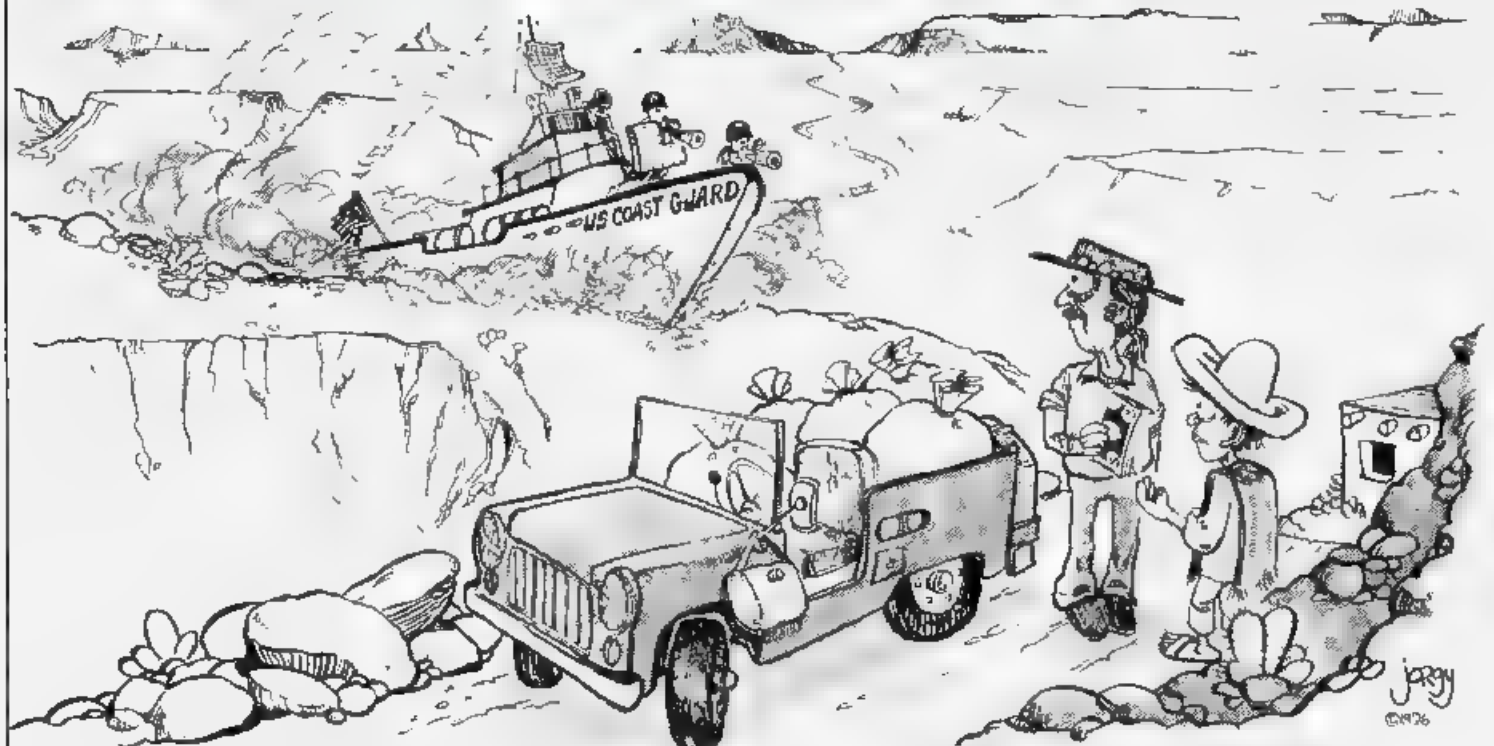
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Kissinger Aides Yet to Reveal Details on Maritime Search and Seizure



UNITED NATIONS—Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger has disclosed that the U.S. delegation to the fifth annual U.N. Law of the Sea Conference "has yet to reveal" to what extent the 200-mile exclusive economic zone would empower the U.S. Customs Service and the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to search and seize vessels for marijuana being imported into the United States.

Kissinger's comments to the conference, the world's largest and most controversial maritime parley, were mostly diplomatic formalities as the delegates failed to agree on a comprehensive legal code that would give U.N. sanction to the 200-mile exclusive economic zone. Paramount in these talks that brought together nearly 2,000 delegates and experts from 150 countries was the question of coastal states claiming exclusive economic zones. Such zones would add a sea area 188 miles wide, its outer limit 200 miles distant from the shoreline. Coastal countries would enjoy sovereign rights to prospect and exploit natural resources in their economic zones.

Kissinger, making no reference to the Organization of Dope Exporting Countries (ODEC), told *High Times* that the government's interest in curtailing marijuana imports was "a level of detail that my colleagues on the American delegation have not yet revealed."

The exclusive economic zone presents a danger to grass importers in so far as it ostensibly amplifies DEA-Customs search-and-seizure jurisdiction by 188 miles. This would give the agencies more leverage to stop ships outside the 12-mile territorial limit without prior knowledge of a smaller craft loading off of a

hovering vessel.

Although the conference failed to sanction the exclusive economic zone, the U.S., Canada and Mexico have proclaimed a 200-mile exclusive fishing zone. There have been no known instances of grass importers being stopped within these zones to date.

Three weeks after claiming a 200-mile exclusive fishing zone last March, the Mexican government acquired 50 Coast Guard and other patrol vessels. Five helicopters, 12 amphibious planes and several other aircraft have also been deployed for patrol duty within the 200-mile limit.

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Gerald Lefcourt— Challenging the Cocaine Laws



New York attorney Gerald Lefcourt.

High Times: When did you first get involved in changing the cocaine laws?

Lefcourt: It was during a bomb conspiracy trial out in Tucson, Arizona, back in 1970. I got talking to a pharmacologist about drugs. He told me that just about everything written on cocaine was wrong. I finally decided to do it in the Abbie Hoffman case. It was a good case to do it in, not because he was an easy defendant to work with or that the courts would be particularly sympathetic to Abbie, but because there were resources involved. What we did was essentially contact the most respected pharmacologists, psychiatrists and doctors in the country who had drug related experience, either working in clinics or writing about the pharmacological make-up of cocaine.

High Times: Do you believe that cocaine laws are used as a political instrument of terror?

Lefcourt: I haven't seen too many clear political arrests. The whole cocaine law enforcement movement is a political movement to maintain power. The billions that go into prosecution, apprehension and investigation is just incredible.

The government is essentially attempting to wipe out the importation, the sale and possession of a substance which is relatively harmless, which is headed to middle or upper-middle class customers who present no societal problems whatsoever with it.

High Times: Do cocaine laws make amount distinctions, or does possession of any amount of cocaine violate federal statutes?

Lefcourt: The only question is possession with intent to distribute. No amount is necessary. If you possess something which you intend to distribute, you violate federal statutes. And if you distribute or import it, you violate federal statutes. State statutes differ

"I'd like to be a carpenter, but I'm not good enough," mused 34-year-old attorney Gerald Lefcourt from his lower Manhattan law office overlooking the financial hub of New York City. On his walls hang mementos of past triumphs and tribulations—the Chicago Seven Trial, the Panther 21 and the Abbie Hoffman cocaine conspiracy trial, which initially sparked Lefcourt's interest in changing outdated cocaine laws.

Lefcourt attended both Brooklyn and New York University Law Schools before becoming a criminal defense lawyer for the Legal Aid Society in 1967. He was later to become what one colleague described as the "hallmark" attorney for the Emergency Civil Liberties Union in New York City.

But while judges and juries pump adrenaline into Lefcourt's complex legal metabolism, the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration seized 1,445 pounds of cocaine and made at least 600 cocaine-related arrests internationally for the first three months of 1976. So now, relaxing the cocaine laws is Lefcourt's quest.

greatly and depend on the quantity involved. If you sell an ounce or more in New York, that is a mandatory 15 years to life.

High Times: In challenging the cocaine laws, do you set out to find a client with the specific intent of challenging the laws?

Lefcourt: That is not necessary. There are plenty. The thing about cocaine is that it's a folly to continue prosecuting it the way we are. It's not a narcotic, it's not physiologically addictive, it doesn't cause crime, it doesn't cause death, and it is not used by people who would otherwise be hurt by it.

High Times: Isn't cocaine classified as a Schedule Two drug?

Lefcourt: Yes. But it's called a narcotic. It is defined as a narcotic, which it is not. And it is treated as heroin, which it isn't.

High Times: Why do you think cocaine is classified as a Schedule Two narcotic alongside heroin?

Lefcourt: It is treated alongside heroin because of misconceptions. People have assumed for the past 50 years that cocaine is a narcotic. That is an improper assumption. Cocaine was a federal felony before heroin. It was so primarily because of racial motives.

High Times: Have you found that many of the people arrested for possession of cocaine, have also been accused of possession and attempt to distribute heroin?

Lefcourt: No. There is no association that I can find.

High Times: What is your reaction to those critics who allege that cocaine is really just a kiss away from heroin?

Lefcourt: I am sure there is a problem, because there is this gigantic propaganda unit in the federal government, the Drug Enforcement Administration, that keeps on spewing out false information. So, the problem in getting the public to see the truth is immense because the government

doesn't publicly go along with it. Privately, they will admit it.

High Times: Do you feel there is a relationship between the high cost of cocaine and present cocaine laws?

Lefcourt: It is pretty clear, that if cocaine was legalized, the cost would be next to nothing. But in its illegal form, when there are seizures, the market becomes a demand and supply situation.

High Times: Do you think it is wise to attack the cocaine laws through the court, as opposed to attacking it through the Congress?

Lefcourt: I think both should be done. I think that the efforts to attack it through the courts have been incredibly successful in promoting education.

In the meantime effort should go on in legislation. There should be a full-blown hearing, where all authorities can make their points. There is no disagreement about cocaine not being a narcotic. Nobody is going to say that it is a narcotic. Every doctor, pharmacologist, what-have-you, will say it is a stimulant.

High Times: Many critics challenge that there is a heavy social cost attached to cocaine use.

Lefcourt: It is difficult to measure. I don't know what the social cost is. It is certainly not comparable to downers that are prescribed by doctors. Certainly there is no comparison with alcohol, which is devastating. People seem to enjoy themselves more. And that is a psychological crutch. And it is wrong. I mean, nobody should have to, you know, snort cocaine in order to enjoy yourself at a party.

High Times: How long of a battle do you see until cocaine is legal?

Lefcourt: Unless something radically wild happens in the country in terms of drugs in general, it is probably going to be maybe 10 years before cocaine is in the position of marijuana.

High Times: Have you been approached by any organizations similar to NORML that would take a leadership position in the legalization of cocaine laws?

Lefcourt: No. There is only one organization that I heard about. That is COCA, in the South somewhere. They wrote a few letters to me, but there is really nothing major going on. What has been going on, unfortunately, is exclusively through individual legislators around the country in various states and in Congress and through the courts. I think that the NORML people understand the cocaine situation, but they feel if they join in with the drive to legalize marijuana, you know, that would hamper that drive. They might be right.

High Times: Do you think if cocaine was legalized there would be a lot of misuse of the drug?

Lefcourt: Unless you swallow it, it is very difficult to misuse it. In the sense that you can't kill yourself with it. When we made the Abbie Hoffman cocaine motion in 1973 and attached the affidavits of the leading people in the country, the prosecutor came back with the affidavit of the New York City Medical Examiner, Halpern, who had a long quote in his affidavit about the dangers of cocaine taken from a book called *Goodman & Gilman*, which is a pharmacology textbook. Halpern said cocaine was related to 17 deaths in the city of New York. This was astonishing to us, because the President's Drug Abuse Council said that cocaine wasn't related to death. So we went down and took a look at the ME's own records on these 17 cases. And it turns out that what he was talking about was that cocaine was found in the deceased's blood. But the deceased died because he was shot, or he jumped off a roof or he was run over by a car. And what he was reporting was that cocaine was found in the deceased's tissues.

High Times: How much does it cost to enforce cocaine laws?

Lefcourt: I don't know exactly, I don't know if you can arrive at one. But estimates run a billion dollars a year. I don't know how accurate that is. The DEA won't disclose the cost because they have an interest in keeping their budget secret. And they will always tell you that every cocaine case is part of a heroin investigation. But the cost is truly phenomenal. We have judges that handle the narcotics cases. We have legal aid lawyers who had to be hired to defend nothing but narcotics cases. We have jails that are being more and more filled with lifers in narcotics cases, all of which mostly come down to cocaine.

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A black and white photograph of Jimmy Buffett. He is shown from the waist up, sitting and playing an acoustic guitar. He has long, wavy hair and is smiling broadly, looking slightly to his right. He is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved button-down shirt with a small, dark, circular logo on the left chest. The guitar is a light-colored acoustic model with a dark fretboard. The background is out of focus, showing what appears to be a window with curtains. The lighting is soft, coming from the front and slightly to the side.

Jimmy Buffett

A journalism graduate of the University of Southern Mississippi, Jimmy Buffett decided not to be a police reporter, but to go to Nashville and sing about the things police reporters write about, with a slightly different slant, of course. But he didn't take to Nashville and vice versa, so he drifted down to Florida where he knocked around with Jerry Jeff Walker, who showed him that it was possible to be a no-account drifter and a successful artist simultaneously. So after seeing all that Florida and the seas to the south had to offer, Jimmy settled in Key West.

Once Buffett successfully retired in Florida, he found he could go back to Nashville, where he recorded his first album, "A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean" for ABC. His music has its roots in Mobile and Nashville and the Southern tradition, but influences flow in from everywhere, from the copacetic calm of drifting in the Gulf Stream, to the frantic rush of chemical cut-ups in backwater towns. With each new album "Living and Dying in 1/4 Time," "A-1-A" (named for the highway that links the Florida Keys) and "Havana Daydreaming," Buffett has tapped new sources of musical and lyrical inspiration—every outlaw has a good story, and Buffett has an eye and an ear for them.

Outlaw artists stuck together, and so Jimmy has been breaking into film lately, collaborating with Montanan Tom McGuane, who produced romantic but existential novels. Ninety-two in the Shade, set in Key West, and subsequent blood-and-guts pieces with such nostalgic titles as Rancho Deluxe and Missouri Breaks. Buffett acted in and wrote the soundtrack for Rancho Deluxe and is currently co-writing a screenplay with McGuane. McGuane sees Buffett as a kindred spirit: a frontiersman with a frontier shortage. "What Jimmy Buffett knows," writes McGuane in the liner notes of "Pink Crustacean," "is that our personal musical history lies at the curious hinterland where Hank Williams and Xavier Cugat meet with somewhat less animosity than the theoreticians would have us believe."

High Times: You're not really just a country and western singer. How did you end up in Nashville?

Buffett: The only reason I went to Nashville was because I didn't have the money to buy enough gas to get to L.A. I went there because that's one of three places to go and make it. You can go to New York, which is not so much anymore, unless you want to play in clubs and starve. But if you want to record and write, you really have to go to Nashville or Los Angeles.

But then all of a sudden you're

wrapped in, you're in Nashville so you're country. And then the fact that we did "Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw" now I did that as a total satire, wasn't even going to put it on the album. We did it foolin' around in one take. But immediately that song became controversial and there were jukebox sales. So I'm sitting there with "Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw" as the first recognition I've got. Boy, it takes a helluva long time to get over that. It took us two years.

High Times: What was the story about the girl in the middle of "Why Don't We Get Drunk" taking off her clothes during a Florida show?

Buffett: It was in South Carolina. She just took off her blouse and started shaking her tits around.

High Times: What was your reaction?

Buffett: What do you think it would be?

High Times: I heard you gave her a backstage pass.

Buffett: That's bullshit. Didn't happen. People that write about these things should actually be there to see them. A lot of journalists take a whole lot of fuckin' liberty. That's why if you misquote me I'm going to kick your ass. It's just sensational muckraking.

I was talking to a lady tonight who told me they have roofers at the general hospital. They cheer the ambulances and hang out at the hospital to see what kind of cases are coming in on Friday night. Think about it. Why do they have windows in ambulances? So you can see out? That's always baffled me. Macabre thing.

High Times: The other side of that record was "Great Filling Station Hold-up," which was a country hit.

Buffett: Yeah, so that came next and I went, my God, what are they doing to me? The next thing I know

High Times: You're a country star.

Buffett: And I've never played country rooms at all. I've always played folk clubs, coffeehouses and rock-and-roll bars. I've never played a country gig.

High Times: You said you've done benefits for Jimmy Carter. Were you politically active before?

Buffett: No. It's been 12 years since we've had anybody to vote for. I went out and saw Carter work. I have a good gut feeling about him, and that's it. I live on audience response and intuition, and I react to it. Have all my life. When he started out, the way that he had to go was very calculating. You gotta be calculating, you gotta bust your ass if you want to do anything. For me, it's like I can't just be a sensitive artist and still be out here surviving. I've also gotta be a businessman. Certain things have to be done in order to get you where you're gonna go. It's no

different than wanting to be president. I think he honestly wants to help. And he's very into getting input.

High Times: How did you end up working for Carter?

Buffett: He called me in Washington. He was in Oregon. I'd known some people in his campaign, and they were interested in us playing a rally he was doing in Portland. That was a pretty critical state at the time, because he was getting the rush from Jerry Brown and Frank Church. But he finished pretty well. Carter called me personally after we had just sold out a concert in Portland, and asked me to do it. He invited me to go out on the campaign plane, which I did for a day.

High Times: What was that like?

Buffett: I thought I worked hard. But the strain that that man has to deal with and the way he does it, but he can handle that whole schedule. That was what impressed me the most—his stamina.

High Times: Tell us about your bus.

Buffett: Oh, it's a great bus. The band got it about a year ago. It's a Silver Eagle, and done like a boat inside, with driftwood and barn lumber. Got a video cassette, big sound system, ice chest full of beer, telephone, CB, bunk to bunk interior—it's just a cruiser. You get in there and it's like being on the moon. Finish up a gig, you load up your stuff, get on, smoke a joint, go to the bathroom, and you're there the next morning.

High Times: What's this we hear about the crazy destination signs on the thing?

Buffett: When you order the bus, they allow you to pick out 26 marker signs. We got "Governor's Staff" to use for parking, so no cops will bother us. There's a "Loretta Lynn" so we can get primo service in truck stops. Another one is "Teens for Christ." One morning we had just picked up some pot. We stopped at a filling station and all of a sudden this car pulls up and two really slick-looking guys get out after circling the bus. My friends were freaking out, thinking it was a setup. But it was just two Billy Graham miniatures—hey how're ya doing brother—like those people you see on Saturday gospel shows. They had seen the "Teens for Christ" sign. Let's see, we've also got the "Enterprise," and "Havana." The last one's tricky, especially in Key West.

High Times: Why don't we talk about your dissatisfaction with your record company?

Buffett: I don't want to say that much about it, but we have had our disagreements in the past. First of all, they didn't know exactly what I was. It's not just ABC—it would be anybody. They tried to categorize me with rock-country or as an outlaw, but I can't be categorized. ABC

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didn't know. But I figured it was their job to find out. I think they know that they've let me down. I've got a legitimate bitch. They take the standpoint that they do everything for you, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be here. But I don't buy that shit at all. It's a mutual cooperation thing, and I think some people at ABC now are coming around to that. I can't demand all their time, but I want my fair share. I know what other artists get.

High Times: Are you aiming to become a number one artist?

Buffett: Shit no. I don't care about that. I am not out there driving every day to get a Top 40 or number one record. I like albums. And I owe an obligation to my following. I get to affect people's lives, and artists have an obligation—I mean you're affecting a whole lot, and most people take that for granted. We have a tremendous amount of power. You can't describe what it's like when you walk out there and work 12,000 people into a total frenzy. You can do anything you want to, you can tell them anything you want to. That is where responsibility lies.

High Times: What do you think about artists who pretty well shun their own followers?

Buffett: I don't think they'll be very long-lived. But there are still some acts that made it to the top that keep their roots about them. They still know where they came from. But others don't.

High Times: You don't want to be a number one artist, but you are unhappy with your record company and what it's done for you. Does that mean you're not satisfied with your career?

Buffett: No. Just that certain things should be done. I've never had an ad in Rolling Stone, for example. I don't care about Billboard ads. They're for the trade people. They count in several areas. That's just one example. Rolling Stone, High Times, they sell records.

High Times: How much of your songs are journalistic, and how much of them are fictional?

Buffett: They're about 90 percent based on fact, things that I've done or seen other people do. The only one that is really more fiction than fact would be "Cuban Crime of Passion."

High Times: Where did "Death of an Unpopular Poet" come from?

Buffett: I was watching Walter Cronkite one night, and he had a little blurb on there that Kenneth Patchen had died. That surprised me because hardly anybody ever heard of Patchen except in small circles. He was one of my favorite poets. So I was thinking about him and then I thought about Richard Farina. These guys contributed so much, but they died and we never appreciated them until afterwards. They starved their asses off and didn't get to stick around to reap their rewards.

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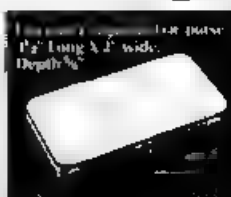
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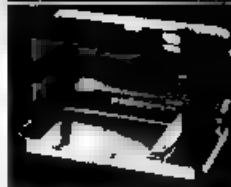
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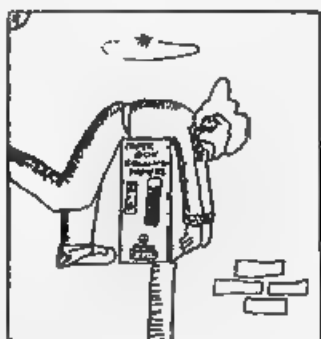
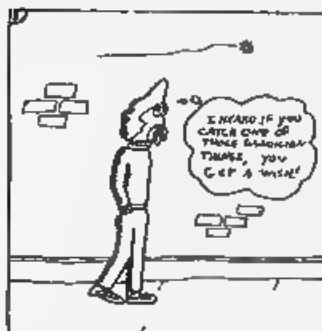
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aesthetic value. Let's face it—you're out there to secure your future too, and anybody that says they're not is totally false. I couldn't say that the money doesn't mean anything to me. You have to pay your bills—I have to keep the band on the road. But you can still have a good time and write good songs. You don't necessarily have to prostitute your music, as long as you know how to handle it, put it in perspective. Those guys had a good time, but I'm sure they were miserable a lot of times. The success that they wanted, they never knew they actually reached it.

High Times: Did you study poetry?

Buffett: When I was in college, just for rhyme schemes and like that. I've always been interested in poetry. If I ever studied anything in college that I retained, it was that Poetry.

High Times: Do you do any other writing besides songs?

Buffett: Yeah, we're working on a screenplay now with Tom McGuane. It's about a Cuban dope dealer in Florida. It happens in a reptile jungle—totally fictional of course.

High Times: Of course.

Buffett: It started out as a comedy, but we worked it into a really tight melodrama. I'm also thinking about writing a book about rock-and-roll—the tell-it-all story.

High Times: Tell us some more about the other movie you're working on.

Buffett: I got this script from Jack Cummings, who's a pretty successful screenwriter. It's a good, funny smuggling story. Most of the characters are based on characters in my songs. Quickly, it starts out with this kid running around on a boat. He gets burned on a deal and he's cruising around trying to dump this hot boat, and he picks up this old man in a raft. They get together and hijack this 50-foot Hattaras and take it to Mexico to paint it up to do a big deal. We're still working on it, but that's the outline of the story.

High Times: How do you prefer to write? Drunk, stoned or what?

Buffett: It depends. I don't get high before I go on stage. I'll have a couple of drinks just to take the edge off. Sometimes I wonder how the fuck I do it. Man, you walk out to the edge of the stage and there are 14,000 crazies. If you aren't good, they're going to let you know right away. That's the difference between novelists and entertainers. I get that instant feedback. But you writers, there are 13 fucking critics in New York that run your life. They can make you slash your wrists in the bathroom depending on what they say about you in The New York Times Sunday Book Review section. You spend maybe a year writing a book, and then you wait a month for ten people to decide whether it's good or bad.

I don't get stoned before shows. But afterwards, I get real high. Writing to me,

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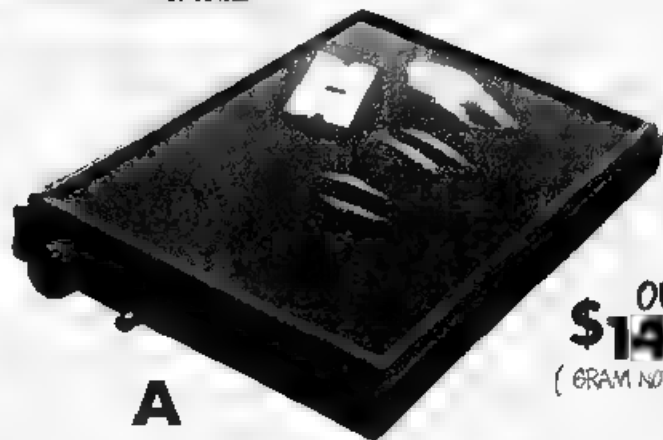
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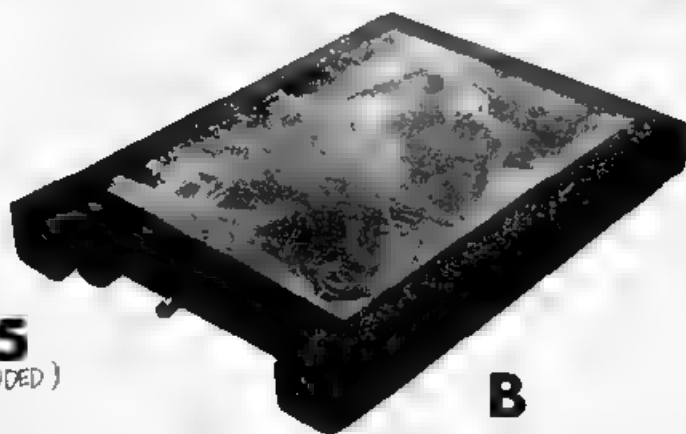
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is a very sporadic thing. It can happen in any state of mind. After the shows I have to cool down. 'Cause when you're up on stage, your adrenaline is flowing. It's a buzz when you get up there. That may be the best high there is.

High Times: Can you listen to other artists and tell what kind of drugs they're doing?

Buffett: Sure, in concerts, that is. You can tell when somebody's coked out or up on pills. Get up there and just brrrrr-r-r-r. Or I can tell if somebody's real stoned. A lot of people can play great stoned, but I just lose it all. Different strokes for different folks.

High Times: That was an interesting reaction you got at the concert last night when you said that you just finished doing an interview with *High Times*, that commie dope magazine.

Buffett: Yeah. I was surprised by the way everybody cheered.

High Times: Were you hesitant about doing this interview?

Buffett: I had to think about it, yes. Some things in your everyday lifestyle you take for granted, until someone wants to know more about it. I'm not scared, I just want to be accurately quoted. *High Times* is all right. Some people can't understand sitting there and reading 60 pages mostly about this. But a lot of people do it. I wouldn't be here if I didn't want to do it. I figured it would be a good opportunity for me to say what I have to say about certain things.

High Times: Do you agree with the push by NORML and others to change the drug laws?

Buffett: I think marijuana will be legalized because all the lawyers smoke it. I know Keith Stroup of NORML, and I admire what he's doing. You can't legislate morality, they should know that by now. The only crime-oriented drug is heroin I think.

High Times: Is it that way because it's illegal?

Buffett: I don't think so. You don't see people out there breaking into stores to pay for a coke habit. And that's pretty expensive.

High Times: Why is coke so expensive?

Buffett: There's a demand for it, and somebody figured, we'll make this one be less affordable than marijuana. What other reason could there be? It's easy to process.

High Times: A lot of people at concerts are downer freaks.

Buffett: We don't have that, which is the nice thing about it. I don't have to look at four fucking rows of Quaalude freaks. Our fans are listening to the songs. And that's the satisfaction I get out of it. As long as I can do this, and as long as I know that I am doing it, I'm going to be content to stay at a certain level. I'm not going out there to try and sell my lifestyle to America. Because they ain't going to buy it. They never have. Most of the people

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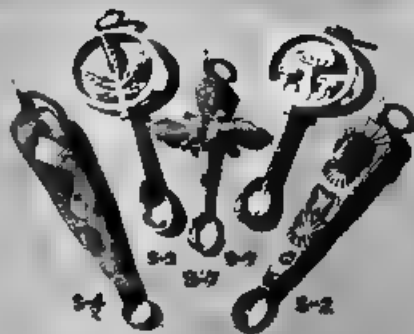
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that live in this country, the average—let's face it, we're a minority. You have to realize it

High Times: Where do you run across the best pot today?

Buffett: Well, there was some that washed up in Key West that wasn't too bad, even though it was wet. I think good Colombian is about as good as you can get, when it's available. But really, we're not that much of a loadie band. Everybody gets high, but it's not like what people would perceive a rock-and-roll band to be as far as drug intake, women, running around. I mean, people get scared of groups like Kiss. Well, they'd scare the shit out of me, too. I mean, I'd have the son-of-a-bitches locked up. But to middle America it's the same thing, no difference.

High Times: Tell us about "A Pirate Looks at Forty." You know it's a big hit down in Colombia.

Buffett: It's a true story.

High Times: "I've done my share of smuggling. I've run my share of grass. I've made enough money to buy Miami, but I pissed it away so fast. Never meant to last, never meant to last..." It's got to be about a doperunner.

Buffett: Yeah... He was a friend of mine. It's a true story, and it's pretty self-explanatory. It's one of my favorite songs. You know, if the DEA reads this, I'll be put on their list.

High Times: You're probably on it already. You haven't exactly been quiet about your lifestyle, up until now, you know.

Buffett: Hell, everybody's done it. It goes back to rumrunning. I'm reluctant, but I'll tell you about it without getting too specific.

When I was growing up in Alabama, my grandfather was a sailing ship captain. He was from Nova Scotia and went away when he was 13 to join a whaling ship. It's part of a whole coastal culture, and anybody who grows up on the ocean is exposed to it. So I'd been on the ocean and sailing boats. Smuggling and piracy have always been associated with coastal areas. The shrimpers on the Gulf used to run cigarettes to South America in the holds of their ships, 'cause they could get a ton of money. That's how it started. Then they decided to pick up a load of weed on the way back. It was no big crime until it became like a big business involved with supplying Jamaica with gunboats, and with Third World politics. It was just average fishermen looking for a little extra to feed their families. We're not revealing any big secrets here. Hell, everybody knows how it gets in. It was a way of life for a lot of people.

High Times: Is it still like that?

Buffett: Not to the degree it was. It's obvious. There's no pot in the country. There's a shortage. I travel, so I get a perspective of knowing there's really not

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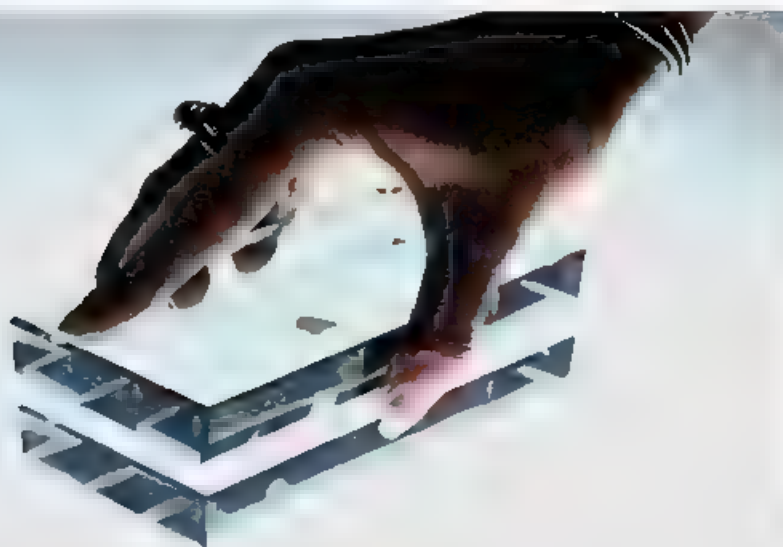
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any now. They are cutting it off **High Times**: What did you think of *High Times* singling you out as the smugglers' favorite?

Buffett: As long as I don't get arrested, that's fine. I guess everybody would like to be a smuggler. I mean, it's a fascinating thing, right? It's adventurous, romantic, swashbuckling. There's something about going to sea—there's this mystery and romance that I think is carried over in literature and music. Everybody'd like to be a rock-and-roll star, too. But, boy, if they saw the inner workings! There's always the glamorous aspects of everything, and then the hard cold work side too. Everybody would love to be a rock star or a smuggler. They think that you just get up there and do your show, or that you can just sail a boat down and pick up some pot and come back and make a ton of money, just like that.

High Times: Do you find that smugglers are romanticized to the point where, even though they make more money than anyone else, they're not looked upon as greed-heads?

Buffett: Absolutely. It goes back to Errol Flynn movies. Sir Francis Drake, for example, was a total pirate, and even though he was working for the government he was doing a lot of things that they let slide. He was more of a hero than a bad guy.

High Times: Where are you living now?

Buffett: In Colorado part of the year and in Key West, Florida, the rest. But Key West isn't the good old place it used to be. It used to be an open town of smugglers, shrimpers and crazies. It was the end of the world.

High Times: When you were in Key West, did you have any contact with the Coast Guard?

Buffett: I'll tell you one story about that. You know their excuse for popping people now is checking your boat out for that safety equipment shit. They make a bust and four days later there'd be some good pot on the street. At any rate, every time they'd make a bust, they had this huge flag they'd fly from the masthead of the cutter. I couldn't believe it, but the flag had a big marijuana leaf with a skull and crossbones. It's something like when World War II submarines would make a hit, they'd paint one on the side.

High Times: Would you like to retire say at 65 and go into rumrunning, or some other kind of activity with a boat?

Buffett: Oh, that's what I'll do. I'll go down to the Islands. If I live to be real old, I'll go down there and become a character in a bar. I'll have enough stories to tell. I mean, what else do you do when you're 65 or 70? You can't get laid. . . .

High Times: Any last words of wisdom for our readers?

Buffett: I'd like to say hello to my mother. I hope she doesn't read this. But I know she will. . . .

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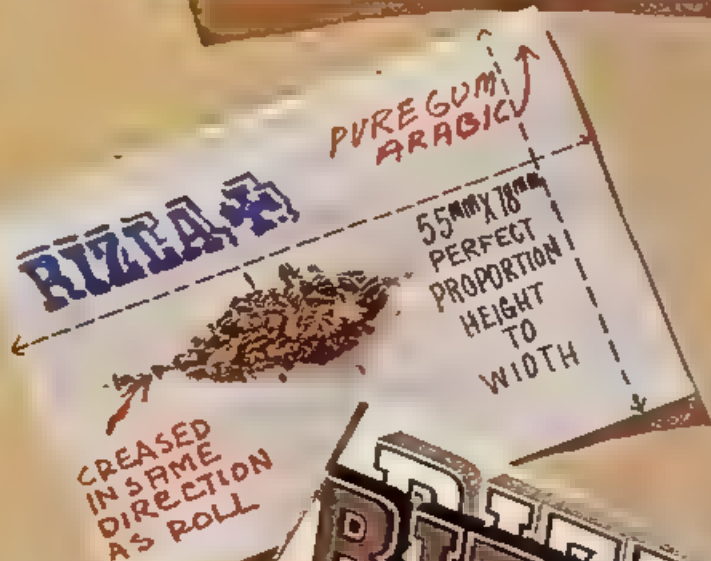
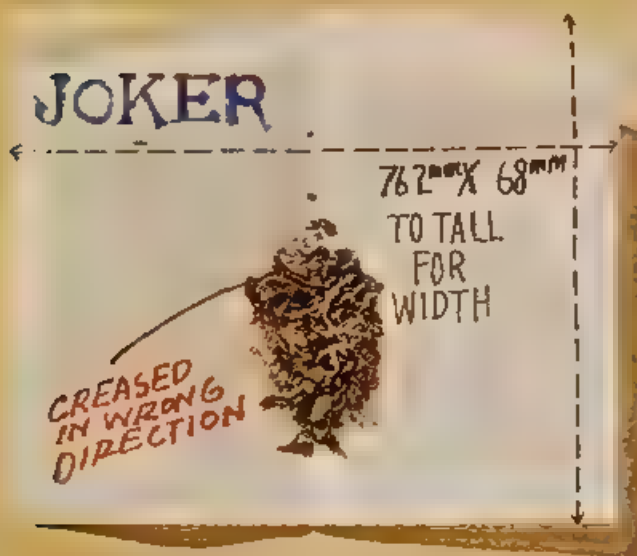
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High Times

THE KAKI

Henry Kissinger vs. 40 tons of Colombian Reefer

By Albert Goldman

The story commences on a flawless day last spring, about 60 miles off Hilton Head, South Carolina. The Coast Guard cutter *Dauntless* is steaming southwest over a sea so calm that it barely ripples. What does a modern Coast Guard cutter look like? If you saw *Lucky Lady*, the campy movie about rumrunning

in the early Thirties—you know that during Prohibition the Coast Guard operated clumsy-looking wooden patrol boats with thick-barreled Lewis guns on the bow. They also chased smugglers with long, skinny "four pipers"—hand-me-down World War I destroyers with four stovepipes belching sparks and coal smoke—warning every smuggler for miles around "Here I come!"

Today's space-age Coast Guard has vessels designed by skillful naval architects expressly for its unique purposes. One such purpose is Surface Security Patrol, or catching smugglers. Yet until a couple of years ago, you just didn't hear much about Coast Guard cutters cutting off dope ships on the high seas.

Then something changed. Richard Nixon was cracking the whip in the White House. Operation Buccaneer was planned and executed involving every cutter on station in the Seventh Coast Guard District in Miami. The *Valiant*, *Steadfast*, *Dauntless*, *Hamilton*, *Chase*, *Courageous*, *Dependable*—all got a taste of dope duty.

The *Dauntless*, around which this story revolves, bagged two yachts loaded to the gunnels with gage. In the Yucatan Channel, she busted the *Wind's Will*, carrying 2,000 pounds of Jamaica Red. In the Windward Passage, she caught the motor yacht *Royona* freighted with 6,000 pounds of ganja. It was a far cry from towing rich assholes with yacht caps on their heads and no oil in their tanks. Or checking out buoys or operating a lighthouse! The War against Drugs made men of the Coast Guard.

A snubby, dart-shaped vessel with a high foredeck, a steep, three-story pilot house and a long, low stern unencumbered by smoke stacks (because she's got a hip, modern stern-exhaust system) the *Dauntless* is built for service, not for show. She can cruise 5,000 miles without refueling, she's what the Coast Guard calls a "medium-endurance" cutter. She can make up to 18 knots while giving chase. If things get ugly, she's got a 3.5-inch naval rifle on a revolving platform on her foredeck. If a smuggler refuses to lay to and runs away, the *Dauntless* can wham a high-explosive shell into her tail.

But the real secret of the *Dauntless*'s potential as a dope catcher is the hulking amphibious helicopter that she totes piggyback on her 70-foot stern flight deck. Twice a day this HH-50 "Flying Lifeboat" windmills off the cutter's back and disappears over the horizon. There it ogles every vessel within a 25-mile radius. Armed with eyes such as these, infinitely superior to traditional sighting devices, the *Dauntless* is a formidable weapon.

That the *Dauntless* is doing this time is a very different story. She is patrolling the vast and heavily traveled ocean off Georgia and the Carolinas, proceeding without any special

information concerning her target. The *Dauntless* is searching for nothing less than the Mother, a ghostly South American freighter that is reputed to bring 1,000-pound loads of dope up from Colombia into the coastal waters of the U.S.

The legend of the Mother had been growing for years before the *Dauntless* left port on its mission. At first the freighter was purely an inference. On many occasions boats had been seized off the East Coast carrying what was unquestionably Colombian dope, but they were small boats incapable of a Colombia run. How did the dope get into the boats? Was it picked up at some dumping ground, like the Bahamas? Or was it picked up at sea—from a mother ship? These questions vexed the authorities until one very determined law enforcement officer decided to stop speculating and act.

The War Against Drugs made men of the Coast Guard. It was a far cry from towing rich assholes with yacht caps on their heads and no oil in their tanks. Or checking out buoys or manning a lighthouse!

I was present at the very moment the idea of busting the Mother popped into the head of this master buster. It was January 12, 1976. On my way home to New York from Colombia, I stopped off for a few days to recuperate in Charleston. As I often do, I checked in with my friend Robert Perkins, director of the Charleston Patrol, U.S. Customs, an armed and specially trained unit of 50 men and women charged with interdicting the drug traffic into Georgia and the Carolinas.

Perkins appeared in the garden of my little carriage house looking hard, handsome and military. He wears a gray Stetson with the shield of his service on the crown and a pair of mirrored sunglasses that fit into the curves of his hard cheekbones like tinted monocles. On his hip rides a very large pistol. I asked him about the gun, which seemed to have grown since I saw him last.

He smiled his disarming Gary Cooper smile and drawled, "Smith and Wesson shut down their plant for two months last year and did nothing but build these guns. There's about 2,000 of 'em, each with a special serial number. They commemorate the first 50 years of the Mexican Border Patrol. They've got the badge of the patrol etched on the gun frame right here above the handle. Here, out on

the barrel you see the inscription 'Mexican Border Patrol, 1924-1974.' You had to have been a member of the patrol between certain dates to get one of these. I paid \$220 for mine and already I been offered \$2,000. It's all stainless steel, and though it's a .38, it'll take a .357 load. You can tear the engine out of a car with this thing. Shoot down an airplane at low altitude. Kicks like a mule, but if you hold it like this"—seizing the right wrist with the left hand—"she won't get away from ya."

To lawbreakers, Perkins could be a pretty frightening figure. What was impressive about the man was not his toughness, but his remarkable dedication to duty. He worried endlessly about his work and took enormous pains to perform it perfectly. He gladly wasted his nights maintaining watches that often failed to produce a bust. His nominal foes were smugglers, whom he called "the bad guys." But he spent enormous time and energy fighting the bureaucracy in which his particular unit was mired.

It was no surprise, therefore, when I found him fuming over a bust that had been reported in the morning paper. The day before, January 11, 1976, Customs, with the aid of the DEA and some state and local police, had swept down on an isolated fish-processing plant on the Pamlico River in North Carolina and busted a huge 112-foot fishing trawler loaded with 15 tons of dope. Among those arrested at the site were the former mayor of Hallandale, Florida, John David Steele, and his 21-year-old son. In a nearby warehouse another 10 or 12 tons of dope were seized and also an airplane, a mobile home and a couple of automobiles. One would assume that Perkins would have been delighted with the success of the operation, but he was infuriated. His information was that the trawler had picked up its cargo from a hovering steamer that could have had aboard four or five times the tonnage seized at the fish-processing plant. The failure to go after the mother ship, the big one, rankled in Perkins's heart.

I mentioned that when I left Colombia the peak of the harvest was only one week away. Allowing a week for curing and a couple of weeks for transporting and loading, the big ships should be in action again very shortly. Perkins listened attentively and finally said, "I'm gonna get me one of those mothers."

The very next day he wrote up a plan of interdiction that he dispatched to the Fourth Customs Region headquarters in Miami. The plan revolved around the use of the S-2, a long-range reconnaissance plane that looks like it has been captured by a flying saucer. Its round radar dome enables it to monitor surface or air traffic for a hundred miles in any direction. Capable of cruising for seven hours at a time, the S-2 could be dispatched twice a day to wing out across the Atlantic sur-

veying an area of a couple of hundred square miles off the coast of the Carolinas. If it detected a suspicious vessel, it could radio the information into the patrol headquarters in Charleston and a 32-foot Customs boat could be dispatched to the area to maintain surveillance with its surface radar and catch the smugglers in the act of offloading their cargo into a lighter ship. If Customs or the Coast Guard seized the mother ship it could be the biggest dope bust in U.S. history.

The only problem with this operation was its legality. What evidence was necessary to justify the arrest and seizure of a vessel flying a foreign flag in international waters? Customs or the Coast Guard can board any vessel flying the American flag, but they have no right to challenge vessels under foreign flags unless they find them in flagrant violation of American law.

This old problem harkened back to the days of Prohibition, when the territorial line was only three miles off shore. The bootleggers would line up their smuggling vessels along Rum Row, off the coast of Long Island. Winter and summer, rain or shine, they ran a seagoing free port. Every night they would receive fast launches, so-called "contact" boats, from Jersey, Manhattan, Long Island and Connecticut that would pick up loads of bootleg whiskey and rush them through the Coast Guard blockade. This game of hide-and-seek went on for years until Congress passed the Hovering Vessel Act, which empowered the Coast Guard to seize any vessel hovering off our shores for the purpose of loading contraband cargo into vessels that were entering American waters.

But this law hadn't been invoked for so many years that nobody remembered how it worked. When Perkins laid his plan before Customs, they called in their legal department to clarify the issues involved, and passed the plan (and the buck) on to the State Department. Eventually, it landed on the desk of Henry Kissinger, chairman of the President's Cabinet Committee on Narcotics. When Kissinger said O.K., the Coast Guard drew up a memorandum that should be tacked up in every smuggler's pilot house. It sets forth with great precision just what you have to do to get yourself busted on the high seas while flying a foreign flag. As there has been so much confusion about this issue, let me quote from Commandant Instruction 5920.6:

For the protection of the right of freedom of navigation on the high seas, Article Six of the 1958 Convention on the High Seas provides generally that vessels on the high seas are not subject to the jurisdiction of any state other than their flag state. There are, however, several exceptions to this principle. . . .

One of these exceptions recognizes the competence of the coastal state to enforce its applicable laws against a foreign vessel located on the high seas if its actions establish a 'constructive presence' within the territorial waters or contiguous zone of the coastal state. Article 23 of the 1958 Convention on the High Seas governs.

"Constructive presence" is established when a foreign vessel located on the high seas adjacent to the customs waters works as a team with another vessel (e.g., one of its boats or a contact boat from shore using the foreign vessel as a mother ship) to violate the law in the customs waters. Any such violation committed by the contact boat while it is in the customs waters is imputed to its "team-

The mood aboard the Dauntless changed instantly. The sternly repressed feelings of the long chase now bubbled to the surface with the enthusiasm of a team charging out onto the field.

mate" as well, thus bringing the foreign vessel constructively within these waters and subjecting it to law enforcement action while it is actually on the high seas adjacent to the customs waters. Constructive presence, therefore, can be said to have three essential elements. (1) actual presence of the foreign vessel on the high seas adjacent to the customs waters; (2) actual presence of the contact boat in the customs waters in violation of U.S. law; and (3) good reason to believe that the two vessels are working as a team (or did work as a team) to violate U.S. law. . . . The evidence which establishes each of these three elements must be available for subsequent court proceedings.

Perkins's plan was approved in principle, but rejected in practice. Miami said that the smuggling traffic was heaviest in its own back yard; it wished to maintain the greatest concentration of men and equipment in that area. Perkins protested and asked what he could do with his one 32-foot boat, which was often out of commission, his one little airplane, and his little fleet of motor vehicles, which were being run into the ground. It was a

pathetically small armament to patrol 8,595 miles of elaborately indented coastline.

Perkins was sustained by his conviction that he was operating directly in the path of the new smuggling operations, which were slowly moving north from Miami to escape the heavy heat in that area. He proved what he could do almost the day he assumed his beat. The Charleston Patrol was established in June of 1975, and Perkins gave up a desk job in Washington, where he wore the gold eagles of a colonel to come down to Charleston at a lower rank so that he could again taste the satisfactions of being physically active in the field. Putting his people through a two-month crash course, he decided to ram home his lessons by taking the whole crew out on a real operation.

He had received word that a big load of dope was coming into a place called Sutherland's Bluff, one of the most remote and thinly inhabited sections of the Georgia coast. Marshaling all his people into a convoy of trucks and cars, he took off on a suffocating Saturday afternoon for Savannah. There he briefed them on the operation.

It was very important that Perkins get his men into the area before the smugglers began unloading, but he was afraid of spies—lots of redneck sheriffs are into the smuggling game, just as their daddies were into bootlegging. He ordered his people to pull off the highway into a rest area, where no one would ever think to look for them. Then he dispatched four scouts to slip up to the suspected smuggling site and study the operation. These men had gone to Navy frogman school; they were trained to cross rough country, to swim for miles underwater. Their orders were to wait unseen until they saw the dope coming off the ship. Then they were to signal the rest of the officers with the code word *Eyeball*.

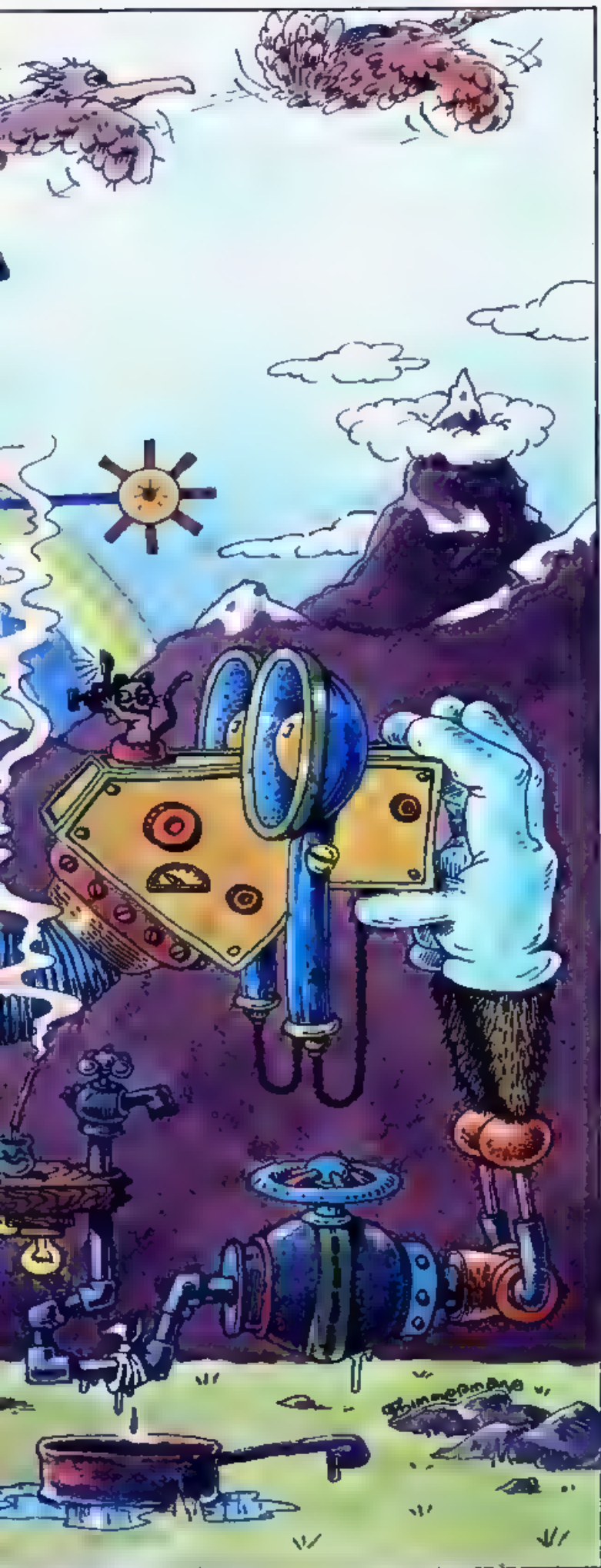
The smugglers had picked a classic bit of southern coastal scenery. Sutherland's Bluff is a stretch of 20-foot-high bank along the Sapelo River, which winds down to the ocean through a landscape of gnarled oaks streaming with Spanish moss. On this hot, humid night, a smuggler's moon rose like a giant orange ball from the swamp. When it got higher, it turned into a silver disc beaming down like a floodlight on the narrow, sandy riverbank.

Around ten o'clock the patrol scouts were scoping out the position. They reported that there were many police in the area—both the local sheriff and his deputies and some officers from the Georgia Highway Patrol.

Then the scouts got up to the riverbank and began reporting the scene there. About 20 smugglers were swarming all over the bluff. They had nine campers

(continued on page 72)





DO-IT—YOURSELF AWARENESS

A consumer's guide to inner space gym equipment
By Robin Keats

May 1945. The Soviet Army is closing in on Berlin. As the Nazi leadership awaits its *Götterdämmerung* in the Führerbunker, the citizens of Berlin emerge from their basements and cellars to fight hand-to-hand with the Russians. In a tiny bunker off the Lindenstrasse, a determined group prepares to make a last stand.

They are the most secret enclave of the dreaded Ahnenerbe—the Occult Bureau of the SS. Their mission: to develop new weapons that will turn the tide of war. In the Final Days, as steel and oil become difficult, then impossible, to find, Adolf Hitler commands his scientists to unleash the mightiest weapon of all—the human mind.

Thus was born the notorious parapsychological commandgruppen. Working day and night, they developed an invincible armory of tactical weapons that deployed telepathy, psychokinesis, alpha waves and astral travel for military purposes for the first time since Atlantis.

Three decades later, thanks to American ingenuity and free enterprise, you too can enjoy parapsychological "war toys" in your own home or cell. Oh, you can't kill anyone with them (unless you brain them with an E-meter), but you can have a lot of harmless fun expanding your consciousness the Seventies way. From plexiglass crystal balls to sophisticated biofeedback circuits, today's psychic tools make pocket calculators and CB radios look as quaint as chastity belts. So before making out your "clearing" check to the Church of Scientology, write for free catalogs from Edmund Scientific, 150 Edscorp Building, Barrington, New Jersey 08007; Inner Space, Unlimited, Inc., Glendale Road, Ossining, New York 10562, or Systec, Inc., 500 Locust St., Lawrence, Kansas 66044. And they'll be only too glad to sell you reasonable facsimiles thereof. Altered consciousness? You bet. And as Madame Blavatsky used to say, "The price is right."

WHEN YOU'RE HOT, YOU'RE NOT

Learning to use your own brain waves as tools for expanded consciousness is as easy as alpha, beta, delta, theta. These Greek letters symbolize various ranges of brainwave activities, much as the daily Dow Jones Average corresponds to the Talmud. Alpha waves are produced when the brain is in a relaxed yet alert state, beta indicates a high degree of anxiety and stress, theta waves relate to drowsiness, creativity and dreams, and delta "deep sleep" waves indicate a higher-than-average amount of Quaaludes and alcohol in the system. Biofeedback training is a means of regulating these brainwaves at will. The electroencephalograph (EEG), the electromyograph (EMG), the galvanic skin response meter (GSR) and the digital thermometer enable you to eavesdrop on your brainwaves; you can actually watch your alpha, beta, theta and delta patterns on the big screen. Soon you learn to produce those states of mind merely by concentrating on the patterns.



Digital Thermometer

Thus the EEG or alpha wave monitor can be used to induce a state of mind not unlike inheriting 20,000 shares of General Motors, while the GSR, by indicating skin tension, can teach you how to drive the indicator to the low-tension zone, thus concealing from the Scientologists the fact that you're a homosexual. The EMG measures the body's "field" temperature; with practice, you can learn to raise or lower it at will. Daily workouts in the biofeedback gym can give you control of your brain waves. In our day, they called it the power of positive thinking.



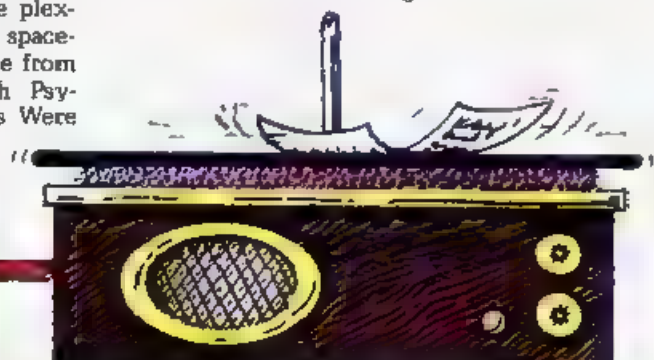
Plexiglass Crystal Ball

SURE IT IS, DOC

On a filing cabinet in the office of Dr. Robert Masters, director of research at the Foundation for Mind Research in Pomona, New York, sits a crystal ball. According to the eminent parapsychologist, it once belonged to Count Dracula's wife, Shirley, a cosmic psychotic who bathed every day in human blood "milked" from her stable of 50 virgins. To this day, nobody knows why she needed a filing cabinet. Now, fine plexiglass crystal balls in space-age styles are available from Fate magazine ("Irish Psychic Proves Dinosaurs Were Astronauts").

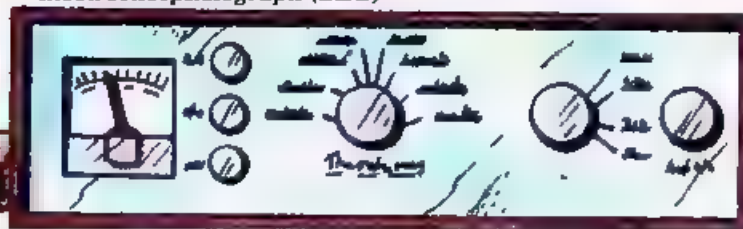
WAS AMENHOTEP IV A SPACEMAN?

No. And the Optokinetic Perceptual Learning Device (OPLD) was completely unknown to him, though he did invent a nifty, four-sided wheel that came to a point, sits in the desert and is being studied by the Polish Public Transportation Authority. The OPLD was developed by leading paranormal researcher Eleanor Criswell. It's a simple construction that increases reading speed, improves peripheral perception and quickens motor responses. To make your own OPLD, take a couple of pages of printed matter (dictionary pages, newspapers, the racing form, etc.) and paste them onto an LP record (any Kiss album). Throw it on the turntable at 16 rpm. Thirty-three, 45 or 78 will loosen your eyeballs. Focus on a specific spot on the disc. Don't follow it as it spins, but let it come to you. Soon words and their meanings will undergo a visual osmosis into your unconscious mind. OPLD teaches the art of anticipation. Joe DiMaggio is quite enthusiastic about it; several pro football teams have used it to train quarterbacks in scrimmage strategy and Vito "Crosseyes" Salomonella had his legs broken after he used OPLD to break the bank at roulette in Las Vegas, November 7 through 9, 1975.



Optokinetic Perceptual Learning Device (OPLD)

Electroencephalograph (EEG)



WE ALWAYS KNEW WALTER CRONKITE WAS GREEN

Your immortal soul can now be captured live on tape by the miracle of Kirlian photography. Invented by two Russian scientists (they also invented baseball), Kirlian photography utilizes electricity to ionize the air around its subjects, as the state of New York did in the Louis "Lepke" Buchalter case in 1944. Kirlian photography reveals the hues of the parapsychological corona that surrounds us, and has been called "the photography of the life forces" but not by Lepke. Kirlian photography illustrates the invisible aura, "spectacular panoramas of colors, whole galaxies of lights, blue, gold, green, violet, all shining and twinkling." It is the recording of bioenergy. Possible use: third remake of the "The Ten Commandments." Acupuncture points, bioplasmic states and physiochemical reactions of plants are particularly interesting subjects for Kirlian amateurs, who can get started by putting their hands over the glass plate of the unusual electric photography kit manufactured by the Edmund Scientific Company of Great Barrington, New Jersey (ask about their real live Sea Turtles), thus producing your own special portrait complete with hidden meanings. All you have to produce is a greenish portrait of Grant. That's 50 pyramids, pardner. ☐

WHAT DR. MASTERS DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT TRANCE STATES, DOC DUVALIER DID

From time immemorial, people have resorted to the trance state to refresh their creativity and escape the humdrum routine of daily life. African Bushpersons danced until they passed out, Voodoo priests slept in graveyards and Irish psychics mysteriously emptied bottles using only their oral kinetic powers. In 1943, Dr. Albert Hofmann invented LSD, or acid or something a lot like it. More recently, parapsychologists Robert Masters and Jean Houston developed ASCID, or the Altered States of Consciousness Induction Device, a womblike swing in which the "rider" stands upright or reclines in a horizontal type of posture, supported by broad swaths of canvas. Hanging from a pyramidlike tripod, the hammock carries the rider with a rotating motion generated by involuntary movement of the body.

In one 13-month period, 71 research subjects were packed off on ASCID "rides" by Drs. Masters and Houston. Sixty-five experienced trance states of varying degrees, reporting

eidetic or phantasmagorical imagery. "Typical imagery was vivid and complex, organized into fantasy dreams reminiscent of imagery described by LSD and psychedelic drug subjects. We gauged the trance depths as ranging from somnambulistic on through the depth spectrum to light," reports Masters. Translation: heavy.

ASCID has proven useful in unlocking writer's blocks by helping novelists become involved in their own plots, thus creating many best sellers, no doubt. One songwriter found she was able to clef three hit tunes after two minutes of ASCID. If James Joyce had taken ASCID, he might have finished *The Unbuttoned Symphony*.

Galvanic Skin Response Meter (GSR)

Altered States of Consciousness Induction Device (ASCID)

Electric Photography Kit

The Kaki

(continued from page 67)

and vans. They had moored a houseboat at right angles to the beach to act as a floating dock.

Suddenly a big shrimp trawler was seen coming up the river, being led by a little pilot boat. Her name was *Hazel B.*, her port of registration, Savannah. She was coming to anchor adjacent to the houseboat. The smugglers were swarming out to meet her. The cargo was coming off. The word came—*Eyeball!*

Perkins ground out his last cigarette and gave the order to attack. His convoy dashed across the highway and down the local road until it hit the narrow, sandy track that leads to Sutherland's Bluff. Suddenly, Perkins stared through the windshield in disbelief. There, blocking the road squarely was a Georgia Highway Patrol car. Its occupants were standing on the side of the road looking straight at the oncoming Customs men. Shrieking to a halt, the lead car of the Customs caravan disgorged a very angry Customs man.

"Robert Perkins, director, Charleston Patrol, U.S. Customs," snapped Perkins, flipping open his leather I.D. wallet with its gold and blue badge. The sergeant who had been driving the car looked perplexed. He explained that there was no way he could get his vehicle out of the road. "Well," growled Perkins (who was becoming suspicious of this inopportune road block), "if she's not gonna go that way [jerking his thumb backwards], she's damn well gonna go that [jerking it forward]—or you're under arrest for obstructing a federal officer in the performance of his duty!" The astonished highway patrolman stared for a moment, then without saying a word, he jumped behind the wheel and drove the car furiously down the rough country lane, tearing off bumpers, fenders, scraping and smashing the undercarriage. By the time the car reached the creek bank it had been totaled.

Meanwhile many of the CPOs had jumped out of their vehicles and had run on foot towards the creek. Firing broke out at once. One smuggler rolled out of a van with his pistol blazing. A CPO got off three fast rounds from the hip with a shotgun. The local sheriff, who claimed to be leading a raid on the smugglers, was caught out in the river in a small boat. Spouts of water erupted around him. When he stumbled ashore, he found Perkins and accosted him. "Your god-damned bastards been shootin' at me!" he snarled. Perkins laughed. "Sheriff," he replied, "if my 'bastards' been shootin' at you, you wouldn't be standin' here talkin' to me." The sheriff promptly disappeared.

When the final tally was made, Perkins had bagged 21 men, a 65-foot shrimp boat (whose real name was *Gemini II*), nine motor vehicles, a houseboat, a 22-foot

launch, \$11,000 in cash and 18 tons of marijuana, worth about ten million dollars. It was the biggest dope bust, up to that time, in the history of the Southeast. It had all been done on the spur of the moment by a raw crew—and a very seasoned commander.

So Perkins felt he had earned the right to try for the Mother. Imagine his chagrin when headquarters informed him that his operation could not be approved. His chagrin changed to wonderment a month later, however, when he learned that the Coast Guard had picked up his plan and altered it to suit their resources. Instead of a big, electronically sophisticated scout plane, the Coast Guard substituted a big, electronically sophisticated cutter. The effect was exactly the same, and the result was precisely what Perkins had predicted. Within one week of her first patrol, the *Dountless* discovered the Mother and busted her.

Apart from false alarms, the week's cruise had yielded no signs of dope traffickers. Every day the cutter would launch its helicopter, once in the morning and once in the afternoon. The chopper would describe every vessel that was moving on the sea. If it identified a vessel that offered any reason for suspicion, the cutter would hail her, stop her and search her, usually on the pretext of document verification or safety check. On the afternoon of January 11th, however, the flight was postponed until evening chow was served around five o'clock.

On this cruise, the pilot of the *Dountless's* helicopter was Lieutenant Mike Allen, a veteran Coast Guard flier who had flown hundreds of patrol missions and developed an extraordinarily keen eye for appraising vessels from the air. Here is his own account of what happened the afternoon he sighted the *Kaki*:

"The ship was headed south that day, so I decided to run out in front of it for about 25 miles and then arc around in a circle. Our altitude was 1,000 feet.

"Shortly after takeoff, when we were about 10 miles from the ship, I spotted a vessel 10 to 12 miles down to the southwest. The only reason I saw it was because the sun was low in the sky, casting a red glare in the west. The boat was a tiny silhouette against that sunset glare. I identified it properly as a coastal freighter or a tanker.

"I came up to the freighter off the port quarter, the left rear side, and went into a hover. I looked down and read the name off the stern. On both sides it said 'Kaki' and 'Panama.' Now, our procedure when we identify a boat is that we get her name, port of registration, length, color, construction and anything peculiar. Then we spot the ship's position and course.

"Now, as we were getting all this information together, I noticed that the after cargo hatch was open. I was looking down into it at an angle and it looked pretty much empty. But way down at the

bottom I could see some manila-colored plastic bags. Now, just a month before, I had seen those same kind of bags floating in Biscayne Bay. Something like that sticks in your memory. When I spotted those same bags in the hold of the *Kaki*, I became very suspicious.

"Now I increased my altitude and came right over the ship. Just hovered on top of it. On the right side of the helicopter we have a big door. I made my lookout open that door and look right down on the deck of the freighter. He said, 'Yes, there are plastic bags and burlap bags too.' At that point, I knew we were onto something pretty good. So I raised the helicopter up over the horizon so that we could make a good transmission.

"While we were sending back the information, I was flying as fast as I could toward another boat we had spotted heading north. She was a sport fisherman, a 35-foot Bertram. When I dropped down to get the name off her stern, I was surprised to see that there wasn't any name. What's more, it looked like something had been painted out. So I swung around to the front to get the registration number. It was hard to read. The numbers were little, and the bow was flared. So I put the helicopter practically down onto the water right off their starboard bow. By that time, they were dead in the water. Two people were sitting in the back, waving at us. They had their fishing poles out, but it didn't look like they were catching anything. We were sitting just a couple of feet away from them, but even so, we couldn't make out all those numbers. We read 'MD 7774'—but there were a couple of other numbers that we couldn't make out. The one thing that was noteworthy about the boat was that it was riding very low in the bow.

"We climbed up to altitude again, radioed our information back and then took off for a third ship. This turned out to be a shrimp anchored with its stay lines out and its nets drying. Nothing unusual about that, but we radioed the data back to the *Dountless*. At this point, we got orders to go back to the *Kaki* and keep it under surveillance.

"When I got back overhead, I got a feeling of disorientation. When I had first spotted her, she was sailing north, now she was sailing east. I looked around and saw a little oil slick that marked the course of the vessel. Sure enough, you could see that just about the time we buzzed her, she had made a 90-degree turn and taken off for the open sea. Once I saw that, I knew something was amiss. No cargo ship makes a turn like that and suddenly heads out to sea."

As soon as the *Dountless* received the information from the helicopter, it relayed the data back to Headquarters, Seventh District, Miami. From there the data was relayed again to

(continued on page 114)



Opium Poppy Grain



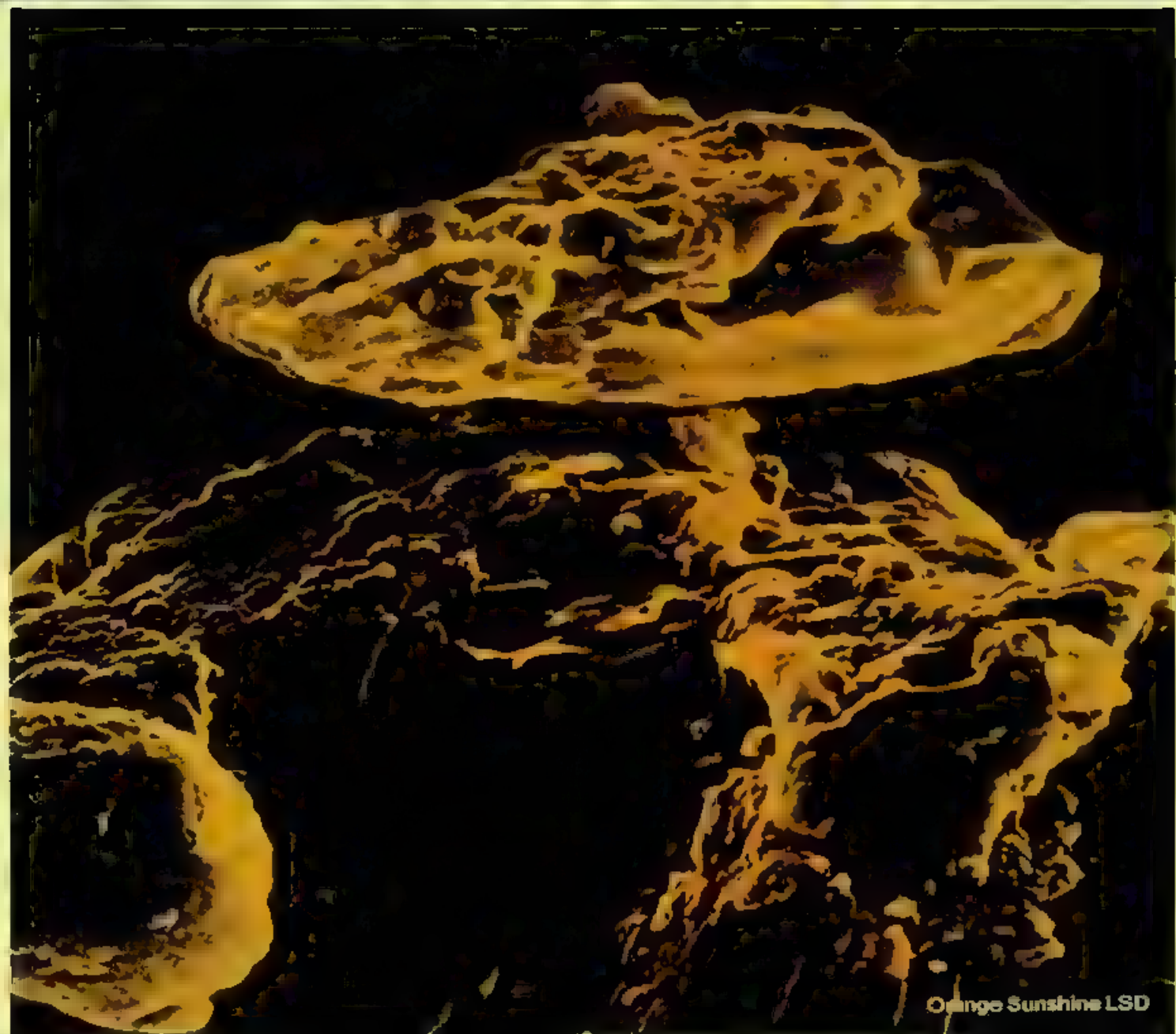
By Electron Graphics

Remember the Incredible Shrinking Man?
In that movie, a dedicated scientist
discovers a terrific drug that
makes him shrink. At first the



Hashish

problem is just that his clothes are too big, but before long he has to hide out and sneak around the house, running from the cat and eventually from spiders. So what happens to the Incredible Shrinking Man? He isn't killed by shrinking. He just becomes one with the universe, and the movie ends with panoramas of distant galaxies. This metaphysical theory is known to Rosicrucian philosophers by the dictum "As above, so below."



Orange Sunshine LSD

Science fiction—or amazing fact? You be the judge. These are actual electron microscope photographs showing psychoactive agents in never-before-revealed detail. As William Blake wrote, "To see the world in a grain of sand, and a heaven in a wild flower; hold infinity in the palm of your hand, and eternity in an hour."

Interdimensional secret agents can strike anywhere, but remember, "You are as above, as below what you eat."—Fritz Lomb ▢

Highway 15 Revisited

A smuggler remembers when it was easy By Jerry Kamstra

"Watch out," Bill warned me. "the country's changed. All kinds of new roadblocks along Highway 15, mobile units running down the road, setting up wherever they want, be careful!" "Don't drive the Zijuatenejo highway," Dave said, "patrols of *federales* all along the route, roadblocks, searches, confiscation of equipment, threats, bribes—be very careful!"

"Don't go to Vallarta," Bob said, "tons of agents, DEA, undercover narcs, Mexican goons, watch out!"

"Stay away from Oaxaca if you want to stay out of trouble," Sam said. "Soldiers are sweeping the plaza for gringos, arresting anyone on the street; it's getting bizarre, they search you coming and going, be careful when you enter the country, be cool. . . ."

I hadn't been back to Mexico since I was deported in 1972. I knew lots of changes had gone down, but what was really happening in the marijuana industry? I knew it was tighter, but where was all that good Mexican weed going? I hadn't had any for over a year, save for that batch from way down south. . . . the best of it was going to Canada. I'd heard the Canadians would pay the six bills a pound being asked, while the West Coast suffered under the usual tons of shitweed. I also knew about the soldiers and the helicopters and the defoliant chemicals being dropped in the mountains, but what was really happening in Mexico? I had to go and find out for myself.

Since being deported as *persona non grata* in 1972, I'd gazed wistfully south every year, seeing the seasons roll around and sampling the bush that came in. Still I didn't return partly because of circumstances, partly because of my own paranoia. Now, though, it was time to go; I had to see with my own eyes, had to smell the country again, like when me and Jesse used to drive around a town to get the feel, sense the aura, breathe it into our lungs so we could know.

A few phone calls, some phony papers, another call to Mexico City to tell friends, and I'm off on that old road again, San Francisco to Guadalajara, the route that during the Sixties was like a commute to me, every detail

etched in my mind, each bend in the road with its own history.

It's strange how after one has traveled down a road for so long it becomes more than a road—it becomes a personal memory bank with each signpost saying more than its words say, each bridge spanning more than just another arroyo. Before my deportation it had gotten to the point that certain spots along Highway 15 had become almost sacred to me: shrines, if you will, and not for any very special reason, simply because at such and such a spot I stopped the truck once, it was night and the truck was full of weed, and I got out and walked down the embankment to relieve myself. Ever after, that spot was important, just as the bend in the road where I pulled off to rest and so missed a temporary roadblock became important, somewhere to stop next time and pay my respects; there were too many of those spots now to stop at each one, although one could always nod one's head as one passed by.

But it had been a long time since I passed that way, and as I approached Nogales, I wondered if I would still feel that same old feeling? Always, when I approached the border, I felt a combination of hope and anxiety, of pressure and release. I don't like borders. To me they're figments of the imagination that put boundaries on our lives, and so, to me, one is a personal threat—and also a salvation. Still, there were those guards, that paperwork and, under the outward sheen of my composure, there always lurked a thin subsurface of sweat.

Jesse, my ex-partner always assured me that one is not being paranoid if the dangers are real, only if they are imagined. My problem is that it is no longer easy to distinguish real from imagined dangers. Is the fact that I must travel to Mexico with false documents a real danger? Or am I familiar enough with the country to slide by as I've always done? After all, I have always traveled to Mexico with false documents, at least since my first bust in 1966. Getting into Mexico with false papers is no problem—it's what happens to you after you're there.

Jesse reported back that my photo-

graph is pinned up on Aduana bulletin boards, that photos from my book *Weed* had been blown up and examined and that the area we had thought carefully disguised was ferreted out—with the help of U.S. photo recon planes. Could this be true? If so, why do I find it so difficult to believe? And if so, what happened to Lupe, Sanchez, Marta and all my friends? Have they fled to another part of the Sierras, running under the staccato clatter of the helicopter blades? No, none of this can be true. I'm losing my nerve, that's all, getting old, finding the old ways expendable. But, oh—how I miss Mexico.

At the border I have no problem. I'm just another tourist masquerading among the gaggle of smiles whisked through the turnstiles. My tourist card is stamped and signed with an exaggerated flourish—the more minor the official, the more exaggerated the flourish—and I'm on my way to the next stop five miles away on the outskirts of town, a dimly lit cluster of offices and stalls where my car will be given the once-over. This stop also has its history, like the time Bob and I stopped in our new four wheel drive truck with the boat on top and motorcycle in back—no papers for either—just passing through with sheer chutzpa. Since it was Mexico's Day of Independence, the *mariachis* and ersatz banditos at the border signed all our papers and waved us through, but only after sharing their tequila and doing a few quick Mexican hat dance steps. The truck ended up carrying a ton of weed on the beach at Barrona, with Bob laughing his ass off as he skirted across the sand on the motorcycle to check out a boat coming in and two groups of smugglers staring at each other for a week before joining forces.

An amazing feeling always came over me when I crossed through Nogales into Mexico in the old pre-1966 days; stepping across that imaginary line was a cleansing experience even amidst the direst of poverty and dearest of burros along the road. Now, safely past the third Aduana stop, personal and car papers signed, I waited for that old feeling. The road was still the same, verdant





RICH GR

pastures along the river just south of Santa Ana, the desert still exquisitely beautiful in the distance. On the horizon I recognized old friends, Mount Rushmore-like profiles of humpbacked old ladies and Aztec chieftains looming in the dusk like prehistoric monuments. As the evening darkened, I noticed that the road looked wider, better maintained, new white roadposts gleaming in my headlights. There was more traffic too, but that was to be expected this close to the border; it would thin out further south. I flipped on the radio and settled back in my seat while waiting for the magic. Outside my windows the air felt cool and clean while insects chirped as I hurtled by.

In the beginning marijuana smuggling was easy. There were few competitors, no roadblocks, no ripoffs, no dogs, no electronic surveillance gimmicks, no banditos, no super-organized hustlers, no *federales* patrolling the mountains, no helicopters, no shootouts, and lots of camaraderie among the few gringos in the biz. There was also no real marijuana culture yet established, so there was little knowledge, haphazard quality, lots of stumbling around and lots of profit for small investments. The first few trips my partner and I made in the early Sixties were handled in such an incredibly naive fashion that now I shudder to think of it. I shudder even more when I think of how others were doing it; they were actually driving their kilos home in the back seats of Chevy's or mailing them Special Delivery in shoe boxes purchased in Guadalajara. I wonder how many of those tempting-looking packages ended up unopened in U.S. Postal Service auctions? I bid 25 cents, sir!

By 1966 the biz had the beginnings of a culture behind it. Weed's procurement, securement, refinement, distribution and eventual disappearance in puffs of smoke were being propagated by enough people to warrant special attention from the Man. Everybody was in on the action—hippies from Frisco with spare bucks and rebuilt Metros, golden boys from Manhattan Beach with hollow surfboards, sailors from Dago on weekend passes, hipsters from Hollywood on to the peripheral action taking place behind the Caliente racetrack bleachers. As bust statistics started rising along the border, the U.S. government raised questioning eyebrows towards Mexico, asking, "Why are you people creating such a problem?" Mexico raised its own eyebrows in turn. "Problem? Marijuana has been growing here for centuries, and it has never been a problem. Now an army of young gringos is crossing our border to

buy it. It's your kids and money that are creating a problem—if there is one."

The U.S. government made it a problem. Left to itself, marijuana importation would have become a reasonably self-regulated business, with talent and energy and good sense driving out lack of talent, lethargy and bad sense. Unfortunately, though, marijuana was illegal, so something had to be done about it. At first this took the form of simple personnel increases in the Customs Bureau and Immigration Service; then came such gimmicks as weed-sniffing dogs, electronic surveillance devices and the formation of a network of informers—many recruited from the ranks of the recently busted. When these steps failed to halt, or even stem, the flow of weed crossing the border, the U.S. government next came up with the looks-good, simple-on-paper idea of stopping and skin searching every man, woman, dog and vehicle crossing between Mexico and the U.S. This program, euphemistically dubbed Operation Intercept, occurred in summer 1969. It then fell like a turd along a border where most of the toilets don't flush, thus raising a stink in every gringo-owned business in Mexico—which means, by the way, nearly every business in the country. During the one month of Operation Intercept's plugup, the smallest amount of drugs ever confiscated for a 30-day period was nabbed, while tens of thousands of tourists twiddled their thumbs for up to ten hours at a time trying to get home from Tijuana and other towns.

Retreating from Operation Intercept, the U.S. government next launched "Operation Cooperation," a program ostensibly designed to promote cooperation with the Mexican government in ferreting out narcotics traffickers, but which in actuality was the old turd game with a new name, only this time the Immigration and Customs boys would lay off of the middle-American straight tourist types who stayed in the fancy hotels and spent their bread on booze and concentrate instead on the young folks with long hair—and anyone else who didn't look right.

Operation Cooperation actually affected the biz more than anything the American government had yet attempted, for the U.S. government would provide helicopters, pilots, training, guns and money to the Mexican government to help stop the drug traffic on the Mexican side of the border; the reasoning was that if the traffic could be stopped within the confines of Mexico there would be no problem at all along the border.

What Operation Cooperation actually accomplished was the professionalization of the weed-smuggling industry. It was now necessary for the

good smugglers to organize while the amateurs fell, along with a good number of innocent campesinos who went down in front of the guns and helicopters the now wealthy Mexican generals sent into the mountains. Before our government began funneling tons of money into Mexico to combat the drug menace, Mexican soldiers in the fields had been content to burn off a few harvested fields, knock over some poppies and lay back and wait for the right customer to come along so they could sell their own stash. Half a mil and two choppers per general was more than they were used to getting for their petty endeavors, however, so the troops were soon obliging the big buck boys by burning out a lot of small farmers, mostly those who grew just enough boo to subsist from season to season. Chief Boohoo behind Operation Cooperation was Richard Nixon.

Despite Op Co-op, tons of weed were still making it across the border in everything from Winnebago campers piloted by old grannies to Lockheed Lodestars under the delicate fingertips of some of the savviest flyboys ever to graduate Vietnam University. In 1966—the year I was busted at San Luis, Mexico, and illegally yanked back over to the gringo side—70,000 pounds of pot was nabbed. In 1970, it was something like 400,000 pounds, with the feds figuring they were getting only about five percent of the action. With these figures in mind, Nixon and his German cabinet came up with another idea: the reorganization of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs into a supersecret, all-powerful strike force answerable only to the highest authority in town—namely, Nixon and his inner circle.

Throughout the history of American law enforcement, only one governmental agency has had the unlimited power to seize a person without a warrant and cause the person's stomach to be forcibly pumped out: the U.S. Customs Bureau. The FBI has never had this power, no military unit has ever had it, no U.S. police force had it. Yet, on July 1, 1973, Nixon reorganized the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs into a bureaucracy entitled the Drug Enforcement Administration, or DEA, by stripping the Customs Bureau of its best agents. He then attempted to administratively transfer to the more than 2,300 members of the DEA the right to forcibly search and make vomit any suspect at any time. The effect of this reorganization would be to create a fascist police force at the disposal of Mr. Nixon. Fortunately, due mainly to complaints from the Customs Service itself plus some flack from Congress, Nixon was unable to

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The War
in
Mexico

DOGFIGHTS Over El Paso

How the D-Men Got the Bomb
By Roger Neville Williams

Pilot pilots, aerobically fit, brave air
choppers, brave air
great Marijuana Air
not prison and death as they fly
Mexico. And, now, the
border between America and
Mexico. Flying low to keep a
heads high, these fearless
medals for their service only
Twenty
successful flight motivation enough to
keep the D-Men through
perilous night—and as many as
aircraft get through the watched
wired U.S. borders each week. But some
of them don't. Last year Customs confis-



...its intelligence and investigative functions with the creation of the DEA four years ago, and stripped it

aircraft in a battle that beats the best of Snoopy's Red Baron adventures. U.S. Customs Service Air Support pilots are downing airborne smugglers at a burgeoning rate. In 1975 the Customs air force was responsible for 188 arrests.

Customs has four "Air Support Groups" in its "tactical air interdiction program" at San Diego, El Paso, Tucson and San Antonio, each group with its own "squadron" of planes. Some planes are ready to scramble at a moment's notice; others are constantly on airborne lookout. "Our air fleet is growing. I can tell you that," says Conroy. "The whole trend is up." Customs recently purchased a Cessna Citation jet for fast pursuit and also owns Robert Vesco's Lear jet, which it confiscated 18 months ago. Over half the planes used by Customs in the air war against drug smugglers have been acquired through confiscation.

Until Peter G. Bensinger took over the DEA last spring, the Customs air force operated to some degree in a vacuum. As Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia, chairman of the permanent investigations subcommittee of the Senate Government Operations Committee, said recently: "The DEA and Customs had declared war on each other, not on the big-time, international narcotics smugglers and dealers." But now the DEA's El Paso Intelligence Center (EPIC) works closely with Customs, providing intelligence and tips. At the same time, Customs is now working very closely with the FAA and the North American Air Defense Command (NORAD), whose radar picks up illegal or unidentified aircraft and alerts the Customs air units. Interagency tensions have been reduced for the first time since Nixon declared war on smuggling.

It all makes for a much tighter border than two years ago. But it doesn't seem to have had any effect on the Mexican Connection. The MAF continues to get the grass through. It's estimated by both sides that 85 percent of the grass consumed in the U.S. is smuggled by air. Five years ago 95 percent of it was slipped through on the ground.

The phenomenal number of crashes of smugglers' planes gives an indication of the volume of traffic. If one plane per hundred attempting to breach the border crashes, that means 14,200 airplanes got across safely in the 18-month period since January 1975. Two years ago, El Paso Intelligence Center director Jacques Kiere estimated 150 doper planes a day were coming across. Customs called that figure high, not wishing to admit it could miss so many airplanes. "How do you know there are 150 planes coming across the border everyday?" asked

Customs information officer Dick McGowan in Washington. "That figure is grossly exaggerated. It's a crock of donkey dust."

But sources close to elements of the MAF say 150 a day is a "conservative figure." Last year during top-secret "Operation Startrek," a 54-day experiment with portable radar units, Customs radar showed 250 suspect radar blips, or "bogies," between San Diego and El Paso. That's what the radar picked up, and most MAF pilots are experts at dodging radar. (Twenty-three of the suspicious bogies were tracked down, and each captured airplane contained marijuana.) A Customs officer in El Paso this year watched 13 illegal aircraft cross the border on his radar scanner in one hour between El Paso and Demming, New Mexico. Customs Regional Patrol Director in El Paso, R.A. Schneider, says, "Even the Air Defense Command couldn't keep up with the illegal traffic. It's not a little frustrating; it's very frustrating." Says the DEA's Jacques Kiere, recently transferred from EPIC to Mexico City's DEA

Over half the planes used by Customs in the air war against drug smugglers have been acquired through confiscation.

operations (Arthur Fluhr is the new director of EPIC), "If we get 10 percent of them, that's a liberal estimate."

U.S. Commissioner of Customs Vernon D. Acree says, "The nation is experiencing the highest level of smuggling since Prohibition days." Estimated importation of hashish, based on pounds seized, is up 388 percent over 1975. Importation of marijuana is up 68 percent over last year. Says Commissioner Acree, "There is literally an avalanche of narcotics and dangerous drugs being smuggled into this country by every conceivable means and method."

Figure it out. If 30 million Americans smoke a conservative average of two ounces of marijuana apiece each year, that means it takes at least 3,750,000 pounds of grass—or nearly 2,000 tons—to keep America high. Estimating an average pot load of 1,000 pounds per aircraft, it would require a bare minimum of approximately ten plane-loads a day getting through to satisfy the market. That's 70 planes a week or 300 a month or 3,750 a year. But these figures are low. Knowledgeable sources in El Paso estimate that it

takes 25 tons a day to satisfy the U.S. demand. That's 8,125 tons a year and more like 20 to 30 planes a day to bring it in. Such are the dimensions of the marijuana air assault. And this doesn't include the 500,000 pounds of grass confiscated by Customs and the DEA last year along the border. Customs alone seized 759,360 pounds, or 380 tons, of weed in the U.S. in fiscal 1976. "Add another zero to that and you get a rough idea of how much gets through," says one agent. In the first six months of this year, the DEA seized 13,000 pounds of weed from air crashes alone. But, says the DEA's Kiere, "Only three or four pilots a month in the entire U.S. are caught and charged with drug smuggling." Which is less than one percent of the pilots who are obviously getting through our sieve-like border.

Customs and the DEA refuse to reach conclusions based on the huge number of dopeplane crashes or the planes they confiscate. "Are we getting one percent or two percent? That kind of talk is all bullshit," says Jerome Hollander, Customs information officer for the Western Region. (Hollander will say, "I enjoy *High Times*. In fact, I'm very impressed with it.") Regional DEA director Ray Enright of Denver says, "What's the number getting through? How high is high?" High enough to keep the country high is the answer, since more people are smoking now than ever before and enjoying it immensely, now that states like California, Colorado and Ohio have made it merely a misdemeanor to possess up to one ounce of weed (up to four ounces in Ohio).

And so they keep swarming up from Mexico, night after night, buzzing along at a ceiling of 100 feet or less, into the canyons, between the eroded desert rocks and sandstone mountains, tipping up a wing now and then to avoid a saguaro cactus, skimming over the yucca plants. They come in ultra fast Lockheed Lodestars and Learstars and P-51s and B-25s and the ever-popular Cessna 210 with STOL equipment. Nothing can catch them as they zip the border at up to 340 miles per hour, appearing only momentarily, if at all, on NORAD, FAA and Customs radar. The loads are delivered by truck from Guerrero and Michoacán to Sonora and Chihuahua. From there, the MAF grass-hops the borders to the thousands of unmanned landing strips in the American Southwest. World War II training strips, ranchers' landing fields, the hundreds of strips built during the uranium boom and the rest of the isolated airfields in the vast open spaces of the desert states are perfect for aerosmuggling. Grasshoppers also land on seldom-traveled roads, or on dry lake beds, or they come down on

the desert itself—no problem for a Mitchell bomber built for rocky wartime landing fields. The secret of this kind of nighttime flying and landing in barren, unlighted areas is the ground man. He makes \$1,000 per landing, and using portable electronic homing devices, red lights and radios, meets each plane as it attempts to land. One ground man in El Paso made \$52,000 in a summer, bringing in 52 planes to happy grass landings.

The grass arrives in larger planes as well, like Convairs, DC-3s, DC-8s, Superconstellations, C-146s, C-54s and various amphibious planes, their pilots and backers gambling bigger payloads against the high risk of crossing the border in these lumbering, aging dinosaurs.

When they arrive at the ADIZ, NORAD's Air Defense Identification Zone (the radar network established to warn against Russian bomber attack), the technique, of course, is to fly under the radar. This requires great skill and confidence, and it's here that the largest number of crashes occur (from overloaded planes, poorly maintained rental equipment, unskilled pilots). Evasion methods vary from flying along roads, flaps down, so that the plane looks like a car to the radar controllers, to flying in formation with several other planes so that only one plane shows up. A decoy plane, part of the formation, carries no dope and lands at a border town airport in full view of the lookouts while the dopecraft continues to their secret rendezvous with their ground contact support. "With five airplanes in the air and one flying cover, it's like a military operation," says Jacques Kiera. "Some of these pilots are damn good. They are sophisticated. They have good avionics, good equipment. They know where to fly to avoid the radar." Says Customs Director Conroy, "We know the smugglers have some very sophisticated radio gear themselves, and they monitor our radio. They're pretty good at it." Says Tim Milhouse, head of Customs Air Support Branch in Tucson, "My own feeling is that smugglers probably have a better chance of getting away in the air than on the ground."

So far there has been no radio jamming that anyone knows of. And MAF sources say they don't know of anyone who has been forced down by a Customs plane. They get chased, but they're able to usually outrun the feds. One recent trick is for DEA agents in Mexico and the U.S. to place radio transponders, or "beepers," aboard suspicious States-bound planes or in the tail sections of rental planes in this country suspected of being used in the drug trade. Customs has electronic gear that will allow them to follow and



NORAD-ADCOM Long-Range Radar Scopes Used to Detect MAF Pilots

By A. Craig Copetas

Since 1974, at least 18 agents of the United States Customs Service have been physically staffing North American Air Defense System—Air Defense Command (NORAD-ADCOM) long-range radar sites, baby cousins of NORAD's Early Warning System Dew Line, in an attempt to stop Marijuana Air Force (MAF) pilots from entering the United States. These air-scanning Customs agents are trained by both the Customs Service and the U.S. Air Force.

NORAD-ADCOM radar sites divide the continental United States into six regions; each is responsible for the surveillance of MAF craft in its respective area. Two regional headquarters are also located in Alaska and Canada, but they see little MAF traffic.

These regional radar sites continuously scan the airplanes that lead MAF pilots into the United States and Canada. If an approaching aircraft cannot be identified by flight plan or through various communication checks, Strategic Air Command (SAC) fighter aircraft—usually F-111s—are scrambled to intercept and identify. The Air Force maintains, however, that their aircraft have never been scrambled to intercept MAF pilots. The intercept and identify missions are usually left up to Customs aircraft, but as there is no sure way of telling if an unidentified aircraft is indeed an MAF flyer, the F-111s have been occasionally scrambled to check "unidentifieds" that turned out to be MAF aircraft.

Regional radar and individual interceptor resources are all tied into the NORAD-ADCOM Underground Combat Operations Center buried underneath Cheyenne Mountain near Colorado Springs. Customs agents practically have carte blanche to use NORAD-ADCOM radar and presently maintain full-time operatives at Luke Air Force Base near Phoenix, Arizona; Tyndall Air Force Base outside Panama City, Florida and Ellington Air Force Base, where radar scopes are tied into the Houston Intercontinental Airport.

At these MAF tracking stations, Customs scope personnel are privy to the same radar detection data used to determine whether the United States is under aerial attack by a foreign power. In the event of a Condition Red Air Defense Emergency, the radar consoles would be taken over by Air Force personnel.

Custom's southwestern United States MAF-tracking center is based at the twenty-sixth NORAD site. Located deep inside a three-story bombproof concrete bunker on the grounds of Luke Air Force Base, the computerized radar consoles are connected to NORAD-ADCOM radar dishes on the Pacific Coast and southwestern border.

The sophisticated NORAD-ADCOM tracking gear, depending on the topography of the land, can theoretically spot MAF aircraft from ground level within a 40-mile radius of the radar site. Tracking beyond a 40-mile radius is difficult, especially in the mountainous southwestern United States, where large, "classified" radarless air pockets must be augmented by portable Customs radar units.

The discretionary surveillance of MAF pilots by Customs, coupled with sophisticated NORAD-ADCOM radar and strategically placed portable radar units along the southwestern border, make Mex-Tex grasshopping somewhat of a Rickenbacker nightmare.

monitor planes from 8,000 feet up, out of sight of the suspect. But it is more common for them to chase a plane hanging ten yards behind the tail, also out of sight since rear visibility from most aircraft is poor.

Customs in Houston recently picked up a bogey coming across at Brownsville and followed it up to Dallas. Customs pilots jumped on it at San Antonio and stayed right behind the plane all the way, so when the smuggler landed at Dallas, the Customs aircraft was right there. The smuggler landed short at the county airport, forcing the Customs man to blow both tires as he frantically applied his brakes coming in immediately behind. The smuggler took off, and a second Customs plane tailed him to another landing spot, but by the time the agents landed, the pot pilot had made a run for it. Customs seized the dope.

In another recent case, a dope flier came into Houston's secondary airport radioing in a phony aircraft registration number. The phony number turned out to be the real number of a stolen plane, but not the plane in question. When the pilot spotted police on the runway to greet him, he took off again, and then ran out of gas over downtown Houston. He picked a parking lot to land in—at four o'clock in the morning—knocking over signs and banging up his airplane while bringing it down. The agents found some blood inside, and 1,000 pounds of dope, but no smuggler. He split on foot. For both sides in the Marijuana Air War, some days are like that.

Everybody's doing it now, as grass smuggling goes almost entirely airborne. In the old days, the overland route was tough. The smuggler had to know people on both sides of the border. Today the smuggling rings comprise as many as 40 people, investors, distributors, Mexican buyers and transporters, American "mules," ground men and finally, the pilot, who needn't know anyone else in the operation. He's barely on the ground more than five minutes at each end before he returns the plane to its home field. With smuggling now a cleaner, more compartmentalized business, all kinds of pilots are being attracted to the game. They know the rules: no heroin; perhaps a little coke, but at your own risk, and don't shoot at surveillance or chase planes unless you want the U.S. Air Force on your back, shooting you out of the sky. There is no need for the MAF to get into heavy firearm trips, since most convicted pot pilots get little more than six months these days at country-club state prisons like Arizona's Stafford. Capturing pilots is, in Kiere's words, "the sexiest part of DEA's work," but not the most

important. The DEA prefers to let the pilot keep flying and making his bucks while they watch him, or use him, to get the kingpin, who usually goes away for a lot more time than the fliers. But the honchos are seldom even caught.

The DEA would particularly like to get its hands on Little Curly Tonaday, son of an active-duty army general and from a wealthy family, married to a socialite daughter of a famous lawyer. Curly's name means he brings in a "ton a day," and he is constantly moving between El Paso, San Francisco, Chicago and L.A., organizing his multimillion-dollar business. One El Paso newspaper reports that he has six or seven federal, DEA and Customs officers on his payroll who furnish information on patrols and special radar watches.

Meanwhile, the feds have to be content with the little guys who do their six months and then go back to flying. "If you stay in this business, you're going to get caught eventually," says one pilot. "The thing to do is to take a few trips and get out. Give some other pilots a chance." At the rate the Mex-

The agents found some blood inside, and 1,000 pounds of dope, but no smuggler. In the Marijuana Air War, some days are like that.

Connex airlift is using up pilots who make their wad and then go straight, there will be few fliers in this country who haven't flown a dope run. For sure, everyone is doing it.

Karen Maurer sat at her desk at the DEA office in Phoenix last year where she worked for the director, a boy-man who loved guns, radios and fast cars. He asked Karen to type a report that had come in over the radio regarding a pilot his men had just apprehended at the airport. Karen blanched as she typed. The captured pilot was her brother, 21-year-old Jim Maurer another POW in the border air war. Now she knew where her unemployed kid brother had got all the money he was so lavishly spending, taking their folks to Hawaii, buying gifts. Jim is now free, "retired" and none the worse for wear, and if he doesn't have a tidy sum in the bank, it's because he spent it as fast as he made it.

"Airline pilots are doing it, and three were caught last year," says MAF flier Jake Donelson. Other smuggling pilots and dope lawyers who represent the drug subculture in the Southwest say insurance people, doctors, teachers,


public officials, car dealers, you name it, are all flying weed runs. "There are an awful lot of bright young people in this," says DEA agent Joe Flanders in Los Angeles. "There are prelaw, premed students who get in, bank \$100,000 to \$1 million and then get out, and many never get into any criminal activity for the rest of their lives." Flanders was surprised one day to find that his veterinarian operated an aerosmuggling ring, using the appropriate alias, "Doc."

A lot of fliers are ex-Vietnam fighter pilots, some highly decorated, as well as FAC and helicopter pilots. "It's really a challenge—the closest thing you can get to combat flying without starting a war," says Customs air group chief Milhouse. "Every time I make a successful trip, there's a rush through my veins: I won; they lost. That's the thrill, the challenge," says Donelson, 37, former Vietnam jet jock, businessman and a smuggler who never misses the weekly Kiwanis luncheon in San Diego. Last year a policeman and an under-sheriff were convicted of heading a marijuana smuggling ring in Pinal County, Arizona. Their pilot, according to the U.S. attorney, was local County Attorney Lloyd Brumage. He must still be flying because he hasn't been seen since. "None of these pilots will carry anything harder than grass," says one smuggler. "They have scruples, and most believe heroin smugglers should be put away for good."

El Paso, Texas, is the headquarters of the U.S. dope trade. Grassland, U.S.A. Local investigators estimate El Paso fliers earn \$50 million a year in the dope trade alone, and that the total wholesale and retail grass revenues amount to approximately \$350 million. That makes El Weedo El Paso's biggest business! Not surprisingly, the DEA located its prototype Intelligence Center there two years ago, employing 60 full-time agents and administrative personnel. In the nondescript Property Trust building at 2211 East Missouri, near Interstate 10 on the outskirts of El Paso, the DEA oversees a highly computerized intelligence gathering operation. The FAA, the Coast Guard, Immigration and Naturalization Service Border Patrol and the Bureau of Customs patrol branch all coordinate their antidrug efforts on two floors of the building's wing.

"We're dealing mostly in marijuana," Jacques Kiere told *High Times* shortly before catching his plane to his new assignment in Mexico City. "We find little hard drugs. We have an eradication campaign going on in Mexico, and we have a number of pilots assigned to that. We're probably running an inventory of 26 to 27 air-

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Trips

MOMBASA

Kenya cooks up free love, cheap dope and all-night clubs

By Ellis Rogers

In Kenya, on the coast of East Africa, graced by palm trees and drenched in the sun, lies the ancient Indian Ocean port of Mombasa. Almost everyone in Mombasa is high on either the mellow weed or murungi (also known as maraa and ghat), a natural drug of Ethiopian origin. A legal green twig with dark, reddish bark, murungi is chewed for its ebullient effect, which is



The party never stops at this little paradise, where some sip the local palm wine to quench their marijuana thirsts.

related to amphetamine but is not as speedy. To be in Mombasa is to be high. It's a stoned town if ever there was one. I first visited there eight years ago and have been back many times, because I never tire of this wonderland of 300,000 friendly, open, relaxed purveyors of good grass, good food and good sex. Mombasa is the consummate sense trip.

Whenever I pull into town, the first thing on my agenda is to score some *bhang*, which is sensational—like everywhere in Africa. One gets a rush after just one hit, and the only way to finish a Mombasa joint is to smoke it like a cigarette. In the street a joint, rolled in the shape of an ice cream cone, costs as little as 12 cents. Joints or "fingers" (uncleaned finger-sized bundles wrapped in brown paper), which cost about 20 cents, are readily available throughout the city. Though you must pay double, you can even order a joint with your drink at the Rainbow Hotel and smoke it at your table. An "arm" costs from three to five dollars but it often takes an hour or more to obtain. So like most Mombasa heads, I usually buy a few fingers every couple of days and a joint here and there according to immediate needs.

Like cannabis connoisseurs in other marijuana dreamlands, Mombasa smokers scorn the leaf they call *Mikshavu* and smoke only the buds, flowers and seed cases known collectively as *mashoda*. The effect is almost shattering, however, the first time one sees a joint roller throwing away leaves with the seeds and twigs. I had to fight back my urge to cry out, "Stop, stop. Give it to me!" Most people in Mombasa will even decline to smoke a joint rolled

with *mikshavu*. On the other hand, to offer a Mombasa head a joint of only pure *mashoda* demonstrates more savvy than the typical Westerner possesses and leads to entry into the inner sanctums of Mombasa's high life.

After getting high, I take to the streets, which are a carnival of exotic costumes, colors and smells. For centuries Mombasa has been the melting pot of African, Arabic and Indian cultures. What is so pleasant, and becoming increasingly unusual in our strife-torn world, is the way in which these ethnic communities live together in easy harmony, giving and taking, but maintaining their own cultural essences.

In Mombasa one can hardly avoid the delights of spicy Indian tastes and aromas or the ubiquitous presence of funky Indian commercialism. The Arabic contribution can be readily seen in the architecture of the picturesque Old Town, which surrounds the Old Port. Arabic dhows still arrive each year with their cargoes of Persian rugs, dates and other exotica. Catching the trade winds, the dhows return to the Persian Gulf in April and May carrying dried fish, charcoal, cement, hides, ivory and also Kenyan cannabis. Africans, the numerically dominant group, bring Mombasa alive with rhythmic sensuality, heartfelt congeniality and carefree spontaneity.

In the streets of this predominantly Muslim town, one sees Swahili (an ancient mixture of Arab and African) men wearing *kikoy*s, colorful pieces of woven ankle-length cotton wrapped around their waists. Swahili and Arab women wear *bui buis*, black nunlike habits. Indian women promenade gracefully in brightly patterned silk and chiffon saris. Sikh and Arab men wear turbans. The pillars of the traditional Islamic communities are readily identified by their dignified floor-length white kaftanlike robes, called *khanzus*, which are often worn rather incongruously under dark sports jackets. As in most of Africa, the women who are not in *bui buis* sparkle in multicolored *kitange* or *khanga* cloths which cover their bodies and heads in a variety of styles. Unlike in most other places, Mombasa's Hari Krishna people do not stand out or even draw attention, but just blend into the exotic cavalcade.

All of these traditionally dressed people mingle in apparent ease with the modern young dudes and ladies who spend most of their money to be seen in the absolute latest of London chic or black American fashion. A jive-talking hipster, decked out in smartly tailored denim overalls and matching hat with yellow platform shoes, seems right at home buying *murungi* on the street from a squatting man in a *kikoy* and turban. In Mombasa—everything goes.

The animated street scene seems never to stop. People love to walk around

or just hang out. A small cup of the best coffee in town can still be bought for less than two cents from Arab street vendors, who pour it from large conical brass urns. Often I wonder if all of these men who spend the whole day hanging out in the streets chewing *murungi*, sipping coffee and chatting and joking, ever do work at all. The 24-hour restaurant of the Al Egbaal, where I usually stay, seems as busy at 2:00 A.M. as at midday. Even the night clubs—24-hour dope, beer, music and sex joints—are aptly called "day and night clubs."

Any Western woman who has been to Africa will confirm that African men are unusually sexually aggressive, though often amusingly so. Katrina Svenson, a 22-year-old Swede who has spent more than a year out of the last two in Mombasa, doesn't mind the African male's style, though it does sometimes grate on others. "There really is some truth to Africans' reputations for sexual prowess, but a lot has to do with attitude," she says. "I like African men for their directness but what makes Mombasa unique is the variety of men available and the 'let's get it on' atmosphere." Katrina, who is presently living with a local musician, admitted that she also enjoys an occasional fling with French or German tourists.

Cynthia Walker, a 25-year-old English hair stylist with a definite preference for African men, likes Mombasa because it is relaxed and permissive. When another female asked her why she preferred Africans, Cynthia just giggled. Smirking half out of embarrassment, she made the rhyme, "Once you've done it black, you'll never go back." Veronica Kahawa, a 23-year-old Tanzanian who has lived in Mombasa on and off since childhood, denies that the race of her partners has anything to do with her lovemaking enjoyment. The mother of a three-year-old daughter fathered by a German, Veronica said, "There's no difference between European and African men. Some know how and some don't but it's not color." She likes Mombasa because she feels free there. "At home in Tanga [Tanzania], most people look down on a girl who goes out with white men. I prefer Mombasa because I can do what I want without worrying about gossip."

Julie Brosman, a 21-year-old former Florida State University student, likes Mombasa's romantic atmosphere. She met her English boyfriend "on the beach" there. Says Julie, "After nine months in Arabic countries and South Africa, I'm really happy to feel free and uninhibited again. I am responsive to men as people rather than being closed and defensive." Katherine Hodgekiss, a 27-year-old New York-based airline stewardess has come back to Mombasa two years in a row because, she says, "In Mombasa I feel free to let go. In New York, with all of the heavy women's consciousness and gay men dominating the social scene, a

woman feels inhibited when it comes to acting sexy and feline. But it's a part of my nature, and it's easier to express it here than in New York."

Mombasa women are as open about their desires as men and only sometimes are they more femininely subtle. If a man is walking alone he will surely find women flashing their eyes at him wherever he goes. The first time a woman covered from head to toe in a black *bui bui* gave me the eye over her veil, I was astounded, because I expected unlike behavior from women dressed like nuns. Happily, this is not always the case.

Often when I go walking in Mombasa I find myself invited into a woman's bedroom, even when that is not my intention. And if I'm not in the mood, the women take it with a laugh and are not offended. On my very first visit to Mombasa I was looking for a restaurant, and a woman in a *bui bui* greeted me. I gave the correct Swahili reply and she insisted that I eat my lunch at her house. After a satisfying meal in her mud and stick dwelling, she seduced me.

More recently I went into a bar for a beer on a hot afternoon, and three attractive women sitting at a nearby table invited me to join them. Though I said I didn't want another beer, they still bought one. After a couple of hours we were together in a nearby apartment. Unceremoniously, two left for dinner, leaving Lydia and me alone. She then explained that she and her friends, all urbanized, educated members of the still nomadic Masai tribe, liked me very much and they agreed that she should offer herself to me in bed. In a sense this didn't exactly fit into my American definition of sexual liberation, but not wanting to offend Masai customs, I didn't refuse. This sort of thing is just a regular part of the Mombasa scene.

Aside from the 400-year-old Fort Jesus, which was built by the Portuguese when they ruled almost all of the East African Coast, Mombasa's most famous landmark is probably the Sunshine Day and Night Club. A gregarious blend of Kenyan men, foreign seamen and tourists visit the Sunshine to watch and meet an unbelievable assortment of breath-takingly beautiful women from Kenya and all of its neighboring countries. The lively Rifiers play pulsating rock and soul while everyone dances in a black light "Afrodelic" setting. Showtime admission is a modest seventy cents, and even female travelers enjoy watching these gorgeously dressed, sometimes garishly made-up African hookers ply their trade. The whole Sunshine trip is an outrageously stoned spectacle that repeats itself every night of the year until 4:00 A.M., when the Rifiers go home.

As one walks down Kilindini Road near the Sunshine, stunningly seductive

women appear from doorways and alleys, beckoning men to go with them as they grab their hands—and parts more private. If a man is still alone by the time he enters the club, he will have to struggle to remain so. While most of the women are full-time hookers, others are just out for a good time. Even among the professionals, the amateur ideal still exists and they often have a compassionate understanding of the limited resources of students and other low-budget travelers.

Mombasa offers what may be the widest range of hotels and restaurants in Africa. One can sleep at the Hydro Hotel for \$1.25 and feast on their delicious fish curry for half of that. On the other extreme is the Nyali Beach Hotel and others in the international luxury class, where the daily rate, which includes three fine meals, is about \$35. There are perhaps 100 hotels in and around Mombasa, offering every imaginable choice in between. In town it is easy to find a clean single room for about five dollars. Though many types of cuisine are available in Mombasa, seafood and Indian curries are common specialties. Meals are relatively inexpensive, and the quality is surprisingly good. Mombasa is a food trip.

Those adventurers who choose to stay at the Rainbow Hotel will be in the midst of the Mombasa hipster scene and will have more joints passed to them each day than they can count. This is the favorite hangout of marijuana-crazed dealers, hustlers and prostitutes, who seem to smoke and joke continuously. These amiable local personalities are as flamboyant as their clothes and as colorful as their names. "Castro," who wears a heavy beard and a red knit beret, built his own "beach house" in the middle of town. "Cheke Cheke" (the Laughter) will not fail to greet you with, "What's happening? (Pause) Cool!" "Stone Face" claims he earned his name because he cannot remember a single day in his life when he didn't smoke *bhang*. Halima, married at 11 and divorced at 14, boasts that she achieved her goal of sleeping with at least one man from every European country before she turned twenty.

Since it is a major port, many travelers reach Mombasa each year by boat from Bombay or Karachi. There are also scheduled coastal liners offering passenger service to and from South Africa, Mozambique and Tanzania as well as the idyllic island countries of the Indian Ocean. More common, however, is to fly from Europe via Nairobi, Kenya's capital. Nairobi-bound planes leave almost every major European city several times each week, and most flights connect directly with Mombasa, whose expanded airport now handles its own intercontinental flights. Kenya's two major cities are less than six hours apart by car, and the train ride offers an unusual diversion.

Mombasa's unpredictable rainy season falls between May and July, but even



"I like African men for their directness, but what makes Mombasa unique is the variety and the 'let's get it on' atmosphere."

then the best parts of most days are sunny. The year-round climate is hot but not debilitating. The natural antidote for the sticky heat is, of course, the Indian Ocean. Travel agents can recommend a great variety of beach hotels, and it is easy to rent cottages, but most popular with young American and European travelers is Twiga Lodge in Tiwi, where one can camp or rent cottages very inexpensively. Some stoned travelers implant themselves in Twiga for months on end. One Californian, who admits to being a "bum," has been there for the better part of two years and helps support himself by shooting fish with his speargun and selling them to Twiga's restaurant. His stay was interrupted last year when he flew to London, bought a garbage truck and drove it to Nigeria—where he sold it for a profit of \$5,000.

The party never stops at this little paradise where some people down locally brewed palm wine to quench their marijuana thirsts. Each morning workers bring fresh fish, shrimp, lobsters and crabs to your cottage or tent. Fruit vendors on bicycles sell pineapples, mangoes, oranges and bananas. Alternatives to Twiga, for those on lower budgets, include Kanamai and Pole Pole Lodge, which are both in Kikambala, on Mombasa's north coast.

More than anything else, Mombasa is a people place. It is the rare person who isn't genuinely friendly in Mombasa. It is usual to be invited into someone's home or shop just to talk or exchange good vibes. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Mombasa is that during the last decade it has changed so little, and it seems likely to remain a cosmopolitan center for high people for years to come. ☐

Dogfights over El Paso

(continued from page 84)

planes." The DEA does not use its planes for border patrol, but to move its agents and operatives about and to look for grass and poppy fields in the remote Mexican mountains. Three months ago, two DEA agents, Ralph Shaw and James Lunn, were shot and killed during an opium search mission in their DeHavilland Beaver in the Mexican state of Guerrero. EPIC exchanges intelligence among the agencies. The DEA has snitches all over Mexico who sell \$1,000 worth of grass to an American buyer and then make another \$500 from the DEA for the information. South-of-the-border payments and disbursements are made from EPIC. DEA narcs operate out of the center attempting to infiltrate operations in the border towns, north and south. EPIC has its own radar, augmenting the MexConnex Air War radar systems of the FAA, NORAD and Customs. EPIC is run directly out of the DEA's Office of Intelligence in Washington and has nothing to do with the regional DEA offices around the country that are concerned largely with domestic heroin trafficking.

Regional offices of the DEA make few big pot busts. John "Ray" Enright, director of the DEA for Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, says, "Our priorities today are certainly more attuned to interdicting the heroin traffic, far above our efforts with regard to marijuana. Most of the air traffic that's detected is and has been marijuana. Heroin comes in by other means." The DEA regional offices as well as EPIC are predominantly involved with conspiracy cases, making the big connection, nailing the top dog. When it comes to the big time, the heroin factory and importer, or the multiton marijuana dealer, DEA's twin operations coincide. "This is really the way that the federal agencies are now going, the DEA particularly—in the direction of conspiracy cases," says Kiere. However, the DEA is dealing with the Mafia when it comes to heroin, and dozens of small loose-knit, highly educated Grass Groups when it comes to marijuana. One has guns, and kills, the other brains, and thinks. No wonder the DEA, which catches relatively few people from either group, is confused, not to mention corrupt. Right now one DEA agent, George Hough, is under indictment in El Paso for selling five kilos of fake cocaine to another DEA undercover agent and storing five baggies of grass in his locker. Customs, too, has its problems in El Paso, and a federal grand jury is currently investigating

the activities of Customs Service personnel in that city.

The underside of the marijuana air war is the lurking DEA narcs who pose as pilots, flying in loads of dope themselves in hopes of netting the backers and dealers. The infamous "Fayetteville Connection" case in Oklahoma last spring is the best example. DEA narcs flew 10,000 pounds of fresh Colombian up in a four-engine DC-8 when they learned the regular pilot didn't have a big enough plane. A freelance narc in Telluride, Colorado, last year flew the assistant district attorney and several of his friends to Mexico on a "vacation" in an attempt to set them up on a coke deal. It was a practice run—the real one was to come later, if he could gain the young DA's confidence. Although the agent, Michael Hopkins, was wanted in New York State for a large cocaine sale to Federal narcs, and the DEA knew of his activities and that he owned his own airplane (he also lost one in Chile on a coke run), he was cleared at the port of entry without a glance or a search, indicating to the DA that the El Paso center was sharing intelligence and allowing this operative back through the border.

It is to Customs that the real job of interdicting the grasshoppers falls. Says Customs PIO Hollander in Los Angeles, "We have the 'Treasury Enforcement Communications System' computer in San Diego, which is our own data base computer center, much like EPIC's. Airplane registration numbers and so on can be punched in and retrieved instantly." This summer, Customs instituted their Private Aircraft Inspection and Reporting Systems (PAIRS). Previously, private planes entering the U. S. could fly to any port of entry in the country. It was difficult to find out who had filed flight plans and who hadn't, and Customs sent their planes after suspect flights as far as Seattle and Chicago. Now all aircraft reentering U.S. airspace must put down for inspection at one of 13 border airports. Brownsville, Laredo, McAllen, Del Rio, Eagle Pass, Nogales, Calexico, Tucson, Yuma, El Paso, Douglas and two in San Diego.

Any aircraft that fails to stop first at one of these PAIRS airports is automatically suspect. Customs' planes are scrambled and an attempt is made to intercept it and follow it to its destination. Unfortunately for Customs, few of their planes can catch up with a 340-miles-per-hour smuggler who decides it wouldn't be a good idea to go through a Customs inspection. As for filing flight plans, "I don't think dopers ever do it," says Hollander. But according to MAF sources, many do. They simply hop the border, drop the goodies at the rendezvous, and fly in to

the proper airport, landing empty. Should they be spotted en route by patrol aircraft, they simply dump the well-baled and compacted (nothing like a Sears compactor for making kilo bricks), watertight bundles overboard and land clean.

Customs has over \$30 million to spend on its MexConnex Air War, and now they're even experimenting with RPV's (Remote Piloted Vehicles), which were being developed for Vietnam to carry bombs without pilots (we lost that war too). Customs wants to use them for aerial surveillance. Customs also has several mobile vans crammed with every kind of electronic surveillance and detection gear imaginable. These can be moved to popular canyon and mountain pass sites that are regularly used by the aerobic smugglers. Customs has its own portable radar that can be set up anywhere along the border, but it's NORAD's radar complex upon which they rely most. "NORAD has been very cooperative with us," says regional director Conroy. "Helping us to identify targets. Based on that, we vector a Customs aircraft in for interception. We've radar here in Houston that covers the entire Gulf of Mexico. Someone takes off from Caracas, Venezuela, and we know it." Legally, Customs pilot-agents can follow a plane in a "border search" all the way to Chicago. They can also follow bogies into Mexico under a DEA agreement with the Mexican government that allows U. S. planes to follow a suspect plane but not land in Mexico.

With Miami getting too hot for the number of flights necessary to sustain the U.S. dope market, the focus has shifted to the sparsely populated Mexican border region. More and more pilots addicted to excitement, cheap thrills and fat pay envelopes (cash only) are doing it. "The authorities will never win this war," says one ring operator. "But they're a necessary evil. Otherwise, without some attempt at interdicting this stuff, the country would be flooded." The smuggler fails to mention that grass would be a good deal cheaper, as well. And he'd be out of a job most likely if he didn't have the air war to fight, to win and to make him rich. The air war serves the grass profiteers.

And it doesn't seem to worry the pilots. As the big bumper sticker said on the old Beech D18 World War II transport filled with 1,200 pounds of grass: "Smile. You're on Radar." That pilot isn't smiling right now, but he'll be free soon and smiling again as he reenters the Mexican air races. Only carefree, daring pot pilots such as he know the answer to DEA regional director John "Ray" Enright's question: "How high is high?" ☐



The Toadstool That Conquered the Universe

Grace Slick scarcely could have known it, but the toadstool that Alice mistook for a "magic mushroom" of *Mexican origin* for some *purpose* was neither the celebrated "magic mushroom" of *Mexican origin* nor some *purpose* fictitious fungus sprung from the rich humus of Lewis Carroll's imagination. It was a good old gringo mushroom and it was genuine. Specifically, it was the *Amanita muscaria*, of whose curious effects Carroll had read in a review of M. C. Cooke's *British Fungi* published in the *Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette of* *October 1862*.

Her mushroom snack put Alice through some heavy changes, as you recall. Now, there is evidence that the *Amanita muscaria* put the human

By Tom Robbins







race through some equally striking alterations; evidence, indeed, that that common—if misunderstood—toadstool did more to shape human ideas about themselves and their gods than any other organism with which they share the planet; evidence, further, that it has had greater cultural impact than wheat or cotton, tobacco or corn; evidence (and now this is beginning to sound like a huge horticultural hype) that one "poisonous" fungus was the direct inspiration for every major religion on earth except Buddhism—and since Buddha chose to commit suicide by eating a mushroom, he was either paying tribute or showing spite.

Really. The evidence is from various independent sources: mycologists, ethnomycologists, classical scholars, anthropologists and philologists. And in the past three or four years, it has begun to dovetail with neat exactitude. There is a mushroom-shaped cloud overshadowing our age, true enough, but it may not be so much the symbolic specter of nuclear annihilation as it is the silhouette of the very mushroom itself. For a hallucinogenic toadstool is threatening to rewrite our cultural history.

Oh, look, I know better than to believe that history, the official hypothesis of the past, is going to be exoterically rewritten by anything magical, least of all a fungus. Yet there is something dramatic to consider here, and if it tends to get out of hand, if it aches to bathe in the hot tubs of sensationalism, if it tries to abandon the page to shoot up in the sky like a rocket, we may have to indulge it. For we are dealing not with some ordinary conspiracy or suppressed body of facts, but with a living thing, an ongoing organism whose natural powers neither opposition nor indifference, time nor slander have diminished. We are going to have to come to terms, once and for all, with the *Amanita muscaria*, the brain food to end all brain foods.

The Great of All Mushrooms

The Woodpecker of Mars

The Toadstool That Conquered the Universe

The *Amanita muscaria*, or fly agaric as it is familiarly called, is found throughout most of Europe, Asia and North America.

In the Great Lakes states it fruits in June and early July and again in late August and September. It is a late summer species in the Rockies and New England, while along the Pacific Coast it pops up in the autumn and lasts until the severe winter frosts. It grows in the duff of the forest floor, living in delicate symbiotic relationship with certain trees: birch and pine east of the Great Plains, spruce and fir in the west.

In its early stage of development, the *muscaria* looks like a partly buried egg,

for it is enclosed in a creamy wrapper known as the "universal veil." As the round mushroom pushes up into the air, the veil breaks, leaving half in the humus in the form of a cup or volva, and dispersing the remainder about the cap in flakes or "warts." Rags of loose veil may cling to the stem, forming a shaggy ring. The cap is gilled, and by the time the mushroom is mature, it is nearly flat. A large specimen may be ten inches in diameter.

Color is its most distinguishing characteristic. Its cap ranges from a golden orange to a dazzling crimson. It looks like a candy apple with a bad case of dandruff.

Due to its striking appearance, the *muscaria* has long been the prototype toadstool. Pictures of it abound in children's literature, where it is particularly favored by illustrators of European fairy tales. Any literate six-year-old knows that the *Amanita Muscaria* Club is where the elves hang out.

Peasants have bestowed upon it some fine folk names, one of the most charming being "the woodpecker of Mars" (this alludes both to its red head and to the warlike effects it sometimes has upon its indulgers). It earned its popular nickname "fly agaric" because for centuries it was thought that a concoction of it and milk killed houseflies. Lately, though, more careful research has determined that the *muscaria* doesn't kill flies, it merely makes them so high they nod out. Science marches on.

The *Amanita* genus includes some of the most prized edible species and the most deadly. The *phalloides* and the *vera* are known, respectively and with reason, as the "death cup" and the "avenging angel." Darling. Whether or not one considers the *muscaria* edible depends on one's orientations. Most field guides brand it an out-and-out killer, but mushroom handbooks tend to be a trifle paranoid and, of course, no toadstool has ever sued an author for libel.

The fact is, the *muscaria* has been eaten since at least 4000 B.C., usually for those very effects that the handbooks assure us warrant medical attention.

Until rather recently, when Communist puritans and pressure from the vodka industry put a stop to it, consumption of the fly agaric was an integral part of life among native Siberians. In 1730, Philip John von Strahlenberg, a Swedish army officer who had just served a prison sentence in Siberia, wrote the first detailed account of mushroom "orgies." Subsequent investigation revealed that at least eight Siberian tribes gobbled the *muscaria* regularly at ceremonies.

The Ostyak and Vogul peoples, after having been exposed to vodka early in this century, testified that the mushroom was far superior to booze.

Tribal elders always ate the *muscaria* first. Their urine would then be saved and drunk by other males, and it is said



that the urine high was better than the original. Women were prohibited to touch the stuff, and occasionally a male might be denied right to the urine cup. Perhaps that is how the expression "pissed off" originated.

The *Amanita muscaria* was also important to Nordic shamanism. Our word berserk comes from the Berserkers, Norsemen who flew into violent and destructive frenzies upon ingesting the Martian woodpecker. Vikings ate it before going into battle (even the Prince Valiant comic strip has made reference to such), and that, kiddies, was what made the Vikings so fierce.

Medieval witches are suspected to have used the fly agaric, for it is well known now that (white) witchcraft was a psychedelic activity and that the witch hunts of the Middle Ages were actually drug purges second only to our own in public hysteria and official chicanery. Belladonna salve was the witch's preferred agent; it was smeared over her nude body so that when she straddled her broomstick, it was pressed into her vulva where it entered her bloodstream immediately. Some witches got so stoned they truly believed they sailed away. The folk myth of the flying broomstick is a rather accurate allegory of a psychedelic trip. So far, no concrete proof has established the *muscaria* as an indispensable entrée on the Halloween menu, but contemporary covens in Britain claim it was, and they require munching the toadstool as part of their initiation rites.

By far the most significant consumers of the mysterious red mushroom, in terms of historical impact, were the ancient Near Eastern fertility cults and the Sanskrit-speaking Aryans who migrated into India between 2000 and 1500 B.C. Had these peoples not been so fond of the fungus, Vatican City may not have been built, the Ganges would be no more holy than the East River and Billy Graham might be back in North Carolina selling golf carts.

One other indication of the mushroom's lasting influence: the Greek word *kannabis*—our "cannabis"—has been traced to the much older Sumerian word *gan*, meaning the head of the penis, which the young fly agaric so graphically resembles, as well as the toadstool itself. Thus, marijuana was named for the *Amanita muscaria*, whose more potent properties it was thought to approximate. Isn't history fascinating?

John M. Allegro, 51, is a philologist. That is, he studies and compares written languages. A former professor of Old Testament at the University of Manchester, Allegro has specialized in biblical languages. He was the first Briton on the international team of experts selected to analyze the Dead Sea scrolls.

Trained to be a Methodist minister and given to speaking disdainfully of dope

smokers, Allegro has neither atheistic nor psychedelic axes to grind. Four years ago, however, he shook both philology and theology with the announcement that he had discovered the Jewish and Christian religions to have been founded by drug-taking, orgiastic mystery cults. These cults worshipped a certain sacred mushroom, said Allegro, and he went on to claim that Jesus Christ had not been a man, but a code name for that mushroom.

Needless to say, Allegro's theory threw traditional scholars and priests into a snit. They angrily denounced him, then stubbornly ignored him. So it goes. But



A. muscaria, orange

Belladonna salve was the witch's preferred agent: it was smeared over her nude body so that when she straddled her broomstick, it was pressed into her vulva where it entered her bloodstream immediately.

Allegro, who had reached his conclusions after 14 years of painstaking research, published and pressed on.

The key to Allegro's theory was the realization that Sumerian, the oldest known written language, was directly related to the Old Testament Semitic languages of Aramaic and Hebrew as well as to the classical Indo-European tongues of the New Testament era, Latin and Greek. It formed a linguistic bridge between them.

Sumerian, examples of which date to 4000 B.C. is full of mushroom terminology, much of it saturated with sexual overtones. When he found the same fungus words, slightly altered and sometimes disguised as metaphors and puns, in the Dead Sea biblical texts, Allegro put two and two together and got a scandal. The very word *Christian* (the Greek *Kristionos*) proved to be derived from an

erotic Sumerian toadstool expression meaning "smeared with semen."

If one has some knowledge of the vegetation religions, Allegro's theory may seem less far-fetched. Look at it this way: In the ancient world, humans were virtually at the mercy of nature. Their dependence upon forces outside of themselves was especially keen in lands of marginal rainfall, such as the Near East: no rain, no eats.

Those early peoples saw the problem in terms of fertility, or sexuality, although it should be remembered that in those days sex was entirely free of moral taint. A tribe couldn't survive if it didn't produce offspring, just as there could be no hunting if the animals didn't breed. Fertility was of prime concern to those folks, and most of their magic and ritual consisted of trying to induce lust and promote fecundity in human, beast and vegetable.

Vegetables were hardest. I mean, how can you make a bean horny?

Well, plants were the babes of the earth, as early people saw them. The earth was a kind of womb, sometimes fruitful, sometimes barren. And the spilling rain made the earth bear just as the spurring semen made humans and animals bear. God hung out in the sky, where the head of his penis was clearly visible—we moderns call it the sun. When God had coitus with the earth, he showered the hills and fields with his vital semen-rain. So, through art, dance, song and elaborate outdoor fucking, humans tried to entice God and Mother Earth to get it on.

In an effort to gain more influence over God's passions, the ancients attempted to find links with him on earth. They regarded bodies of water as holy not only because of their life-enhancing moistures, but because they were considered to be pools of God's come. Now, of all God's children none responded to his orgasm as quickly and dramatically as did the mushroom. It popped out of the soil in a matter of hours after a shower. And unlike other plants, it appeared directly—mystery of mysteries!—without benefit of seed. Moreover, the mushroom was fraught with sexual allusions. It thrust from the ground like an aroused phallus. Later, its cap, as it flattened, would resemble a vagina receiving an erect penis. The mushroom was both cock and cunt. Often it was coated with a slimy mucus. Hell, it even smelled sexy. (The bed in which Billy Pilgrim has a wet dream is described by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., as smelling like a mushroom cellar.)

There was one mushroom with a brilliant red top that especially resembled the sun-cock. And when one ate that mushroom—Wow! Strength! Ecstasy! Colors and sounds assumed extra dimensions, objects seemed to enlarge and shrink before one's eyes. ("Go ask Alice/I think she'll know.") That mushroom literally filled one with the divine spirit

Seedless—that is to say, of virgin birth—mysterious, holy and powerful, the *Amanita muscaria* was the Son of God.

Taken by itself, the preceding logic might fail to rise above speculation. Allegro, however, delving behind the surface meaning and context of biblical words, tracing them to their Sumerian roots, builds a strong, scholarly case for the *Amanita muscaria* (of which he had no knowledge before he learned Sumerian) as a widely worshipped entity.

Allegro contends that the rites of the toadstool cults were closely guarded secrets, first because of the elitist character of the healer priests who administered them and secondly because of the antipathy of enemies. Following a harsh crackdown on the mystery religions by the Romans after the Jewish Revolt of A.D. 66 (the authorities couldn't tolerate a bunch of drug-crazed mystical activists in their midst), the secrets "if they were not to be lost forever, had to be committed to writing, and yet, if found, must give nothing away...."

The cultists simply followed the example of the Old Testament, which, according to Allegro, is a collection of folktales transmitting through fable and parable medical, political and occult information, a lot of it dealing with mushrooms. Imitating that method, the authors of the New Testament sought to preserve knowledge of the mushroom faith by disguising it as a story about a wondrous rabbi called Yeshua ben Miriam (a/k/a "Jesus"). That the story was taken at face value by millions of non-semen-smeared Christians is history's supreme irony.

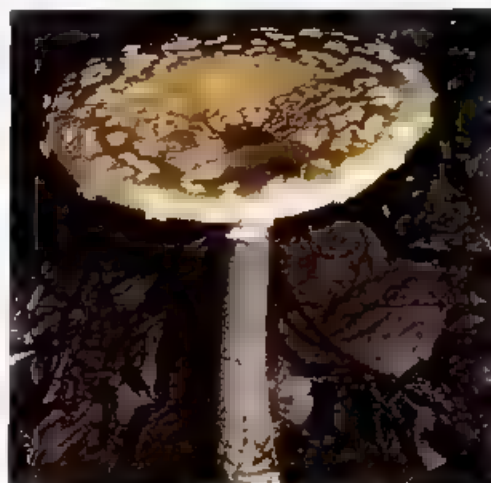
The entire Bible, says Allegro, is a carefully coded document of *muscaria* mysticism. The Resurrection story, for example, is an allegory for the spiritual rebirth that followed the rigors of a mind-blowing toadstool trip. The Ten Commandments are word plays on the two prime Sumerian fungus names (Moses, like Christ, was a mushroom personification). Peter, the rock upon which Jesus vowed to build his church, is *pitra*, Semitic meaning "mushroom." The Cross? Slice a *muscaria* in half, cap and stem, and examine its shape. The *muscaria* arrives in a veiled *voiva*, a covered basket that is, a manger.

That the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil was the sacred mushroom is substantiated by a fresco dating from 1291, in the chapel of the Abbaye de Plaincourault, in France, which depicts vividly the *muscaria* as the infamous "apple" of Eden.

And so on and so forth. Allegro's book, *The Sacred Mushroom and the Cross*, now published by Doubleday as an Anchor paperback, details scores of biblical toadstool references. In each example, he provides linguistic evidence.

That some of this evidence is a bit screwy is obvious to the careful reader. Allegro's logic often is presumptuous; he

will zoom from microscopic clues to kaleidoscopic conclusions. Omissions of data are conspicuous. Christ, moreover, fits smoothly into the Levantine religious milieu of his day; several prophet/messiahs were around at the same time, each acting out roles described in heroic myths of far earlier origin. Yet, if even one of Allegro's numerous translations is valid, then that is enough to throw the whole of Christian dogma under a particularly suspicious light. If a single hallucinogenic toadstool has been smuggled into the Good Book what else might the authors have been up to?



A. muscaria, yellow

**Drug-taking, orgiastic
mystery cults
worshipped a certain
sacred mushroom,
said Allegro,
and he went on to claim
that Jesus Christ
had not been a man,
but a code name
for that mushroom.**

What really lends credence to Allegro's work, however, are the totally independent conclusions reached by highly reputable scholars regarding the *Amanita muscaria*'s spiritual influence in other parts of the world.

Our cosmic woodpecker has been a busy little bird.

Hinduism has attained a superficial popularity in the West in recent years its trappings hauled about in the multicolored luggage of drug-rock mysticism. Only last month I overheard a Girl Scout discussing her karma with a Seattle city bus driver, and by now most of us have personally encountered those saffron-robed panhandlers who have sacrificed their hair and who can guess what else to the love of Krishna.

As those who have flirted with the "mother of religions" well know, there

exists a body of writings called the Vedas, which is to Hinduism vaguely what the Old Testament is to Christianity. The Vedas are the most ancient religious texts of which there is knowledge, and of the four Vedas, the Rig-Veda is the eldest.

The Rig-Veda is a book of 114 hymns in praise of Soma, a legendary divine plant-god or god-plant whose juice was offered in sacrifice and drunk by the priests of the early Aryans, the Eurasian invaders who gave to India both their language and their religion.

The identity of Soma had baffled Indologists for decades. Although the Rig-Veda spares no poetic firepower in extolling the Soma plant and the godlike state of mind which its juices induced, there is a remarkably total absence of reference to its leaves, seed, roots, fruit or flowers. What's more, no mention is made of Soma being green, but rather is described as golden or red. Himmmmmm.

It was Aldous Huxley, having earlier borrowed the name "soma" for the official narcotic doled out to his fictitious society in *Brave New World*, who first theorized that the Hindu superplant might have been a hallucinogenic mushroom. Huxley suggested this to R. Gordon Wasson, the world's foremost ethnomycologist. Wasson, who had spent 40 years studying the relationships between mushrooms and peoples, was intrigued.

Recruiting the services of Dr. W. D. O'Flaherty of the University of London, Louis Renou of the Sorbonne and other Vedic specialists, Wasson began an exhaustive investigation of the Rig-Veda. When his years of research were done, the ethnomycologist had established beyond any question that Soma was the *Amanita muscaria*.

In India, the fly agaric grows only in the higher mountains where there are birch and firs. As the Aryan culture spread from the highlands into the great southern valleys and the Ganges Plain, its *muscaria* supply dwindled. Gradually, over the centuries, Soma-drinking disappeared. But it was not forgotten. Even today, there are Hindu ceremonies in which organic sacraments are taken. The most common of these sacraments is a juicy, leafless cousin of our milkweed, a plant that is nonintoxicating but that vaguely resembles the mushroom for which it is a symbolic substitute.

Wasson has detailed the fungoid origins of Hinduism in a book entitled *Soma, Divine Mushroom of Immortality*. Gorgeously illustrated, the hardcover costs a cool \$100, but it's probably a sound investment. Wasson's first book, *Russia, Mushrooms & History*, published in the late Fifties at \$60 for the two-volume set, will fetch \$300 from your friendly neighborhood rare book dealer.

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has published a far cheaper edition of the Soma book, but if one is unable to get hold of it,

(continued on page 104)

HOLLYWOOD



It Was Goebbels vs. Hollywood—

What the hell makes supposedly sane men—and, possibly soon, women—join the Army, travel to foreign countries, meet interesting people and kill them? Why have 13 Marine recruits died in the last five years from heart attacks and other injuries sustained from overenthusiastic basic training? Delbert Mann, filming *The Outsider* at Camp Pendleton in 1960 wondered what motivated the leathernecks who were acting as extras in his picture to enlist for such violent self-abuse. Half of them replied that they had joined the corps

because of all those John Wayne movies they had seen.

In Vietnam, a .45 caliber pistol, a notoriously inaccurate weapon, was called a "John Wayne rifle" because the Duke could hit a running target at 300 yards with one in his movies. The tasteless biscuits found in boxes of C rations were affectionately known as "John Wayne cookies." Among Nam correspondents one story circulated of a soldier who threw a grenade into a hut precisely as Wayne had done in *Sands of Iwo Jima* only to have his ass blown off because the hut was bamboo, rather than a

PENTAGON



Guess Who Won? By Lawrence Suid

concrete pillbox. As one much-quoted sergeant told some careless combat troops, "There are two ways to do anything—the right way and the John Wayne way."

It seems that Wayne was just as important to the young Americans who fought in Vietnam as Bob Dylan was to the ones who didn't. To a significant segment of the troops, he symbolized toughness, or "machismo." On an "Owen Marshall" TV episode, the mother of a deserter asked him why he had thought the war right before he enlisted. "I was 18" he replied, "and war was something

John Wayne fought or we watched on our color TV."

Why did the screenwriter draw on the Wayne military image? His answer: "Because in the predominantly liberal community that makes up the film industry, Wayne, though not disliked for it, is outspokenly gung ho. He supported the war vocally and his professional image repeatedly made heroic those men who fought wars or used guns and violence to achieve their goals. Wayne . . . is larger than the man himself. An 18-year-old boy saw Wayne fight endless battles on the big screen

and the boob tube...from *Sands of Iwo Jima* to *The Alamo*."

During his more than 45 years as an actor, Wayne has appeared in only a few of the more than 500 movies made with military cooperation since the Twenties. Nevertheless, more than any other actor, Wayne has portrayed soldiers, sailors and marines in the manner in which those in the Armed Forces would like to see themselves.

Because of his concern for this image, Wayne turned down the chance to play the lead in *Patton*. He told the producer that the characters he portrayed didn't go around slapping shell-shocked soldiers. In Wayne's own view, he has always tried "to portray an officer . . . or a noncommissioned officer or a man in the service in a manner that benefits the service and always gives the proper break for the man to react in a human manner." Ironically, the only Academy Award Wayne received was for his portrayal of an alcoholic, Rooster Cogburn, in *True Grit*—regarded by some as a crude caricature of the Wayne hero, by others as its archetype.

Over the years, the Armed Forces have assisted primarily on films that showed their men in the noble light Wayne described, performing their duties successfully regardless of the circumstances. The military realized

very quickly that such films might aid recruiting and inform the American people of its activities. In the Twenties and Thirties, and perhaps even later, many officers believed that movies about the services might also influence congressional appropriations. As a result, the services have provided film makers with technical advice, personnel and equipment to help ensure that movies about war or with a military setting would contain an accurate portrayal of personnel and procedures.

Since the Armed Forces have seen these films as public relations vehicles, their representatives have always been the final judge of whether a movie would benefit the defense establishment service being portrayed. The military allows some dramatic license in comedy films, however. In *Jumping Jacks*, for example, Jerry Lewis was permitted to land on Dean Martin's parachute even though this would probably have collapsed the canopy in an actual parachute jump.

Occasionally the prohibition against giving assistance before script approval has brought charges that the Pentagon was practicing prior censorship, particularly in the mid-Sixties when the military refused to assist on such films as *Seven Days in May*, *Fail Safe* and *The Bedford Incident*. In response, the Defense Department

points out that no film maker has to come to the military for help and that the services have no power to prevent any film from being made without cooperation. Moreover, the Armed Forces argue that like all organizations, they have the right and even the obligation to try to guarantee an accurate and positive portrayal whenever possible.

General Motors, of course, would not cooperate with Ralph Nader on a film about the Corvair. But the Pentagon negotiates out of strength when it asks for changes in scripts requiring the use of aircraft carriers, jet bombers, submarines or other military hardware which it alone has. If film makers cannot obtain such heavy equipment when the script calls for it, they most likely cannot make their movie.

For its part, Hollywood over the years has usually acceded to the military's requests for script revisions. At least until the Vietnam War, the motion-picture industry had little interest in or reason to picture the Armed Forces in a negative light. More to the point, film makers had discovered from their earliest days that movies about war and the military were always popular at the box office, and the authenticity created by military assistance helped.

Like Westerns, war movies also enabled film makers to inject violence in-



to a plot in a socially acceptable manner. By the mid-Thirties the Production Code Office had come to oppose excessive mayhem in gangster movies, but blood was permitted to flow in battles fought in the name of patriotism.

To ensure accuracy and a military ambiance in these battles, Hollywood needed planes, tanks and ships that only the government could afford to build full sized. Moreover, since extras did not act like soldiers unless put through simulated basic training, film makers were eager to obtain real soldiers and marines whenever possible to stage their battles realistically. Apart from guaranteeing a proper combat atmosphere, such help saved Hollywood millions of dollars.

The relationship between the film industry and the military did not of course develop overnight, and assistance has been rendered both to traditional war films and to noncombat, and even nonmilitary, pictures. And while the Armed Forces have always justified their help as benefiting the services, the military participants in the filming were sometimes motivated by more mundane considerations.

After representing the Army Air Corps at a flying meet in New York in 1911, Hap Arnold, later a general, recalled that he "picked up a few extra dollars" by performing in a movie

being shot on Long Island. Nevertheless, this early contact with film making was to have greater significance as Arnold rose in rank and became one of his service's most enthusiastic supporters of the film industry-military relationship. During World War II, through friends in Hollywood, he encouraged the making of such combat movies as *Air Force* and *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*.

The industry sought out such friendly relationships for the obvious benefits they promised. In the earliest days of the industry, a movie company might simply photograph a military training exercise and then create a story around the footage. However, in preparing to film *Birth of a Nation* in 1915, D.W. Griffith asked West Point engineers for technical advice in preparing his Civil War battle sequences. West Point also supplied some Civil War artillery pieces for close-up shots. With the contacts thus established, Griffith again turned to the military for assistance in filming his re-creation of the American Revolution.

For America, the War Department loaned Griffith more than 1,000 cavalymen and a military band to help stage the crucial battles of the revolution. Secretary of War Weeks instructed the Army to give Griffith

every reasonable assistance. Reportedly the cavalry units provided the director represented the largest number ever assembled outside of actual war maneuvers.

The War Department justified the assistance on the ground that the combat sequences gave observers the opportunity to study the Revolutionary War battles with a precision never before possible because of the expense involved. According to Griffith, he received thousands of dollars worth of assistance because President Coolidge and Secretary Weeks believed the film would have a "wholesome and quieting effect" on the American people.

Such lofty motives or political ends (the Teapot Dome scandal still threatened the Republican Administration when *America* was released in 1924) have not always been prerequisites for military help. The Navy loaned director Robert Wise an instructor to teach Christopher Plummer the art of blowing a bosun's whistle so that the actor could summon his children in *The Sound of Music*. The Army allowed Twentieth-Century Fox to construct a church on land overlooking the Hudson at West Point for the wedding scene in *Hello Dolly*, and the Navy provided a helicopter for the rescue scenes in *Towering Inferno*.

Usually, though, the Armed Forces



have confined their assistance to traditional war films or films with a military background, supplying technical advice, combat footage, personnel and equipment as needed—providing the assistance was “at no cost” to the taxpayers. This stipulation is at the heart of the regulations governing cooperation, and most of the criticism of military assistance to Hollywood has been directed at possible violations of this “no cost” requirement.

Until 1964, however, when supervision of assistance was transferred from the individual services to the Department of Defense itself, the help given was extremely difficult to account for. Once the Armed Forces in Washington approved a script for cooperation, the commander of the local military facility had full authority to decide what and how much help should be given.

Most assistance was provided as part of regularly scheduled training exercises or on normal cruises. However, nothing prevented a base commander from scheduling a maneuver for the cameras if he was predisposed toward the film company or felt the participation would improve the morale of those under him. All service personnel appearing in movies were on active duty and received their salaries whether or not they performed in a real or created exercise.

Both the military and Hollywood have pointed out that exercises done for the cameras, whether scheduled or especially set up for a film company, give the men a more authentic sense of combat and so are better than normal training maneuvers. Initially, the Marine commander of a Sixth Fleet landing exercise in the Mediterranean refused to allow Darryl Zanuck to film the maneuver for inclusion in *The Longest Day* because the marines were inexperienced. However, the film's associate producer convinced the officer to change his mind by pointing out that the troops would benefit more from landing on a re-created Omaha Beach, with obstacles and explosives, than from landing on a plain beach.

Both the normal operating procedures and the difficulties in assessing costs of military assistance became established with King Vidor's *The Big Parade*, the first major Hollywood movie about American participation in World War I, filmed in the Twenties. To help Vidor, the Army provided him with technical advice, combat footage, troops and trucks. In fact, the Army supplied the men and equipment not once, but twice.

Needing scenes of a large-scale troop movement, Vidor sent a film crew

to an Army base in Texas. He instructed the second-unit director to photograph the soldiers moving down a long, straight road as called for in the script. However, the commanding officer insisted that the scene be shot on a curved road on the base, claiming that there were no such straight roads in France.

After viewing the footage, Vidor himself went to Texas, found a straight road 20 miles from the base and persuaded the commander to transport his troops to the locale for the needed shots. Ultimately the director used footage from both filmings and signal Corps footage as well to re-create the illusion of masses of men. However, the actual combat scenes were staged in Los Angeles, with ex-soldiers hired to work as extras.

In contrast to this rather limited help, William Wellman spent nine months in Texas utilizing several military facilities while filming *Wings* in the late Twenties. With virtually the entire Army Air Corps and thousands of soldiers at his disposal, Wellman recreated the Battle of Saint-Mihiel. The amount of assistance he received set the standard for all subsequent cooperation and enabled the director to film such spectacular aerial combat scenes that the movie won the first Oscar ever given for best picture of the



year. The aerial sequences later appeared in such films as Howard Hughes's *Hell's Angels* and most recently, *The Great Waldo Pepper*.

No subsequent film ever received such help over as long a period. Without it, Wellman could not have made *Wings* because the cost would have been prohibitive and because he could not have found enough planes or pilots to stage the flying sequences. No one, however, raised the issue of what the taxpayers contributed for such assistance. In fact, no accounting of the cost was ever made.

According to screenwriter John Monk Sanders, the film company did pay for oil, gasoline and ordnance used during the shooting as well as for reconditioning the Air Corps planes that participated in the flying sequences. In addition, Sanders says that the War Department was indemnified for all government property lost or destroyed. On the other hand, the company did not pay for the salaries of the soldiers or pilots used in the film.

It can be argued that whatever the cost, the Armed Forces receive more in return in the form of free publicity than they expend. According to Raoul Walsh, director of the original *What Price Glory*, the Army "loved" his film for exactly that reason. Although the play on which the movie was based

may have had a pacifist message, Walsh turned the film into a combat spectacular with sweeping battle scenes. As a result, Walsh later recalled, "I always stood good with the Army after that. They had more recruits after that picture than they'd had since World War I. It showed the boys having fun, getting broads. Young fellows saw it, they said, 'Jesus, the Army is great.' " To prove the power the film had as a recruiting medium, Walsh said that years later, while he was making *Battle Cry* in the Caribbean, a general came up to him and said, "Son of a bitch, you got me into this army," explaining that he had seen *What Price Glory* almost thirty years earlier.

In any case, such films as *What Price Glory*, *America*, *The Big Parade* and *Wings* formalized the processes by which cooperation was requested and given and also helped cement contacts between the military and the film industry. As a consequence, despite the general lack of enthusiasm for the military during the Thirties, the Armed Forces retained their visibility for the American people through regular assistance on films with a military background.

With World War I fading from memory and the nation becoming more and more isolationist, most of

these films portrayed the peacetime military as a place in which to have fun, to sing a few songs and to perform a few dance routines with beautiful women. *Flirtation Walk* and *Shipmates Forever* in the mid-Thirties, for example, fantasized on the romance and color of the military academies.

Only occasionally did Hollywood make a serious film about the services in that decade, usually avoiding World War I as a subject. In *Men Without Women*, for example, John Ford dramatized life aboard a peacetime submarine. Like all movies that received assistance, except for the comedies and musicals, both the Navy and the film company were concerned with achieving as much authenticity as possible.

As usual, the Navy assigned a technical advisor to work on the film. The advisor scheduled the use of ships for exterior shots and acquired equipment to help make the interior shots realistic. If anything, the officer proved too successful. In the film's key scene, a destroyer runs over the submerged submarine, cutting the latter ship's hull and loosing an avalanche of water into the control room. Watching the scene, the advisor was so startled by the realism of the action he had helped to create that he yelled out, "Jesus Christ!" even though the cameras and recording equipment were running.



Ford had to reshoot the whole scene, since it was then impossible to erase extraneous noise.

Although realistic and dramatic, such films as *Men Without Women* were usually too serious for Americans in the Thirties who were looking for escapist entertainment. Consequently, until the threat of Hitler could no longer be avoided, Hollywood used military settings primarily as a backdrop for conventional love stories, musicals and service comedies.

Once war began in Europe, however, the film industry contributed to military preparedness by producing a series of pseudodocumentaries in the guise of entertainment films. Pictures like *I Wanted Wings* and *Dive Bomber*, made with military cooperation, showed the American people how the Armed Services were preparing for hostilities if they came. These films ultimately brought down the wrath of isolationists, who charged Hollywood with dragging the nation into war.

In September 1941, the leading isolationists, Senators Champ Clark and Gerald Nye, headed a subcommittee that called film makers to Washington to answer the accusations that their films were pro-war propaganda. Wendell Willkie, as counsel for the industry, and leading film makers—including Darryl Zanuck, Chief of Production for Twentieth-Century Fox, Harry Warner, President of Warner Brothers, and Barney Balaban, President of Paramount Pictures—argued that their movies were made purely for entertainment and profit.

Although admitting he was "opposed to Nazism," Harry Warner denied that his company's pictures were "propaganda" as alleged. He pointed out that his films had "enjoyed wide popularity and have been profitable," which indicated a favorable judgment by the public. According to Warner, one of the films attacked as propaganda was *Sergeant York*, which was "a factual portrait of the life of one of the great heroes of the last war." He said another of the criticized films, *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, was a "factual portrayal of a Nazi spy ring that actually operated in New York City." Warner said he would "plead guilty" if such films were judged propaganda.

He argued, however, that these films simply dealt with the world situation or with the nation's defense. He claimed that they were "carefully prepared on the basis of factual happenings and they were not twisted to serve any ulterior purpose." In fact, the Warner brothers, originally poor immigrants, had a strong feeling of commitment to the country that had proved bountiful to them. Thus, their company produced more films glorifying the military than any other Holly-

wood studio. In addition, Warner Brothers regularly made documentaries for the Armed Forces for which they expected to recover only their production costs.

In any event, the hearings produced acrimonious exchanges and were soon adjourned until mid-December Pearl Harbor rendered the debate moot and ended any caution within the industry about making war films. In the early days of the war, however, the military had more important things to do than assist in making commercial films. In fact, the services had no personnel or equipment readily available for films such as *Bataan*, which went into production in 1942. As a result, the film was shot entirely on MGM's back lot, and the Army supplied only a technical advisor. On the other hand, because General Arnold believed so strongly in the informational and morale value of films, the Air Corps supplied a few planes to Warner Brothers to use in the filming of *Air Force*.

Once the military situation improved and production of war material increased by 1943, the services were again able to render major assistance on films about the war. *Thirty Seconds over Tokyo*, *Fighting Seabees*, *Wing and a Prayer* and *Destination Tokyo* not only informed the American people about the military's activities, but also gave Hollywood the opportunity to use the conflict as background for profitable action films. In early 1945, however, the industry, worried that the war's end would destroy the market for military films, cut back on their production.

But during the war, Hollywood's war effort was not limited to making movies. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, many of the leading film makers volunteered their skills to the military. Frank Capra's *Why We Fight* series helped explain the reasons for this country's involvement in the war. Designed to be shown only to soldiers in training, the series was ultimately released to commercial theaters because of its excellence. Other documentaries included John Huston's *The Battle of San Pietro*, probably the best to come out of the war, which portrayed the grim realities of battle, and his *Let There Be Light*, which portrayed the effect of combat on soldiers.

Other Hollywood directors and writers in uniform made most of the training films for the military, and actors such as Ronald Reagan spent their military careers narrating them. Some stars made their contribution to the war effort in actual combat. Jimmy Stewart and Clark Gable, for example, flew bombing missions over Europe.

Others, such as John Wayne, killed the enemy on Hollywood's back lots. Wayne's military image had its beginning in *Fighting Seabees* and *They Were Expendable*. Even Walt Disney participated. In fact, his greatest animated feature may have been *Victory Through Air Power* Made for the Air Force. *Victory* was a filmed version of Major Alexander Sikorsky's rhapsodic treatise on saturation bombing. Unfortunately the film is little seen today. Neither is *Der Führer's Face*, in which Donald Duck, as a worker in a German munitions factory, finally rebels against Nazism.

With the end of the war, movies about the recent conflict ceased to be produced almost overnight. In comparison to World War I, however, the pause proved to be relatively short-lived. Dore Schary, for one, believed the country should be quickly reminded of why the war was fought so that disillusionment and renewed isolationism would not again set in. Although the idea took some selling, Schary finally convinced MGM to make *Battleground* in 1950, the first postwar film about the infantry's exploits.

Because of that movie and others, including *Twelve O'Clock High*, *Sands of Iwo Jima* and *Task Force* (which all appeared at about the same time and also focused on the recent conflict), a cycle of military films began that ran into the early 1960s. In addition to recapturing the successes of World War II, Hollywood drew on the Korean conflict and Cold War military preparedness for its subject matter.

With only a few exceptions, the military was more than willing to assist on these films. The process by which Hollywood obtained help from the military, however, had undergone changes from the prewar days. As a result of the unification of the individual services into the Department of Defense in 1947, a film company now submitted its script either directly or through its Washington representative to the Office of Motion Picture Production in the public affairs branch of the Defense Department.

If public affairs found the script acceptable, the Production Office would forward the request for assistance to the appropriate service or services. The services could agree or refuse to cooperate, depending on whether they felt the completed film would be in their best interest. The Production Office could refuse assistance to a film even if a service thought the movie would benefit it. On the other hand, the office could not force a service to cooperate on a movie the service felt would hurt its image.

Once the Production Office had approved the script and list of require-

ments, it had no responsibility for supervision of assistance on a daily basis. As in prewar days, the commander of a military facility still made the final decision on the kind and amount of assistance to extend to the film maker. At the same time, the technical advisor had sole responsibility for approving what went on during studio filming.

The regulations governing cooperation did continue to stipulate that assistance must be extended at no cost to the military and that public affairs must render final approval of the completed film. The stipulations for approval of the initial script and final cuts seldom caused problems or criticism in the Fifties. The two major exceptions, however, illustrate the military's concern with portraying itself in positive terms.

As soon as James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* became a best seller, several studios approached the Pentagon about obtaining cooperation for a film version of the novel. Because of the book's essentially negative portrayal of the Army prior to Pearl Harbor, many military personnel expressed strong opposition to providing any assistance. Although these opinions did not constitute the official position of the Office of Motion Picture Production, most studios backed away from purchasing the book.

Ultimately, Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures, decided that Jones's novel would make a great film with or without military help and obtained the film rights. The studio then was able to obtain assistance from the Army by eliminating the two most objectionable aspects of the novel: the brutality of the stockade, explicitly described in the book, was not shown, and the officer who tried to force Prewitt to box was forced to resign his commission rather than being promoted as in the book.

Fred Zinnemann, the Academy Award-winning director of *From Here to Eternity*, admitted that the officer's promotion in the book was more ironic than his forced resignation in the film. But Zinnemann accepted the trade-off in order to film at Schofield barracks. Likewise, Daniel Taradash, who won an Academy Award for his script of the film, noted that all writers work under limitations of one sort or another. In fact, he thought that the restrictions of the Motion Picture Production Code limited his work much more than those of the Army.

Until the Sixties, in fact, the only serious complaints about the Hollywood-military relationship came from the Extras Guild, which claimed that servicemen and women were taking work from its members. In one case, however, after watching extras prac-

ticing a marching formation for an Army musical, a union official permitted the producer to use real soldiers in the scene—after winning a concession to have the extras paid as well. When serious criticism of military cooperation did begin in 1961, it was addressed to the use of soldiers on active duty as extras in commercial films.

Ironically, most people in the industry had concluded by the early Sixties that the American people were again tired of war movies, especially with the apparent thaw in the Cold War. Nevertheless, Darryl Zanuck's *The Longest Day* became one of the highest-grossing black-and-white films of all time. The Sixties also marked the beginning of the end of the free and easy cooperation that had existed since the Twenties.

To re-create the invasion of Normandy, Zanuck used American troops and equipment in Europe over a five-month period during the height of the 1961 Berlin crisis. Jack Paar focused attention on the assistance to the film rendered by the Armed Forces when he went to the Berlin Wall in early September to film his NBC "Tonight" show. A large contingent of Army officers and men not normally assigned to the border crossing accompanied Paar to the wall.

When news of the show's filming made headlines in Washington the next day, it caused an immediate outcry in the Senate. Hubert Humphrey suggested that the Army had other things to do "besides provide a backdrop for television shows." Although the political rhetoric was quickly forgotten, the media almost immediately made the connection between the Paar incident and the assistance Zanuck was receiving at a time when the military was mobilizing reserve units in the United States to bring regular units up to full strength because of the Berlin crisis.

Reacting to the criticism of Paar and Zanuck, Arthur Sylvester, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, said, "I have grave doubts whether this sort of thing is a proper use for military equipment and manpower. It looks to me like a skunk in the military garden party." Sylvester set about to tighten policies regulating the media's use of military assistance.

A new directive, issued in January 1964, required the Defense Department itself, rather than the individual services, to make final decisions on all assistance. The regulations also forbade training maneuvers solely meant to satisfy a film company's needs and required payment for use of equipment and facilities.

Most movie makers claim these new regulations caused the subsequent decline in production of military pic-

tures. In fact, the new rules did not prohibit the Armed Forces from giving assistance to Hollywood but simply demanded a stricter accounting to be made of the help requested and given.

Other reasons undoubtedly contributed more to the decline in pro-military films than the new regulations. By the mid-Sixties, the United States military had little equipment from World War II to loan to film makers. Consequently, to make a major war film such as *Potter*, a studio usually had to go to Spain, where vintage equipment was still available.

Moreover, as the old studio system weakened in the early Sixties, the number of independent film producers with no commitment to traditional Hollywood relationships or old-fashioned patriotism increased. A movie like *Potter* could still make a profit, but this was due more to the moving portrayals of actors like George C. Scott than to the dramatic portrayal of war by such a film. More often, audiences responded to the anti-military, antiestablishment content of films like *M*A*S*H* or *The Americanization of Emily*. The military found the scripts of the new producers anathema. They refused to cooperate on such films as *Fail Safe* and *The Bedford Incident*, arguing that the contents were factually inaccurate and so did not qualify for assistance. The final blow may have been the Vietnam War—not so much for its controversial politics, perhaps, as for its vivid portrayal on television. Top-flight TV war documentaries caused the market for fictional combat to slump dramatically. And, of course, there was always the possibility that Weather-fellers would roll stinkbombs down the aisles of theaters, as the New York Rock 'n Roll Liberation Front did when *Woodstock* opened in 1969.

Only two important Hollywood films were made about Vietnam. Their directors, John Wayne and John Ford, were old buddies. Ford, working for the Defense Department on the last film of a career that included *The Informer*, *Stagecoach* and *The Grapes of Wrath*, must have been heartbroken when the Pentagon decided in the early Seventies that the political milieu of the United States had become so volatile that Ford's pro-war documentary could not be released. In fact it was never released. Wayne, on the other hand, was not only allowed to release *The Green Berets* in 1968, but was given Army cooperation at Fort Benning to make it. His company adhered strictly to the new regulations and paid \$18,000 for fuel and other material

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The Toadstool

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the thing to bear in mind is that Soma is not merely mentioned in the Rig-Veda—the entire text is devoted to it. It is a paean to Soma. The visionary mental states produced by drinking the mushroom juice (the Aryans also knew the trick of urine saving) were not incidental but were basic to the development of that vast squirming, writhing luminous panoply of gods and goddesses, demons and saints that is Hinduism.

As the Rig-Veda says (Book VIII, Hymn 48) "We have drunk the Soma, we have become immortal, we have arrived at the light, we have found the gods."

(1) Soma

(2) Toadstool

Thus far we have linked the *Amanita muscaria* to the origins of Judaism, Christianity and Hinduism. Indirectly we have included Buddhism for Buddhism essentially was an off-shoot of Hinduism. That leaves Mohammedanism, the most rigid and puritanical of major religions. Couldn't be no goofy mushrooms growing under Islam's family tree.

No?

In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, there came into full bloody blossom a large sect of Islamic fanatics called the "Assassins." Yes, the English word we use to describe those who rid us of our more enlightened politicians is the same. The Assassins were notorious users of *khushish*, or as we call it hashish. In Arabic, *khushish* means only "dried drug plant" and is not applied specifically to the hemp plant. There have been in Syria and Persia many kinds of hashish, including dried belladonna and—dried mushrooms.

The behavior of the Assassins as they set out to snuff any opposition to the will of Allah was wild, murderous and hysterical. Does that sound as if they were stoned on a hemp product, whose effects invariably are laid back and benevolent, or on "some kind of mushroom" such as a certain scarlet species that whipped the Vikings and the Berserkers into frenzies?

Use of *muscaria* by Mohammedanism's most cherished adherents suggests the possibility that Islam, too, evolved from the Near Eastern fertility cults who worshipped God's messenger the tempestuous toadstool.

That isn't the end of it, either. Robert Graves, the poet and classicist, has recently—sitting on his Mediterranean island—determined that the initials of the six supposed ingredients of ambrosia ("the food of the gods") spell out the Greek word for mushroom as likewise do the supposed ingredients of nectar ("the life-giving drink of the gods").

Prior to that, Graves had discovered the

similarity in divine attributes, right down to a sharing of the toad emblem, of Dionysus, the Greek god of intoxication and Tlaloc, the pre-Columbian Mexican magic-mushroom deity. The Festival of Dionysus, at which ambrosia once was ingested by a chosen few, has always been held in October, the height of the mushroom season.

Graves, digging deeper, found toadstool links to Zeus, Demeter and other deities, and digging deeper yet realized that the toadstool could only have been the fly agaric. Soon he could say flatly (in some musings preceding a mushroom poem in the *Atlantic Monthly*) that "the original sacred Greek mushroom was, clearly, the *Amanita muscaria*."

We may now add Greek mythology to the list of our woodpecker's achievements and hope that all those cultural triumphs haven't gone to his (or her) head, already inflamed to an improper degree.

I have eaten the fly agaric three times. On the second of those occasions I experienced nothing but a slight nausea. The other times I got gloriously colossally drunk.

I say "drunk" rather than "high" because I was illuminated by none of the sweet oceanic electricity that it has been my privilege to conduct after swallowing mescaline or LSD-25. On acid, I felt that I was an integral component of the universe. On *muscaria* I felt that I was the universe. There was no sense of ego loss. Quite the contrary. I was a superhero who could lick any archangel in town and the rusty boxcar it hoboed in on.

I wasn't hostile, understand, but I felt invincibly strong and fully capable of dealing with the furniture, which was breaking apart and melting into creeks of color at my feet. Although my biceps are more like lemons than grapefruit, I would have readily accepted a challenge from Muhammad Ali (as Cassius Clay is known since he joined up with that erstwhile mushroom cult) and even in the sober light of two years after, I believe I could have given him a rough tumble.

Scientists are probing the possibility that *muscaria* does indeed increase one's physical capabilities. What a pep pill may be in store for the wired, wired world of sports!

Euphoric energy was mine aplenty but at both the onset and the termination of the intoxication, I fell fitfully asleep.

My reactions apparently were typical. Periods of bellowing hyperactivity interspersed with stupor seem to be the symptoms of fly agaric "poisoning." Once I saw a Seattle art student sleep for 28 hours after consuming a whole medium-sized mushroom. She awoke in fine health but could remember nothing of the ancient red thunder that had rocked her to sleep. That's an OD. (Incidentally, our word for

sleep walking, somnambulism, is derived from the Sanskrit "Soma," the old you-know-what.)

It isn't that the *Amanita muscaria* is incapable of switching the brain to those unauthorized synaptic channels, those pirate stations of the psyche that we call "expanded consciousness." Obviously, it has introduced untold thousands personally and directly to that within them that if not actually the godhead, is holistic awareness of the godhead. But it does not do this gently. Instead of slipping one into the cosmic fabric like a silver needle, it drives one in like a wooden stake. And, of course, a stake is blunted in the driving. It was not mere psychedelic fickleness that prompted both the olden Greeks and Mexicans to drop *Amanita muscaria* cold when they discovered that the innocuous-looking little *Psilocybe* made up in grace what it lacked in flamboyance.

I do not recommend the fly agaric as an entertainment. If one wants to get blasted on mushrooms, I suggest one of the several varieties of *Psilocybe* as a smoother, safer, more insightful blast. Of course, if one buys "organic psilocybin" from any but the most saintly, well-connected dealer, the odds are vast that what one is getting is minced supermarket mushroom treated with impure fifth-rate LSD. But *Psilocybe*, the "magic mushroom" grows in the U.S. as well as Mexico, and with a bit of mycological homework, one can learn how to find it for oneself.

On the other hand, I realize that a lot of you ladies and gentlemen would swill cold cobra sweat if you thought it would get you loaded, so, please, if and when you try the fly agaric, take care. Should you by mistake pick the *Amanita pantherina*, which is the *muscaria*'s very twin except that its cap runs light yellow to beige, you could get seriously ill as well as ripped. The *pantherina* contains the same "poison" as the *muscaria*, only more. Let me assure you, hardcore drugies that you don't want more, what more may mean is long periods of unconsciousness, hard muscle spasms and a homicidal headache, a headache from a world beyond aspirin.

Nor should you consume the toadstool in social situations where a real or imagined insult might provoke you into wanting to take the neighborhood apart.

The smartest plan is to eat small amounts of mushroom (or sip small amounts of its juice) at half-hour intervals, for it is impossible to gauge the dosage. Genetically, the *Amanita muscaria* is extraordinarily complicated, and no other growing thing except for a few rare orchids is as sensitive to environmental conditions. Consequently, there are wide variations in the *muscaria*'s chemistry. The amount of "poison" will vary greatly from place to place, season to season, even mushroom to mushroom. That discrepancy explains why the art

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Mescalito

Meditations on natural mescaline

By Eric Hungry Bear

The author of this confessional memoir is a white native American, born in a midwestern state on the hottest day of that year; my father was once honored by an Amerindian tribe whose members wanted to express their gratitude to him. I have written in the trust of honesty. I am sure that some people will take what I have written to be fabrication, as they have Carlos Castaneda's books. I met that man once, and he is no fake. What I have written comes from my path, the way I live. Believe it or not.

Please, my readers, do not endanger me, the author, by trying to identify me or by revealing my identity should you recognize me. I have no desire for recognition or followers. Respect what I have tried to communicate by not trying to find out who I am.

I have not requested that I remain anonymous because I think I am breaking the law. I break none of nature's laws by going into my own back yard and gathering some cactus to use as my healing medicine. I want very much to gaze into your eyes, those who see as I do; perhaps I will be gazing at you from across a medicine circle somewhere. Any other kind of meeting would have no adventure.

these days the mescalito comes up green from texan mexican peyote fields and gathers in southwestern Indian reservations. from there he goes gradually, sometimes after drying, to discriminating users in far distant, mostly west coast places. ten thousand or so fresh green buttons fill five large gunny sacks and come smelling strongly and in an active, potent state. transporting mescalito has hurt his flesh, but he remains noble. when you take mescalito into your house, the house begins to buzz.

take this medicine into your body and changes begin.

after mescalito came into my house he healed me. that healing prompts me to write these memoirs, that others may know this path. how did mescalito heal? he acquainted me with myself, my body and my spirit. now he bids me turn to the other, now to you.

First Experiences of Eating Mescalito for Personal Growth

at the beginning, i knew nothing important, had not sorted out my values or decided on basic things. i was just struggling with the world and what was happening to me. one day a friend gave me something i had waited long for — four or five gelatin caps containing what is usually called "crystal mescaline." if properly applied, this label means an extract of the peyote cactus that specializes out its mescaline alkaloid. it is a white, very fine natural crystal, since it is merely extracted from the plant itself, but it is unnatural too, because the cactus has many more alkaloids that are also psychoactive and part of the natural plant chemicals. still, from our knowledge of organic chemistry may have come great beauty; at least that is how i experienced mescalito first.

four of us who were lovers together each took one cap of the crystal, waited for a while, and then walked outside into a sun-filled ravine, to enjoy the warmth and play. we hardly noticed the changes, but we were in a new world that came so quietly that one did not notice, especially at first. we kissed and played in the sun. i remember her shirt was so thin and loose and she did not take care to hide her breasts from view

we knew another world. time no longer limited the day, which was unnoticed but infinite. we forgot our cares and everything unnatural in us. we went back to the room where we had started our adventure. it too was filled with sunlight which warmed the air. we made love again. the day was special; we talked to birds at a park and talked about how different we felt, marveling at the naturalness of this crystal, how subtly it came and how good it was. we went around the town seeing beautiful things. everything was the same, but we had been changed.

we went south for the weekend and while making love in my chevy van, James Taylor sang, of mescalito right at the right time.

In My Garden

i remember taking a few more caps of that crystal mescaline in my garden, but i was like a child—with all the world to discover but feeling very young and shaky in the legs. i felt i was not getting much from the experience and criticized myself for not getting more "out of it." i guess i was just young within mescalito's world, and also i guess i was looking for the wrong things and missed what was happening. if you have a power substance, you eventually have to decide how to use it. i used it badly and well, both, but it always taught me and i always learned.

then the caps were gone.

La Perla

there was one acquaintance with mescalito before the crystals. since it was the first, i should describe it to put everything in perspective.

somehow, i never thought those pink lozenges i got in Berkeley were really mescalito, but decided to take them anyway. we went south of the border to a restaurant on the Tijuana beaches called La Perla. there, prior to one of the restaurant's best meals, i ate two of the pink ones. by the time we left i was reborn, emerging like a pearl from its oyster, hardly able to walk. i came out of the restaurant on untried legs and entered the world with a malleable mind, one that had become more fluid and flexible. it didn't know where south was, it sought adventure as if by instinct, and

we sped down the highway into Baja California, at top speed to meet the full moon's rising.

before dark, at Ensenada, i had trouble recording in my ledger what the gas cost. then, as evening deepened, we came to the immigration barrier at Maneadero, nearly deserted at the time. the guards did not want to let us through though since i couldn't remember where the travel documents were. the guards stood between us and the Baja depths. finally we produced sufficient documents to successfully defend our right to journey on into the night against the challenge of the highway keepers.

passing the immigration station became like crossing the nearly forbidden threshold of the deep mind. a narrow two-lane road disappeared endlessly before us into the hills. it wound gracefully along long shoulders of low mountains and fell sharply into dark passages between high cliffs. there was little traffic, so we broke all rules about not driving recklessly at night in old Mexico and opened up, flying our chevy van into a magical night. there was being bold, leaning to the limits.

Mescalito Summer

then, in the afternoon of a fortunate summer day, an Indian man brought mescalito into my house in "button" form. mescalito was dried and wrinkled like many of the medicines that come out of the desert. he was brown. he smelled strong, and sometimes moldy.

the next day we made him into tea and we drank it together—four or five of us. that night his power was loose in my friends, it had awakened love, but i did not participate, being involved elsewhere. but i saw it, like an omen.

for the next weeks, through all the summer, i tried to eat mescalito in every possible situation and experimented with every possible form of ingestion.

mostly i ate buttons, as many as i could, with figs or apricots, or straight and plain. i started grinding them up in the blender, making them into a powder, then mixing it with a fruit juice or plain water and gulping it all down. it by-passed the tastebuds, but still hit the stomach.

i did a lot of this by myself, during time off, sorry that i had no mescalito companions. but i was opening up much more and gaining confidence. it was a summer when i began giving birth to adventure. i saw how mescalito calmed me and i saw his way of knowing.

Darkness and Light

at the end of that mescalito summer i became enclosed by the darkness of personal tragedy. things beyond my control had brought me to very hard times. i kept on taking mescalito, almost ashamed of myself for being so cowardly about eating him, for it was always difficult to stand at the kitchen sink, all alone in the streaming morning sunlight, adding water to a cup of ground-up mescalito, and then gulping it down. i had to clean it all away, as my body was telling me that it was going to be sick, again. but i always did it for the effect, because i wanted to spend another day with mescalito.

i took him when i was not working. i found that mescalito didn't like linear modes of thinking (reading especially). i found comfort in nature, and walked and ran whenever possible in the countryside around my home. i was still struggling mightily with the hard times and put much feeling into loving the one i was with, though i was not entirely successful and ultimately hurt her in my trying to love. but i felt a new power in me and a growing. i had become aware of a lot in my body, and i had become bolder in the world.

(continued on page 125)

Put *High Times* in Your Stocking 12 Times a Year

Hi, I'm Santa. I read *High Times* and put it in stockings everywhere. My reindeer like the *Amanita muscaria* controversy, especially Vixen and Blitzen. Ever wonder why they associate me with chimneys? *High Times* features more chimneys than any other major magazine. And ever wonder why I put my finger to the side of my nose before up I go? Read *High Times* and find out the real story. Their High Style items and Market Quotations help me plan my yearly run. *High Times* travels the world too, and sometimes they get places before me. So I make sure I have my sleigh loaded with *High Times*, the magazine that looks good in stockings.



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Why They Call Us White Trash

Glue sniffing has suffered a rank reputation in the drug world. The huffing craze, which reached its dizzy heights in early Sixties America and is still going strong in Japan, was dubbed "Instant Insanity" by some and characterized by voluminous myth-information: glue is said to rot the brain, turn the user's bone marrow into silly putty and turn mild-mannered teens into gunk-geeks whose depravity knows no bounds. Picture the glue fiend a rotten half-vegetated geek—sore, runny nose, bloodshot eyes, phlegm dribbling off chin, bony fingers clutching at the crab grass in a last-ditch effort to pick a vandalized body out of the rubble-strewn back alley, with only one lingering thought sloshing around in that scrambled mess of spaghetti that was once a brain: "how to scrape together 15¢ for another tube of sticky glue!" Kill mom and pop, pimp baby sis, and rob the corner candy store for a 15¢ tube of Testor's glue? Why not? Huffheads everywhere were doing it—or so said the little green pamphlet in the doctor's office. If you got caught committing some heinous crime, you just said that the glue made you do it and that you were sorry. On more than one occasion, a glue defense has gotten the guilty party off the hook.

Recently, Joseph Kallinger pleaded insanity to murder and rape charges stemming from a spree that had terrorized suburban housewives in three states. In his preliminary hearing in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, Kallinger's

attorneys produced a display of shoe glue and deglazing compounds from the defendant's shoe repair shop and told the jury, "If we sniffed this stuff for half an hour, we'd be high as kites. Is it possible that the effects of this deglazing compound can send a man off to physically assault a woman at knife point and rob a gang of four women, then return to his home and not remember a thing?" The defense argued that Kallinger's mind was so boggled by years of sniffing shoe glue in his tiny, stuffy shop that he could no longer distinguish right from wrong. During the entire proceeding, Kallinger remained glued to his Bible.

If Joseph Kallinger did little to clear the tarnished image of the much-maligned glue huffer, Dean Corll did less. Corll, better known as the Houston Mass Murderer, got his young male victims "bagged" on acrylic spray paint before indulging in his warped idea of fun and games, sex, torture and death. Indeed, huffing and bizarre sex have gone hand in hand enough to make us wonder. But as with any drug, it is essential we understand as much about the people involved in its use or misuse as we do about the drug itself.

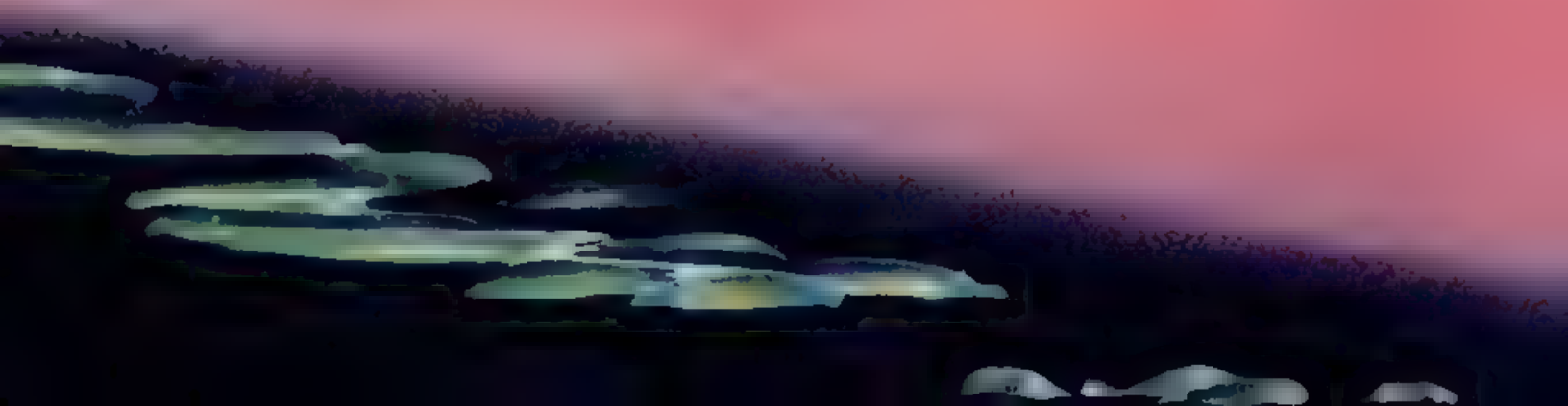
Most huffers are extremely young: from five to fifteen, with an average age of thirteen, boys outnumbering girls by as much as ten to one. It's the junior high for drop-outs of same. There's an economic factor as well. Glue-sniffing prevails in remote pockets of America where real drugs are unobtainable, and where even 15

cents for a tube of Testor's costs. Huffing is a cheap escapist route on the other side of the tracks from the all-American teen scene: too young for junk, but old enough for gunk—and old enough to know pain.

Gunk" is slang for a mess of solvents, most of them found on the household shelf or easily purchased at the neighborhood hobby shop, hardware store or stupormarket. A partial list would include plastic model and household cements, polish remover, lacquer and paint thinners, lighter fluid, cleaning fluids, anti-freeze, marking pencils, petroleum products, gasoline, most paints and practically all aerosol products; window cleaners, glass-chillers, air "sanitizers," furniture polishes, insecticides, disinfectants, deodorants, hair sprays, antiperspirants, spray-on cooking lubricants and so on. These all contain hydrocarbons, but the most frequent active ingredients are toluene, trichloroethylene and acetone. Before you go running off to the pantry or down to the 7-11, beware: "DANGER Vapor Harmful," it warns on the Testor's glue tube, and they ain't just whistlin' "Dixie."

Methods of huffing are as varied as the solvents sniffed, but the tried-and-glue classic is the brown paper bag. Aerosol sprays are likewise sprayed into a bag or balloon, laughing-gas style. The hip huffer shuns plastic bags. More liquid solvents, such as carbons (a cleaning fluid) or lighter fluid,

By Joe Schenkman



are often poured onto a rag and sniffed. I recently received a clipping from a Japanese newspaper, the *Daily Yomiuri* (April 3, 1976), which headlines a photo story "Toluene Sniffing Latest Fad Among Youth" and details another method of inhalation: "The flu mask is a sign that the wearer is trafficking in toluene. Sniffers also use masks to hide gauze or cotton soaked with toluene." An accompanying photo shows a couple of shifty youths on a Tokyo street corner, brazenly wearing masks that identify them as members in slouched standing of Japan's "latest fad." Some huffers claim that solvents heated in a frying pan increase vaporization and thus hasten the high. Others spray aerosols directly into the mouth. A few go in for mixed drinks: "How 'bout a Coca-Cola cocktail with a shot of nail polish remover?" And then there are those good ol' boys that huff the high-test right from Dad's Dodge or the family Lawn Boy.

I huffed about a third of a tube of Testor's, the gourmet glue, just to see about this junk they call gunk, and was amazed at how much work was involved. A lot of huffing and puffing for a high that hardly blew you away—about worth the price of the traditional brown paper bag. The sensation is pleasant, but the euphoria quickly dissipates into dreamy drowsiness lasting up to an hour, after which the whole silly process is repeated if you're a real gone gunk geek. Once again, the inhaled vapors pass directly into the blood and brain, producing an initial excitement followed by depression of the nervous system. Frequent, but not yet chronic, huffing can bestow peculiar hallucinations on the huffer.

"One time when I was sitting on the floor, I saw a Greyhound bus coming out of an air vent in front of me," one huffer told a South Carolina newspaper reporter. "The last time I saw fire and rain, and it was the end of the world." The reporter entitled her story "Paint Sniffer Has Trouble Thinking," which reflects the quality of celebrity news in some southern towns.

Worst of the huffing hazards is something Millard Bass, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, called Sudden Sniffing Death, or SSD. Claiming over 110 American lives in the 1960s and many more in Japan, the SSD syndrome was found to follow a pattern: a sudden outburst of physical exertion following huffing would often result in instant death. Bass suggests that the inhaling of certain volatile hydrocarbons sensitizes the heart so acutely to adrenaline that any sudden activity can cause cardiac arrhythmia or heart arrest. One 14-year-old huffer told reporter Jack Olson: "One of my friends huffed for a whole day and night, and he wasn't

hurt a bit. But a 12-year-old kid did some acrylics on Twenty-Third Street and ran around tryin' to play football and collapsed and died. I guess you can get too much of anything."

"Too much" can be the wobbly line between huffing and snuffing, as well as other medical malfunctionings due to too much of the huffy stuff. There is some indication that liver and kidney damage have occurred in chronic huffers, as well as deterioration of the bone marrow to the extent of impairment of motor activities in extreme cases, but the singularity of the cases and extenuating personal circumstances make scientific conclusions uncertain. There's not much evidence that huffing will make you want to kill and rape, either; what does seem apparent is that hydrocarbon abuse accelerates a whole complex of existential degeneracies preexisting in

**Kill mom and pop,
pimp baby sis,
and rob the
corner candy store
for a 15¢ tube
of Testor's glue?
Why not?**

some of the more gone gunk geeks—those who enjoy what toxicologists call an "addictive personality." There's no achievement of "equilibrium with normal life" here, as high-class heroin habitués are said to attain. Amnesia, personality changes, depression, irritability, hostility, paranoia, weight loss, nosebleeds, increased salivation, pallor, fatigue, slurred speech and peculiar gait are some of the many other symptoms noticed in chronic huff-heads.

But in moderate use, huffing is for the most part physically harmless (as long as you refine sports activities to games no more strenuous than "52 card pickup"), and even pleasant. Should the casual huffer get so far as the hallucinatory stage, he or she will find that the contents of their visions very much reflect their own state of mind at the time. Greyhound buses coming through the air vent? That's about par for white trash from the po' side of town.

Rick huffed glue off and on during his first two years of high school in Greensboro, North Carolina, with no apparent aftereffects. Like so many

teenagers, Rick got into glue sniffing accidentally while pursuing his favorite hobby: building model cars. Never one for neatness, Rick eventually noticed that he was using more glue and finishing fewer models. "Finally I said to heck with the models and just bought the glue," Rick recalls. "At first it was real neat—I'd sniff some an' lay back on my bed and close my eyes and see all kinds of stuff swimming around in swirling patterns of bright colors. But later it was like nightmare stuff, like out of horror movies." Rick quit huffing for a number of reasons. "It'd take more and more to get me off, and I was all the time sleepy. Then it got real easy to score weed in my town, and I realized that glue was sort of like a bummer, nowhere trip. They started putting the mustard seed in it too, which was supposed to make you puke, but I know some guys who sniff it anyway, and it don't hurt 'em a bit."

When the pot tidal wave broke over Middle America in the mid-Sixties, the glue badness was submerged under tons of reefer madness, and concern shifted from huffing to puffing. The problem of lowlifes inhaling 15-cent glue from brown paper bags was decidedly a lesser menace, but the sticky problem persisted in the back puddles, and continued to figure in the news, almost exclusively in relation to bizarre crimes. A random sampling of even the milder cases of juvenile delinquent huffers turns up the case of the teenager who, after huffing 13 tubes of glue, kidnapped a couple of newlyweds, killed the hubby and raped the wife. Or the 14-year-old Detroit lad who raped and strangled two sisters, aged eight and six, after a huffing party, the 15-year-old who sexually molested a dog after sniffing Mobil Regular; and a 19-year-old boy who thought he was a cat having kittens and slept in a pen with a pregnant sow, mewling all the while, trying to choke his brother and threatening to kill his sister when they intervened.

Indeed, chronic huffers tend to be antisocial individuals from broken homes and backward environs. The back pockets of Appalachia and the South breed huffers the way a swamp breeds mosquitos. Apathy is the disorder of the day, and the more gone gunk geeks sport self-styled ostentations of their antisociality: crude, homemade india-ink and razor-blade tattoos like "Born To Lose," or maybe even a daring dash of peroxide blond through their dark hair. Criminal enterprise, from petty vandalism to some to the most bizarre sex crimes in history, is the hallmark of huffdom. True glue readygunk geeks squeeze the last bits of morality from their souls as deliberately as they roll down and

squeeze out the last remaining drips from Mr. Testor's: bad to the last drop.

Most huffers prefer to huff alone, and glue sniffing parties, when they happen, are characterized by low—or no—levels of communication. "Sniffing is usually followed by group horseplay, fighting and in some instances homosexual activity. They often commit other misdemeanors while under the influence of glue vapors; i.e., breaking and entering, petty thefts," wrote Virginia State Health Commissioner Dr. Mack Shanholtz in 1968. He should know: down South, the carbona crowd amounts to a veritable Glue Klux Klan.

A few years after Shanholtz wrote those comparatively mild words, a young man who ran a candy company with his mother across the street from an elementary school in Houston made Top of the Charts in America's mass murder records by snuffing at least 27 young boys (Houston police lost interest in uncovering bodies once the old record, set by Juan Corona, had been topped). Dean Corll got his victims wasted on acrylic spray paint, then treated them to his own warped idea of fun and games: incredible sexual tortures, rapes and mutilations. The kind of stuff Mean Dean was into made Fun City's fist-fucking leather boys look like a bunch of Cub Scouts out on a wiener roast.

The capital of Corll country, Houston, was dubbed "Murder City" in 1957 for having the highest murder rate in the country. Charles "Texas Tower" Whitman, Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby helped Houston live up to its name; but Dean Corll opened a whole new game with his homosexual hydrocarbon homicides. Huffing was the high of the crowd that lived in Houston's Heights, the poor white trash neighborhood where the Corll Candy Company was, and Dean was far gone on snuffing. He'd pick up young boys (about 12 to 17) in his customized Dodge van, induce a slumber number on them with acrylic spray paint bagging parties and, by the time they woke up, their nude bodies securely spread-eagled on a seven-foot plywood pillory with nylon cord loops and handcuffs in the corners, it was all over but the dying. And by the time Dean was finished with them, death was probably a welcome relief. Death on Corll's custom cross: the ultimate gluecifixion.

David Brooks, who with Wayne Henley, Jr., acted as a pimp and procurer of boys for Dean and actually assisted in snuffing some of the young stuff, offered a depressing picture of their vapor-mad victims in

his testimony: "Most of the boys weren't good boys. This is probably a cruel way to put it, it probably sounds terrible, but most of 'em wasn't no great loss. I remember one kid, we all agreed after he was dead that he was a super-bad kid, and his people weren't gonna miss him no way." Though Brook's testimony may be the rationalization of a guilt-ridden killer, we suspect a messy truth here: most of Corll's young victims were willing apprentices for his studies in depravity—it just so happened that by the time they'd hollered "Enough!" the only way out was, literally, Out.

If bizarre sex and glue are bedfellows, as it were, then Joseph Kallinger, who blamed the loss of his first wife on his undersized penis, takes the undersized tube-steak. Kallinger walked out of his shoe shop in the working-class area of Ken-

Dean Corll got his young male victims "bagged" on acrylic spray paint before indulging in his warped ideas of fun and games: sex, torture and death.

sington, Philadelphia, and, aided by his 13-year-old son Mike, went on a series of rapes and robberies that had suburban housewives throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland climbing the walls in the winter of 1974. The crime spree finally culminated in the fatal stabbing of a 21-year-old nurse, Maria Fasching, for refusing to perform fellatio on him. Five other break-ins followed a similar pattern: Kallinger would gain entry to a house, sometimes posing as an insurance salesman, and while he tied and toyed with his victims, young Mike would loot the house for valuables and cash. In one particularly demented scene, father ordered son to rape a woman, but the lad (whom many mistook for a lass with his long hair and delicate features) couldn't get it up. Kallinger forced most of his victims to go down on him at knife- or gunpoint. When young Maria Fasching refused, he repeatedly stabbed her in the back, neck and through the heart.

Before he went on to become a figure of national fame, Kallinger was already something of a celebrity in the City of Brotherly Love. He glued local

newspaper clippings attesting to the state of his shoe-cemented dementedness on the wall of his shop and proudly pointed them out to his customers. In 1972 he was convicted on charges of child abuse, aggravated cruelty to minors as well as assault and battery. Three of his children testified against him. His daughter Mary Jo, then 13, testified that he'd tied her hands over her head and burned her thigh with a hot kitchen spatula, while keeping a knife at her throat to prevent her from screaming. Son Joey, Jr., had a black eye, bruised forehead and hands, and Mike testified that his father beat him with the tools of his trade: belts, leather soles and hammer handles from the shoe shop.

The prosecution pleaded with the court to put Kallinger under psychiatric care, calling him a "walking time bomb." Kallinger's sentence required him to receive psychiatric help, but apparently he never did. He served seven months before meeting his present attorney, Malcom Berkowitz, who is currently trying to get him off on grounds of glue abuse. Berkowitz got Kallinger's three kids to recant their original statements and eventually succeeded in springing him. But within months, there were more clippings on the shoe shop wall: Joey, Jr.'s body was found crushed under the rubble of a demolition site in downtown Philly shortly after his father had taken out a \$59,000 life insurance policy on the young lad and then reported him among the missing. Cause of death: unknown.

By this time, Kallinger was going through a gallon of shoe glue a week, and the smell was so bad that neighborhood complaints made it mandatory that he keep the windows of the small shop closed. Not that Kallinger minded. The shop became a glue-sniffer's blurry dream of paradise. He often complained of dizziness and hallucinations to his wife, saying that he saw images of his dead father and had visitations with God. Did God tell him to go forth and rape, plunder and kill at suburban bridge parties? Kallinger told his wife that he did. Like Charlie Manson, Joe Kallinger hails from the Bible Belt, and, like Manson, he put his belt before his Bible. Now Kallinger has gone back to the Good Book, at least for the benefit of the jury, and he's grown a beard and long hair and gotten thin and wan—he looks the way Manson might if he'd sniffed glue instead of dropping acid.

Out of 110 Sudden Sniffing Deaths in the U.S. during the Sixties, all but five were from white, European stock, according to researcher Millard Bass, who adds that, "The ages of the deceased ranged from 11 years to

23 years. There were 13 white females in this study. Unusual identifying features included colorfully dyed scalp hair in two of the male victims and homemade tattoos on the arms and legs of seven others." *Death Before Dishonor: Born to Lose!*

The early Sixties glue-sniffing craze continues to daze the back pockets of America. The hip pockets have weed and psychedelics, the ghetto minorities get the hardest drugs they need, E-Z no-credit terms for coke, smack, methadone, Valium washed down with Ripple Pagan Pink. Puerto Ricans walk up and down the aisles of New York's Edison movie theatre on 103rd and Broadway, calling out "Loose jays! Loose jays!" the way vendors hawk cold beer and hot dogs at Yankee Stadium. Any yoyo can pick up a taste of the weed from a dealer disguised as a pimp in the park by the 42nd Street Public Library, from a pack of Kools crammed with thinly rolled joints. Weed? Speed? Get your blotter acid here! A stroll through a big city's parks is like walking into a dealer's convention, but where's a poor white boy from the sticks going to score to beat the bore? The reason they don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee is that it's damn hard to come by, and when it does come by, hee haw, why, blink and you miss it. So the young go for the huff high because of its availability—right off the wall or out of the gas tank.

Huff City is a patchy blacktop, deadend road some 13 miles from Marlboro Country. Macho lives on here, challenging all comers with Plymouth Roadrunners with blown Hemi-engines, wearing "Beep Beep My Ass!" bumper stickers, Saturday night specials, hard fists, cold beers and cool chicks. "White Socks, Red Necks and Blue Ribbon Beer" blasts out of a parked muscle car radio. Turn the engine over every few hours so the battery doesn't wear down, and check for engine knocks. The good ol' boys' main heart throb is the throb of the hotrod motor. Women are only second best, though C&W songster Cledus Maggard listed a more romantic order of priorities on his CB hit, "The White Knight": "Now ahead of your children and ahead of your wife on the list of the ten best things in your life, your CB's gotta rate right around number four... 'Course beavers, hot biscuits and Merle Haggard come 1,2,3 you know!" The big jokes around huff town tend to be on the rude and crude side: "We's going trolling for niggers out of the bed o' my hot rod pick-up truck... s' easy... jest ride on o'er to coon town an' cast ya out one of them big treble-hooked lures. Dayglo spoons with double treble hooks work best—had me a pimp in a pink jump suit

other night put up a da'yam good fight—he was flippin' around like a junkie gone cold turkey 'cuz the da'yam lure matched his jumpsuit! Ah lak to have split mah sides laughin' but then I lost him—da'yam line snapped. Hail, ah was only usin' 90-pound test monofilament, 'cuz ah wanted to be sporting—give the jig a fightin' chance. Then me an' Leroy went down to the dump an' shot rats." "Ah got a big mean ol' German shepherd, never feed him—ah jest takes him down to the park once a week or so when jest a few niggers are wanderin' around an' let ol' Rufus take his pick. Won't eat nothin' but dark meat." There's a .357 magnum laying out on the coffee table. A lot of red-necks grew long hair when they heard that hippies were getting all the girls.

This is Richmond, Virginia, two-fifths black and three-fifths "Rebel Yell." Once the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond was voted All-American City in 1966, 101 years after its residents burned it to the ground at the end of the Civil War—if they couldn't have it the way they wanted it, they sure weren't handing it over to the damn Yankees intact. It's a beautiful, impressive city with its monuments to the grand old Confederates, baroque turn-of-the-century town houses, quaint cobblestone alleys and rich, elegant suburbs. Home of Marlboros, Reynolds Wrap and Wonder Bread, the huge college community of Virginia Commonwealth University is engulfing the city, making it one of the hipper, more cosmopolitan of southern towns, and most of the old redneck watering holes in the college area known as the Fan have undergone hip facelifts: spaced-out decor, super-loud sound systems coupled with live long-hair bluegrass bands. There are biker bars, bluegrass bars, beer parlors and kick-out-the-jams boogie bars that offer stopless topless, all doing boomtown business.

Bordering the Fan, but set sloppily aside from it, is Oregon Hill. The All-American City's Hill is a mini-spitting image of the Murder City's Houston Heights—seen through a Polaroid Square Shooter II, the two communities fit our glue-to-life Huff City image to a "T." The image clicks, even though the pictures are sticky and out-of-focus, like their inhabitants. The Hill is a backward little cesspool about three blocks wide and fifteen blocks long, which thrives and survives in a space/time warp, a superhighway under construction neatly separates it from Virginia Commonwealth University on the north: to the east is the huge, dismal gray City Prison, off Jefferson Davis Highway, which follows the Robert E. Lee Bridge over the James River to the Southside (a mostly black neighborhood), westward

ho is Hollywood Cemetery, miles of it, where ol' Jeff Davis himself, once president of the Confederacy, is buried.

Between the highways, the prison, the cemetery and the black slums, the citified country folk of the Hill have stubbornly held onto their old ways, only leaving the Hill out of dire necessity: sometimes to work, more often to buy gas for their mean machines—arrival and departure times being broadcast for blocks around by the blast of Cherry Bomb mufflers. The streets of the Hill are lined with ramshackle two-story homes, overgrown back yards, dirt alleys and corrugated tin garages that house junk cars and serve as makeshift auto repair shops. There are two grocery stores, a stationery store that moves a record volume of Testor's glue daily, one little bar and half a dozen pinball alleys where the kids hanging out usually don't have the price of a game.

The older boys used to hang out at Trigg's Grill on the corner across from the Sur Way Supermarket, which was supposed to be the Sure Way, but the owner wasn't much of a speller and the sign painter didn't figure he was getting paid for copywriting, too. It hardly mattered—everybody on the Hill knew it as the Sure Way, and if you said "Sir Way," the way it was spelled on the sign, it showed you were an outsider and a reader to boot, either one being reason enough for the boys who hung out at Trigg's to lay a taste of the boot up the side of your head. Trigg's was a forbidding little joint with a window just large enough to shove a head through, which was exactly what used to happen most of the time, so the window was boarded over. The jukebox was stuffed with C&W favorites and the pool table took up most of the dance floor.

On a hot summer Saturday in 1975, the bartender of Trigg's committed suicide. Big Mac had gotten wasted on yellow jackets and Southern Comfort early in the day and had traipsed all over the Hill telling everyone he was going to kill himself. Nobody believed him, a fact he found further depressing, so he went back home and shot himself through the head. Shortly after, they painted over the Trigg's Grill "Pepsi" sign and closed the old dump down, while a block south a new bar, John's Chuck Wagon, was being christened on the same corner on which a black man was hung from a tree some 40 years before.

Mr Moore lives in a phony brick asbestos shingle house a block west of the Sure Way. I was standing in his next-door neighbor and my friend Andy's back yard as I watched him do his spring cleaning.

Dozens of squeezed-out glue tubes lay scattered about the crabgrass and Mr. Moore, a gaunt, animated figure in baggy trousers, dirty T-shirt, sneakers and hard-hat, pounced on each tube like a dog on a bone. He'd roll the already squeezed-dry tube down till the tiniest drop appeared, hold it to his beaklike nose and, after snorting heavily, toss it over in a trash pile by the back steps. Then he'd push his hard-hat back and scratch his dirty white scalp, shake his head in mock pathos, spit and exclaim, "A dunno how in *hail* them girls can stand that stuff! H't's got to be the worst stuff on earth!" But, he'd add in a moralizing tone, "If they're gonna do it, though, might 'swell do it under *adult* supervision's what ah say—thet way ah kin git 'em to the hospital case something goes wrong."

"Them girls" were Mr. Moore's "gluetettes"—a wholesome foursome of junior high dropouts who did odd household jobs in exchange for spare change and tubes of Testor's glue. Mr. Moore, who'd fuck a woodpile on the off chance there was a snake in it, had tried four wives, a host of hookers, cows, horses, sheep, chickens and even a seven-foot mama bear in his 60-odd years of sexcapades, but found nothing tickled his fancy quite like his harem of white trash teenyboppers who can't even afford 15 cents for a tube of glue on their own. So Mr. Moore supplied the glue, in exchange for housekeeping. When the girls started huffing it, they began muffing it, socks in the dishrack, dishes in the chest of drawers, TV dinners forgotten and burned to a crisp. But the stickier jobs, like handjobs and blowjobs, they were more than willing and able to perform after bagging a few tubes of Testor's tried-and-true

"Some folks think ah mess with these li'l girls," says Mr. Moore, cross-examining his morals and picking up glue tubes. "Ah wouldn't dream of it, but they start to sniffing thet glue, they're liable to mess with me! And the more they mess with me, the more ah lak it!"

"Now the worst thang ah ever heard, 'n ah don't thank this ol' boy was lyin' about it neither—'Jones Boy,' his name was. Now he wasn't a bad sorta fella, but he had him mischievous ways about him—li'l bit of devilment in us all, ah reckon," Mr. Moore continued, launching into one of his many reminiscences of barnyard sex. Tina, a scraggly blonde freckled lass of not more than 13, came out on the back stoop and sat down. Dressed in faded, tattered and patched bell-bottom jeans (the mid-Sixties Woodstock look is popular on the Hill) and halter top (there was nothing yet to halt), she produced a rolled-down brown paper

bag into which she squeezed a third of a brand-new tube of Testor's glue. Holding the bag over her mouth and nose, Tina began hyperventilating, or "huffing," as its devotees fondly call it. Mr. Moore ignored her and continued with his tale.

"Anyway, his mama, see, found 14 of her best chickens—dead!—out back of the corn crib. Now she thought a coon or skunk or somethin' had got 'em, see, but this ol' Jones Boy, he got a hard-on, y'see, he'd grab one of them chickens by the neck an' stick it on thet thang, chicken'd go "bah-woooooock!!!! an' die! . . . He'd throw it over in the briar patch an' git him another chicken! Fourteen chickens the boy used up, jest lak that."

"That s'pose to be true, Mr. Moore?" asks Andy.

"Yup. Ah myself never fucked no chickens, but got into jest about ever'thin' else, though. Now a sheep got a pussy on 'em jes' lak a woman," states Mr. Moore. "You put thet thang in there, they might walk up a couple steps or so, then they'll settle back an' relax an' you can pump away. Used to have a helluva lotta fun, take a calf, when you was weanin' 'em, didn't matter if it was a boy calf or girl calf. Feed it out of a damn bottle, see, I'd get it suckin' outta thet bottle, than ah'd slip mah dick in there an' it'd suck on thet awhile. Ah was havin' a hail of a lotta fun thet summer! Well, ah was lettin' this li'l calf suck on mah peter, see, an' turn around to see this ol' farmer ah was workin' fur—he's standin' there with his hands on his hips grinnin' lak a mule eatin' briars!" continues Mr. Moore, building up to his punch line. "Ah say, 'jest stand there an' watch a cow eat a man alive 'n not do nothin' about it!"

Tina goes into a giggling fit, pinching her bag of glue tight so none of the huffy stuff will escape. Then, snapping out of it, she vies for Mr. Moore's attention.

"Mr. Moore, you gotta long nose!"

"Thas from keepin' it outta other folks's business," replies Mr. Moore easily. "Gives it a chance to grow!"

Mr. Moore's open house is huff-headquarters for Tina and the other gluetettes, Darleen, Bridgette and Essie Mae—they stick together in pairs, these gluetettes. He lives between Jimmy Black, a scrap metal dealer on the corner, and my friend Andy, a displaced Hill hippie who rents a whole house for \$65 a month. I guess Jimmy Black hasn't been laid in years, and it bugs him that his neighbor, crazy ol' Mr. Moore, is always in and out of the young gluetettes. But the three neighbors share one strong common bond: they

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the various law enforcement computer banks around the country: to Coast Guard Headquarters in Washington, to TECS, the Customs brain bank in San Diego, and to EPIC, the DEA information center in El Paso.

Within seconds, read-outs from these sources began to come back. The shrimp boat was not under suspicion; the Bertram had a Maryland registration and no lookout, but the *Kaki* was a suspect vessel. The *Dauntless* was ordered to maintain covert surveillance and stand by for further instructions. Covert surveillance meant standing off at a distance of 10 to 12 miles, just over the curve of the horizon, and keeping the *Kaki* on the radar screen. The cutter would be invisible. What the *Dauntless* did not realize at, through the long chase to come was that the *Kaki* had its own high-powered radar. Lieutenant Allen had done a great job of scoping out the suspect vessels, but he had missed one thing—that steadily revolving cylinder on top of the *Kaki*'s pilot house.

All over the country print-outs were appearing on Teleprint machines. At one such machine, at the Coast Guard base at Charleston, stood Ensign James Brueninger, a husky blond lad with a passion for busting what he calls "dopers." The public information officer on the base, Ensign Brueninger, kept tabs on everything that went on. When he saw that two boats had been sighted off the shore, along with a potential mother ship, he picked up his phone and called Mr. Perkins.

The man who had conceived the whole scheme was at home eating his supper when the news broke. He immediately recognized the Bertram's registration; he had had it under surveillance for a couple of months. He not only knew the boat and its owner, he knew exactly where it berthed—and where it was most likely heading at that very moment. An amazing coincidence, but not all that surprising when you understand how thoroughly Mr. Perkins performs his work. He had a line on the Bertram nearly two months before the boat was first used in a smuggling operation.

Our officers, in the course of their day-to-day patrol, had gone up into the area around Georgetown to learn the back roads and the possible offloading sites. One day, after working through some swamp and woods, they stumbled on to a couple of docking sites that were right off the Intracoastal Waterway but completely unknown to us. These docking sites were so tucked away that you could pass within a couple hundred feet of them and never know they were there.

They were on private property, and the only roads going in there were little dirt roads secured with chains and padlocks.

"Our people worked their way in to where you could see what was going on. At one dock about eight miles north of Georgetown, they found five or six boats of various sizes tied up. Approximately one mile south of this basin was another private dock. Here they found a very suspicious-looking vessel called the *Mr K*. She was 43-foot fishing vessel with an extra deck on top of the main deck, running back on the same level as the cabin roof. There were no rails on this top deck, only a hatch in the rear that would be the perfect size for dropping through a bale of marijuana. She was brand new and had a powerful radar on her front mast. Now, this type of top deck had been noted before on boats that were used to unload marijuana from mother ships out at sea. When you get the deck up that high, it makes loading the boat a lot easier and it provides much more covered storage space to stash the load. Another boat docked in this same basin was a 35-foot Bertram that had no name but bore the number MD7774S. Neither of these boats was listed either with our TECS information bank or with the DEA's EPIC.

"We dug around a little bit and discovered that the property on which these boats were located was owned by a Mr. Carroll Kinsey. He had a construction business up in Maryland, and the *Mr K* had been built the year before in a Maryland shipyard to his specifications. The Bertram was also a new boat, and its registration was also out of Maryland. Well, the suspicious circumstances of these boats, and the fact that a couple of cars we observed on the property were registered to people suspected of drug trafficking, put us on guard. We requested that the local office of the DEA install some sensor-operated cameras to record the movements of those boats. These cameras can be set to respond to a variety of triggers—sound, heat or vibrations. Wouldn't you know that the day the cameras arrived was the very day this bust went down?"

Carroll Kinsey had bought his riverside property two years before. He had built a two-story house upon it and spent \$50,000 dredging a cut into the shore from the river, where he erected a lofty, open-sided metal boat-shed and docking facilities for several vessels. He had brought his two boats, the *Mr K*, and the Bertram, down the Intracoastal waterway from Maryland and hired a local boy, Claude Lee Altman, the nephew of the long-time deputy sheriff, to prepare them for fishing.

When a local DEA agent flew over Mr. Kinsey's property to photograph it from the air, he was startled to discover not 300 yards north of the discreet docking site an abandoned air strip that had been gouged from the riverbank straight into a

tall stand of pine trees. From the air it looked like giant barber's clippers had been run into the forest. The strip was old, narrow and covered with tall grass, but it would be a simple matter to pull a boat up to the end of the strip, load a small plane and then send it winding out over the river and into the blue. The area was so thinly populated and the trees around the strip made such a good visual and acoustic shield that virtually anything could be done without fear of observation or detection. So when Perkins got that Maryland registration number, he knew exactly with whom he was dealing.

Jumping into his car, he drove down to the Coast Guard base at the foot of Tradd Street, near Charleston's historic battery. He closeted himself in an office with Ensign Brueninger and a local DEA agent Harold Stein. The three men kept tabs on the chase for several hours. There was no vessel available immediately to go after the Bertram, so Perkins requested the Coast Guard in Georgetown to keep watch for the Bertram as it entered Winyah Bay below the city. Once inside the bay, the Bertram should by rights head north up the Waccamaw River toward its base, but there was just a chance that it might turn south and take the Intracoastal Waterway in the opposite direction.

At the mouth of Winyah Bay the Coast Guard maintains a tall white conical lighthouse. The guardsmen there have a 21-foot open wooden boat. Perkins asked them to get out into the bay and keep watch for the Bertram. The guardsmen launched their double-ender and ran out into the bay near the southern entrance to the Intracoastal Waterway. They sat there for hours, finally, around midnight, they spotted the Bertram running in without lights. They watched her head north up the channel and disappear. They ran back to the lighthouse and phoned the word to Perkins.

"Fine," he said. "How are you keeping her in sight now?"

"We aren't," the astonished guardsmen replied. "We were told to report which way she went. That's all."

"Damn," said Perkins. "get back in your boat and find her!"

The Coast Guard did as they were told but ten minutes after re-embarking, they heard their motor cough. They were out of gas.

Perkins had already radioed his patrol officers to take positions along the channel running north—one man on the bridge at Georgetown, another further up stream. The first officer reported shortly. He said it was too dark to make a positive identification, but judging from the sound of the engines, the Bertram had just passed under the highway bridge that spans the Waccamaw above Georgetown. Now Perkins anxiously awaited a

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Glue Huffing

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love to sit on their porches and talk about nothing as they watch the girls and cars go by. "Over in India they got potatoes big as cantaloupes an' taste lak shit," shouts Jimmy Black, which sets Mr. Moore off on a harrangue about how he thinks the government will try to irrigate the moon soon by running pipes up from the earth. Andy punctuates Mr. Moore's punch lines by popping the tops off Sur Way beers and tossing the empties at Mr. Moore's feet, to be stamped down for the recycling center—a few more pennies for his girls. The gluetettes wander in and out of the house, occasionally traipsing off barefoot to the pinball alleys, or just sit around the porch saying, "You're common," to Mr. Moore as he tells tall tales. It's the worst insult on the Hill. When the hunched-back dwarf lady from down the block walks by, Mr. Moore pauses mid-sentence, wolf-whistles, says, "There goes your girlfriend, Jimmy Black," and picks up where he left off. He reads the daily paper cover to cover, reading his favorite rape, murder, auto wreck, theft stories and the Bible, which he frequently misquotes, aloud. He knows a slew of jokes.

"There was these two niggers workin' in the ditch," he'll begin, "an' one says, 'Leroy, how come we workin' down here in the ditch fo' peanuts when that foreman's sittin' up there under the shade tree drinkin' his julep and sleepin'?' 'Ah dunno,' says t'other, 'whyn' choo aks him?' So the nigger takes his shovel an' climbs outta the ditch an' goes t'ask the foreman. 'Boss,' he says, 'how come we workin' in the ditch an' you sleepin' in the shade an' sippin' yo' julep?' Foreman holds up his hand. 'See this hand' says the foreman. 'Yep,' says the darky. Foreman holds his hand up in front of the tree. 'Now ah want you to hit mah hand with that shovel as hard as you can.' The darky looks nervous. 'Go 'head, boy, it's all right,' says the foreman. So the darky takes his shovel an' swings as hard as he can, but the foreman moves it away, an' the nigger hits the tree... 'Mr. Moore pretends to swing a shovel like a baseball bat, hit a tree, and shake like a bowl of jello. 'Brains is how come,' says the foreman, 'now git back in the ditch.' The nigger goes back down into the ditch an' t'other nigger says, 'You find out how come we's workin' in the ditch?' Mr. Moore holds his hand up in front of his face and says, 'See dis han'?"

Jimmy Black snickers. The hippie tosses an empty at Mr. Moore's feet and pops open another, but the gluetettes crack up. They're all sitting

around holding their bags tight so the fumes won't escape and squealing with laughter.

Mr Moore is defensive about his gluetettes. Ah don't mess with them li'l girls. They jest want somebody to pay 'em some mind, somebody to talk to, y'know. Parents won't pay 'em no mind. Hail, ah don't mess with 'em." Mr. Moore repeats, shaking his head and spitting off his porch. "But sometimes they mess with me, y'know, 'specially when they're messed up on thet glue." According to Mr. Moore the girls get to huffing and they're hable to just take off all their clothes and sit on his face, which he also has an opinion on. "Now the first wife ah had, she wanted me to kiss thet thang—y'know, git down there an' eat her pussy. Hail, this was a long time ago an' ah'd never heard of such a thang. Ah thought it was the craziest thang ah'd ever heard, and figgered thet was grounds enough for divorce." With a sly wink he tells us he's changed his mind about that. "Eatin' pussy ain't bad a-tall!"

Mr. Moore likes to take a couple of his gluetettes on a weekend excursion into the hills of Appalachia where he grew up, though they hardly ever get 20 miles out of Richmond. "They'd start squawkin' an' fussin' like a couple of catbirds," Mr. Moore explains disdainfully, and when that happened he'll turn around his battered '63 Chevy sedan with the "I'm Not A Dirty Old Man, I'm a Sexy Senior Citizen" bumper sticker, and head right back to the Hill. But when they do make it out there, the image is comic. Mr. Moore checking into a motel with a couple of his "granddaughters." Buying glue on the road isn't like buying it at the stationery shop on the Hill, where the biddy behind the counter can't see anything peculiar in selling a few tubes of glue a day to the same few girls. Once, after checking into a motel in Winchester, Virginia, Mr. Moore took Tina and Darlene into the local five-and-dime to lay in a weekend stash and ended up buying a model of a Patton tank along with a half-dozen tubes of glue to avoid suspicion. After returning to the Hill, he even tried to put the tank together, but "ah couldn't seem to keep no damn glue around the house, for some reason."

What do the gluetettes' parents think of their offspring hanging around with the "sexy senior citizen" of the Hill? The answer is that they could do a whole lot worse—"Them li'l girls Tina an' Darlene once run off with ah forget his name," Mr. Moore relates. "He's 40 and married, lives up the street. He took 'em down to Norfolk for a wild weedend, wife was pissed as shit. He's half-retarded, but ah know how he

kept them girls—must've had a trunkload of glue." If Mr. Moore is a little off his nut, the Hill folks at least know where he's coming from, and trust his paternal nature. At least they know where their children are, should they want them (which they don't). Indeed, many of the Hill folk know exactly where Mr. Moore is coming from and try to make the best of it. "Thet fat lady across the street, she once sent her eight year-old daughter over here to try to get some money off me. She took off all her clothes, too. Hail, ah threw her right out the door, her clothes, too! Ah weren't gonna mess with nothing that young."

"But this other little girl, jest nine years old, cute as a button, she says to me, 'Mr. Moore, ah'll give ya the best French kiss you ever had for a dollar.' Welp, ah don't usually mess with nothin' that young, but curiosity got the best of me. Ah jest had to see how she done it. An' damn if thet li'l girl couldn't kiss! Ah gave her the dollar an' said, 'Lordy, li'l girl, where'd you learn to kiss like thet from?' An' she said, 'Mah mammal!'"

Mr Moore is somewhat worried about the gluetettes. Tina and Darlene have run off the Mechanicsville to shack up with some older man, and Bridgette, turned sweet-16 and blossoming into a young lady, was spending more and more time with her boy friend, "Hard Rock," who was closer to her own age. "An' Essie Mae, ah believe thet girl's completely gone on thet glue. She can't think straight anymore, an' she goes on these mean streaks. Can't do the simplest things 'round the house neither—forgot all about mah damn TV dinner t'other night an' near burnt the house down. She's messed up bad on thet glue," Mr. Moore concludes with a sorrowful shake of his head.

Ten-year-old Lou Anne and her chubby little bespectacled girlfriend come by and ask Mr. Moore for a quarter for a Mr. Softee, and he suddenly brightens. "Lil girl, ther've been five hundred women come by today an' the first one that come got all mah money," he tells her. Then he fishes into his trousers and, patting her on the head, gives her a quarter. The little girls run off with glee after the ice cream truck and Mr. Moore stares after them wistfully. "Thet Lou Anne, she gonna be purty as a picture," he says, probably envisioning a whole new generation of gluetettes he's already priming with shiny quarters and clever jokes. "But ah wish to hail they'd take that 'Mister Softee' off thet truck!" he says. "H't scares me!"

"Ah eat at Hardee's every day," yells Jimmy Black from his front porch, but it don't do me a darn bit of good!"

The Kaki

(continued from page 114)

report from his second scout who was positioned a couple of miles upstream. The minutes ticked by, and the portable VHF at Perkins's side uttered not a word. Once or twice Perkins called his man. He had nothing to report. Finally around one in the morning, it was obvious that something had gone wrong. The Bertram had vanished.

To understand the boat's sudden disappearance, you have to reel back to the moment when the helicopter buzzed the Bertram. At that time she was running into shore with a cargo of 5,000 pounds of marijuana. Two young men were operating the boat. One was Claude Lee Altman. The other was Joseph Paul Terri, a short, powerfully built Italian boy from Brooklyn. These two lads had taken out the Bertram that afternoon to make the first of a series of two or three offloading rendezvous with the Kaki. They had communicated with the vessel by means of radios with matching crystals. They had taken aboard their load swiftly and efficiently: 78 plastic-wrapped burlap bags, each containing 60 pounds of dope. They had stashed most of the grass in the cabin of the boat where it would not be visible. Then they had taken off for their home base. When they saw the helicopter buzzing the Kaki, they realized their danger instantly and took measures to disguise themselves. They quickly stashed all the dope that was not in the bow cabin. Then they shut off their engines, stuck out their fishing poles and made like sportsmen. The only thing that bugged them was the boat's appearance. When they turned off their engines, the bow dipped into the water like a duck with its bill under the surface. Then the helicopter came right down on top of them, and they were alarmed. The damn thing could have landed beside them and busted them right on the spot.

When the chopper finally took off into the gathering dusk, the boys decided to make a little change in their plans. Instead of running right into the bay, where they might be spotted, they took off up the coast to the north of Georgetown. There they cruised around for several hours waiting for nightfall. Finally around midnight they came down from the north—on a reverse course—and made for the mouth of the bay. They got a few miles up the river and then ran out of gas. All that evasive action had used up their fuel supply.

They were dead in the water in the middle of the night in a hot boat with 5,000 pounds of dope in the cabin. Quickly they got on their radio and called another member of the team. He was a tall, red-faced fisherman from Charlotte, North Carolina, named

Thomas McKay Gaede. He had been scheduled to go out to make the offloading that day but had developed a toothache so excruciating that he could not stand the strain of the trip. He had remained back at the base and sent Terri instead. When he got the message that the Bertram was out of gas, he went out and got into the cab of a pickup truck to which was attached a little outboard-powered skiff mounted on a truck trailer. He drove out onto the highway and headed for the only gas station open at that hour in Georgetown.

By this time it was 1:00 A.M. Perkins was leaving the Coast Guard base with Agent Stein. Eager to get close to the action, he raced up Route 17 toward Georgetown, an hour away. On the highway he picked up the cryptic half-coded messages from his men on stakeout. Nobody had a clue to what had happened to the Bertram.

Perkins was puzzled. There were several possibilities in this case. The smug-

"When I started we were buying joints on the street, in '65. We are talking now about attorneys, congressmen, just the super biggest business firms—cops, lawyers, state attorneys, corrupt sheriffs."

glers could have run into some post along the shore that he knew nothing about and offloaded their cargo. His assumption that they would return to their base could have been wrong as hell. Or they could have been delayed by some mechanical problem with their boat.

Finally it was 3:00 in the morning and everything was totally snafu. Men had been roused from sleep in the middle of the night. Machines had been summoned into action. A crew with a high-speed Cigarette racing boat—85 miles an hour with about four inches of draft—were racing down the highway from the Customs substation at Wilmington, North Carolina. A giant S-2 reconnaissance plane was poised to take off at the crack of dawn from Miami. Agents of the DEA, Customs and Coast Guard were either in the field or standing by awaiting orders to move. It was a big deal, all right, but there was one problem. They had lost the smugglers.

Then Perkins's car radio crackled with a very interesting message. A CPO driving through Georgetown had noticed some unexpected activity at the local filing station. A pickup truck hauling a small boat with an outboard motor had been observed standing in the station. When the patrol officer investigated, he discovered that the owner of the truck

was filling four five-gallon cans with diesel fuel—the kind of fuel used for boats. When the cans were full, a tall red-faced man had gotten back into the truck and headed through the city, across the bridge and north again, and finally down a road adjacent to Mr. K's property that went right down to the river and ended in a launching ramp. The CPO watched from a distance as the man launched his boat into the Waccamaw River and took off into the night—heading south.

Not 30 minutes later, the Bertram was picked up again for the first time in over three hours, heading north along the river.

Now everybody began to converge on Hagley's Plantation. Patrol officers were posted on all the roads leading out of the area with orders to stop anybody coming out but not to attract attention to themselves or stop anybody going in. Perkins and Harold Stein got as close to the plantation as they could, creeping around on the sandy roads near the river. Using night-vision devices, they watched as the Bertram pushed past her normal docking site and rendezvoused with the Mr. K now out in the water. The meeting point was just up the river from the two docking sites. For an hour, just before dawn, they saw the two vessels huddled together. There was activity, but there was no way of knowing precisely what was going on. Then the vessels parted. The Bertram came down and put into the upriver docking site. The Mr. K came down further. Then all was quiet. The load had landed—or at least the boats were back where they belonged.

Now was the time to close in and make the bust. But the light was bad. The moon was down and the sun not even dimly felt on the horizon. It was better to wait until dawn when the fugitives could be seen and pursued.

For one hour, Perkins watched the luminescent hands on his watch crawl around the dial. Finally, it was 6:00 A.M. The sun was brightening over the marshes. Everything was in readiness for a move. Perkins pressed down the button on his radio. This time he didn't have any code word. He just said, "Let's hit 'em!"

"We went in two cars," recalls Perkins. "We busted a chain across the private road. We skidded up. We could see the Bertram tied up next to the side of another boat that was tied up to the dock. Even standing on the dock and looking across the other boats, you could see marijuana residue. You could scoop it up off the deck by the handful. When we saw that we hit the thing. We found only one man aboard this guy, Terri, from New York. He was sacked out sound asleep. We woke him and put cuffs on him. We left two men to guard him and went on down the road a mile to where the Mr. K was tied up."

Now we figured we'd get the grass and the rest of the people, 'cause that's where

the houses were. We boarded the Mr K and found the fish-hold hatch locked. We tore that lock off. We went down into the hold and there was the grass!

"As soon as we found the grass, we went up to Mr Kinsey's house. I knocked on the door. Couldn't get any response at all. So I took my gun and banged on the side of the house with my gun barrel. When his wife pulled the curtain aside on the front door, first thing she saw was me standin' there in uniform with a 38 in my hand.

'Harold and I went straight into the house. Meantime, Kinsey had come out of the bedroom in just his shorts and undershirt. Nice-lookin' elderly man. We identified ourselves and told him briefly what was goin' on. He said, 'Lemme go back in the bedroom and get some clothes on.' Now I've seen too many instances where somebody does that and comes out shootin'. So I told Harold to go in with him. Be sure he didn't come out with a gun.

"Shortly after we got into the Kinsey home, the two officers remaining with the Bertram radioed that the pickup truck seen earlier in Georgetown hauling the skiff was approaching the dock area. It was Altman and Gaede comin' back to pick up Tern. We grabbed them and that ended our part in the bust.

"Then we got on the radio and called the Coast Guard base, where I had left the other radio. We told them that we had the stuff and that the word was 'Go!' "

When the Coast Guard learned that the Bertram had actually carried a load of marijuana, it flashed the information to Washington, where a call was placed immediately to the State Department. The first person to handle the call was a young economist named David Wagner. He was told that the Coast Guard had a Panamanian vessel under surveillance that it was carrying marijuana, and that the CCINC government of Panama should be contacted to obtain a "statement of no objection" to a search and seizure of the vessel. Wagner took the request to his boss, Edward Nadeau, a deputy country director. Together they then informed Ambassador Sheldon Vance, chairman of the Cabinet Committee on Narcotics Control, what was happening. He promised his permission for the bust. Vance called the Coast Guard personally and assured them that they had the permission of the Panamanian government. He then ordered Wagner to contact the American embassy in Panama and request the formal statement of no objection.


When Wagner contacted our embassy, they were puzzled by the request. "What is a statement of no objection?" they asked. Wagner explained the situation. Eventually the embassy's minister-counselor, Raymond E. Gonzalez, called His Excellency, Acting Minister of Foreign Relations Carlos Ozores, and obtained

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that official's permission to "stop the *Kuki* in international waters." to board it to search it and, if contraband were found, "to seize the ship and arrest the crew."

All this diplomatic wheeling and dealing consumed the better part of Friday. By the time the boarding order was dispatched to the *Dauntless*, it was late Friday afternoon and the two vessels were 200 miles off the coast of the U.S. in about the latitude of Fort Lauderdale. But finally the message came through. As the teletypewriter chattered, the radiomen read

Board *Kuki* and if contraband located, seize vessel under authority of 19 USC [United States Code] and 15 86. If required arrest master and POB [persons on board] under authority of 21 USC. Proceed to Coast Guard Base Charleston with seized vessel

The mood aboard the *Dauntless* changed instantly. The sternly repressed feelings of the long chase now bubbled to the surface with the enthusiasm of a team charging out onto the field. The engines roared as the cutter worked up to its maximum speed, the officers on the bridge began to consult about their procedure; the crewmen awaited the signal to take action.

By 5:30 PM, the *Kuki* was in view. She was a stubby miniaturized-looking vessel plowing through eight foot waves. As the cutter approached the *Kuki* on her port side, a series of flags were hoisted from the bridge signaling "Stop and heave to. I am going to send a boat." They were ignored. At the same time the cutter's radio operator sent the same message—with no results. Finally, at a range of no more than a hundred yards, a Puerto Rican seaman with a bullhorn in his hand hailed the *Kuki* and shouted the message in both English and Spanish. The only response was a flag, a Panamanian flag, that came fluttering up the *Kuki's* taffrail.

A crewman appeared on the deck of the *Kuki* holding a megaphone in his hand. He hollered in Spanish that they were in international waters and were under the Panamanian flag. The Puerto Rican seaman shouted back that permission had been granted by the Panamanian government to board the vessel. Again, the *Kuki* crewman yelled that they would not stop in international waters. After ten minutes of this parley, the cutter hoisted another set of signals.

"Stop and heave to. I am going to board you." Finally, a third and more menacing set of flags fluttered up the cutter's mast. This last message read "Stop and heave to. Otherwise I am going to fire on you." Finding signals useless, the *Dauntless* radioed back to Miami:

Dauntless closed subject vessel at a distance of a hundred yards of

subject vessel. *Dauntless* hailed subject vessel by international flag hoist of signals. *Dauntless* also hailed the subject vessel in Spanish and in English channel 16 Fm and 21.82 with no result. *Dauntless* hailed subject vessel with hand hailer in English and Spanish. Personnel on vessel understood Spanish but claimed they were in international waters and were en route to Panama and did not stop. *Dauntless* explained that the Panamanian government had given permission to board. Subject vessel continued to claim she was in international waters and would not heave to.

Ten minutes later the teletype machine chattered the reply: "Regarding M/V *Kuki*. Use whatever force necessary to board vessel."

As soon as he read this "hard copy," Commander Jon Iken ordered general quarters sounded. "Now all hands—man your general quarters battle stations. This is not a drill!"

Aboard the *Kuki*, all these preparations for combat were clearly visible. On the bow, a gun crew stripped the protective tarpaulin off the menacing guns of the *Dauntless*. A 3.5 inch rifle was swung around on its revolving platform until it pointed directly at the *Kuki*, on the wing bridges, the 50-caliber machine guns were manned and loaded and deployed in the same direction. In the gathering gloom, the *Kuki* switched on her running lights. But she did not slacken speed or alter her course.

Finally, the word came crackling through the intercom: "Fire three bursts across her bow." A gunner's mate on the wing bridge fired three well-spaced 50 caliber bursts across the freighter's bow. Instantly the *Kuki* disengaged her engine and began to lose sea room.

At this point a well-armed boarding party gathered on the port side of the *Dauntless* where a 21-foot open boat was being readied for launching. As soon as the *Kuki* heave to, the boat was lowered from its davits and the party clambered down ladders into it. Commanded by the cutter's executive officer, the boarding party consisted of one other officer, five seamen and a Charleston Patrol Officer. All were armed with 45s. A couple of men had shotguns. They pulled away and steered the open boat through waves that sent her standing on her beam ends. The search party went aboard. They ordered the crew into the wheelhouse. There they seized the vessel's papers, charts and log. The party dispatched to search the hold found it reeking of marijuana. But there were no bales of grass. Fifty-five thousand pounds of weed had been thrown overboard during the course of the night. All that was visible in the hold

were dozens of sacks of gypsum but between the sacks could be seen marijuana residue. The CPO took some of the spilled grass and put it inside his narcotics test kit tossed inside a plastic bag and doused with a reagent, it instantly registered a deep red, a sign that it was high-potency grass. The word was transmitted to the *Dauntless*, which in turn broadcast it to Miami. Immediately the message came back: arrest the crew and bring back the ship.

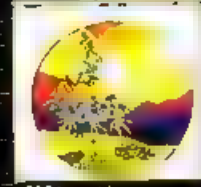
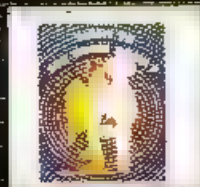
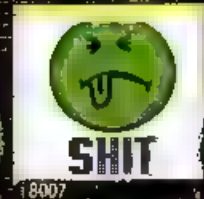
The Coast Guard had a problem on its hands. The *Kuki* was manned by a crew of 16 men, none of whom spoke English. So communication with the running crew was difficult. It was not until one o'clock Sunday afternoon, 37 hours after the order to seize the vessel was received, that the vessel was finally brought in. During that day and a half the largely empty *Kuki* bounced in the rough seas like a cork.

During the course of the trip back to Charleston, one of the crewmen was discovered trying to throw something overboard. It was a Florida driver's license in the name of Louis Gordon Wendler. When the CPO aboard the *Kuki* ran a make on Wendler—who'd been speaking Spanish and trying to pass as one of the Colombian crew—he turned out to have a three-page narcotics record. He was apparently the connecting link between the big American syndicate that was running the boat and the Colombians who were manning it.

The one American sent along on every Colombian smuggling vessel serves the same function aboard ship that the piece of cardboard serves in the freshly laundered shirt to be the stiffener. Colombians are notoriously prone to cop out when the going gets hard and fail to make the rendezvous. In a drizzling rain the ship finally dragged into Charleston on Sunday afternoon. It was met at the dock by a team of U.S. marshalls. The soaked manacled Colombians—stoic and uncomplaining—were herded into a bus and hauled up to the county jail. At their arraignment the next day, there were taxing language problems. Charleston has very few Spanish-speaking citizens. A few competent translators were rounded up from the local college and the necessary legalities were wrapped up. Then the long wait began. For three months, the maximum time allowed under the law, the trial was stalled. Meanwhile a lot of wheeling and dealing was going down behind the scenes. Hoyt Rowell was a young man. He had also once been the clerk to Judge Sol Blatt, Jr., the magistrate appointed to try the case. A month after his clients were sentenced, Rowell reviewed for me the course of the legal proceedings.

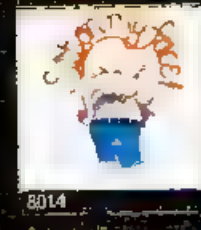
"These people were arrested under a warrant and therefore a preliminary hearing was held to find out if there was probable cause [sufficient evidence] to

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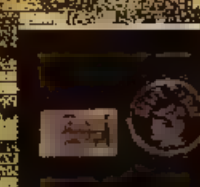
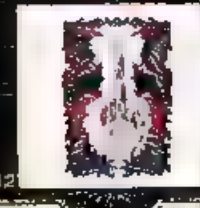
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have them arrested and incarcerated. The bond was very high. I think it was \$500,000 on each Colombian. You have to have ten percent so you would have to have \$50.00 apiece in cash to post bond. The preliminary hearing was held before the U.S. magistrate in Charleston, and he ruled that there was sufficient evidence to have the men incarcerated. Then they were indicted by the grand jury.

'After that there developed numerous motions. But the prime legal point centered around the permission of the Panamanian government for seizure of the vessel. There is supposedly a treaty between the United States and Panama which allows seizure of these vessels. Allegedly the Coast Guard and the DEA obtained through the American embassy in Panama permission of the Panamanian government to seize the ship. We were told that when you request something from the Panamanian government, you don't go through the embassy in Washington to the Panamanians in Washington. What you do is go through the State Department to the American embassy in Panama. The legal point was if the seizure were invalid then the arrest was invalid and the prisoners should be released. Another closely contested point was rules of civil procedure and it's pretty well a *pro forma* type situation. You just make the motion under the rules.

"The Colombians were charged with four separate crimes: 1. conspiracy to import a Schedule I Controlled Substance, 2. importing such a substance, 3. possession of such a substance, 4. distribution of the substance. [Each of these crimes carries a maximum penalty of five years in prison and/or \$5,000 fine.]

'My goal in this particular case was to have the people I represented deported, which was, I think, an attractive thing to the U.S. There was absolutely no practical reason the U.S. government should keep them here and support them with the taxpayers' money. Along with others in the case I negotiated with the U.S. attorney's office and kept after them. Finally they opted for deportation. They would arrange a plea bargain, the Colombians would plead guilty and then be deported.

'My clients, however, maintained their innocence and at no point admitted guilt. It was a particularly difficult case in that the people represented were Colombians who were not at all familiar with our system of justice. They were scared too. They had been in jail several months by trial time. That's when things start to happen in both criminal and civil cases. In a plea bargain you simply weigh the prospects of success in the trial against what the government offers you. Plus whatever you envision as the sentence in the case. It's either roll the dice for the trial, or plea bargain and advise your people to take it. Maybe save them a little

time. [About one month after the bust Claude Lee Altman came to Assistant U.S. Attorney Lionel S. Loftin and offered to plead guilty to reduced charges.] As a rule of thumb, especially in conspiracy cases, when one person turns state's evidence, then that fairly well puts a big hole in your defense. The act of one person in a conspiracy case is, in effect, the act of all the other persons. When somebody turns, you find yourself in a pretty indefensible position.

Well, they got the little guys, and I assume the people upstairs were well enough protected to escape detection. If what the government alleged occurred, somebody acted very foolish. You had the fellows on the Bertram being eyed by the Coast Guard helicopter pretty damn close down at the water's level, and there they were, allegedly loaded with a couple of tons of marijuana. They go on into the harbor, almost run over a Coast Guard boat. I would have taken that Bertram four or five miles out and put out an SOS. I'd have made sure there was another ship in the area. Then I'd have pulled the plug and let it sink.'

On June 14, 1976, the trial of the *Kaki* commenced in the federal courthouse in Charleston. The trial chamber boasted a magnificent antique interior, with red walls and rich wooden wainscoting. Portraits of eminent local jurists stared down on the proceedings. On a handsomely carved dais sat the black-robed judge. Opposite him, in front of the visitors' galley, was a double row of temporary chairs, each equipped with a head phone so that the Colombian defendants could follow the proceedings through a simultaneous translation. It looked like the Nuremberg trials.

The judge, Sol Blatt Jr., is the son of the South's most successful Jewish politician. An owlish man in heavy horn-rimmed glasses, extremely soft-spoken and gentle in manner, he distinguished himself by the concern he showed for the defendants' rights and by his charmingly rural pronunciation of the word 'mar-ree-wana.'

The first two defendants to appear before the bench were Altman and Gaede. Altman, 26 years old, is short, broad, with typically blond and thinning hair. He wore a short-sleeved sport shirt. He was every bit the local yeoman. Gaede, 33, is taller, thinner, shock-haired and long of nose, dressed uncomfortably in a tan suit. His thin, white-haired, respectable mother and open-mouthed, bespectacled and rather feeble-looking father sat with a couple of other relatives in the audience, lending their moral support and family clout to the defendant before the bar.

Terrin, 22, looked like a typical Brooklyn hitter. He wore to court a green, floral, Hawaiian shirt tucked into his pants. His lawyer described him as "a deckhand hired to unload this stuff."

The trial consumed only one day. First Altman pleaded guilty to the third count in the indictment, possession with intent to distribute. Neither he nor his partners had been charged with the fourth count, actual distribution. So by pleading guilty to one count, he reduced his maximum sentence from a possible 15 years and \$45,000 to five years and \$5,000. Gaede and Terrin copped the same plea. By mid-morning, it was obvious that the defendants were going down like a row of falling dominoes.

The lone holdout was Wendler, a two-time loser facing a very heavy rap. The judge informed him that if he pleaded guilty to one count, he would probably receive no more than four years, perhaps only three. If he went to trial and were found guilty, he would probably get eight to ten years. Wendler had the best dope lawyer in Miami, who told him that he had no choice. A jury would certainly find him guilty of more than one count and he would end up with twice the time than if he took the court's recommendation. By four o'clock in the afternoon, the last of the 20 defendants stood before the bench and entered his plea.

The Colombians were now brought into court and given their sentences. Thirteen men were sentenced to two years' probation and deportation. But three were singled out for heavier sentences. Ausberto S. Mentenergo, the captain of the *Kaki* who had threatened at one point that he would take his case to the U.N., was given 20 months and two years' probation. The chief engineer, Guzman A. Arango-Marin, and the navigator, Gustavo Hincapié-Parra, received identical sentences of 18 months and two years' probation. Sentencing was deferred on all American defendants until a probation officer could prepare a report on them for the judge's advisement.

On August 5, the four American defendants appeared again before a somber Judge Blatt. He reprimanded the defendants for attempting to smuggle marijuana. He said that 95 percent of the hardcore drug addicts he had seen had started on marijuana. He then proceeded to mete out punishments and admonishments, telling Altman that he had suffered sufficient punishment already through the humiliation he had undergone, but the judge continued, he was going to impose punishment to deter others from similar crimes.

Altman was sentenced to two years with two years' probation. Gaede received the same sentence and an admonishment. "We're going to stop this [smuggling], if we can," Blatt told Gaede. "And even people with the great, fine family that you have—you just did this. People have got to realize that no matter who you are, if you do this, you're going to jail."

The sternest treatment was meted out to Louis Gordon Wendler. Blatt listened

to the lawyer's plea for clemency, which stressed the fact that the defendant had merely been an agent of the master smuggler. Judge Blatt listened impassively, then he leaned over and in his soft southern low-country voice told the defendant, "You may not have been the leader of the plot, but certainly you were to be a major part in its success." He suggested that the unidentified mastermind of the dope ring had arranged for Wendler's \$125,000 bond. He wound up his statement by sentencing the stiffener to four years in prison, a \$5,000 fine and two years' probation. The trial of the *Kaki* had ended.

What was the *Kaki's* real story? Who beyond the narrow circle of big-time drug operators who loaded the boat and sent it north on its ill-fated mission will ever know? Combining the scraps of evidence that have risen to the surface, plus a few educated guesses based on a general knowledge of the Colombian dope trade, one can sketch a hypothetical picture of the operation from the smugglers' angle.

The *Kaki* had recently been purchased from a Panamanian company by a cement manufacturer in Barranquilla, Colombia. Information gathered long after the bust suggests that the *Kaki* was just one of a fleet of five vessels operated by this large smuggling syndicate. A chance meeting between one member of this syndicate and a man I interviewed after the bust revealed that the *Kaki's* original load was 80,000 pounds purchased for five dollars a pound in front. When seized, the vessel was carrying at the bottom of her hold 150 tons of gypsum, the bonding ingredient in cement. There are gypsum mines on the tip of the Guajira peninsula and a regular coastal trade in gypsum between the Guajira and Barranquilla. From eyewitness reports of similar operations, it is easy to visualize the loading of the *Kaki*. First the gypsum, a water-evaporation product like sea salt, would have been loaded aboard in its white sacks. The strong Guajiran warriors would have carried the sacks out in their dug-out canoes and swung the 90-pound bags aboard cargo pallets that would then have been winched up over the decks and down into the hold.

When the gypsum was aboard—the legitimate cargo that would provide the ship with its cover if it were forced to dump and run—the loading would have continued with the marijuana. Dope is not a product of the area like gypsum, but is raised in the nearby hills of the Alta Guajira good farming land. While all this heavy labor was going on, the women of the tribe would come aboard to beg the captain for water, the most precious commodity in this arid wasteland. After a couple of days work, the *Kaki*, seagoing wreck that she was, would have departed on her mission with papers testifying

that she was bound for Savannah with a load of gypsum.

At the other end of the line, in the U.S. the smugglers would have made their preparations. Ralph Cunningham, chief investigator for the Florida State Attorney's Office and one of America's most audacious and best-informed narcotics agents, put the bust of the *Kaki* square in the wider context of big-time international drug trafficking.

I am familiar with the *Kaki* operation. While I was trying to get permission from Washington to board the damn thing, they offloaded about 90,000 pounds of grass. The freighter was loaded at a dock. They don't have to load at sea in Colombia; the loading takes place right at the dock—just costs money, that's all. But we're not talking about much money. We're talking about \$25,000. And though it's nothing to us, it's a great amount to them. Basically you are paying off the Customs officers, FA-2 [the Colombian federal police]. I'm currently investigating that operation right now. They have about five freighters and the *Kaki* was one of them.

"The way it works is they set up these corporations that own two or three tankers. They pay \$20,000 per tanker to get it out of a port. There is no way in the world you can take a tanker out of a port full of nothing but marijuana without the government knowing it. It's not like loading up a small boat, like they used to do—and still do. When you are talking about loading a freighter with two or three hundred thousand pounds of pot—that's a big deal.

"I'm talking about American professional men as silent partners. And the Colombians have gotten so sophisticated, they have their own attorneys right here in Miami and in New York. They negotiate all these deals. You know who you're going to meet, when you're going to meet. These freighters are in constant communication with simple side-band radios, and they can talk about 2,500 miles with them. The freighter comes up the coast and makes about six stops, and meets a 50 to 60 foot cabin cruiser which brings it in to about five miles off shore, and they meet smaller faster 20 to 25 foot boats. It's brought to scattered points, unloaded into campers and is gone! That's one operation.

"The other is this: we have a lot of fishing houses here. They buy them—they buy the whole goddam company! They have money, so they own the company. They have fish, too! They bring the stuff in at night, load it out, put it into refrigerated trucks and ship it out. You are talking about an eight-hour operation to load 100,000 pounds of grass.

"They're so damn sophisticated. To give you an example, we had an operation recently where we ripped off 75 tons of grass and 50 pounds of cocaine. They had a group in Naples to offload that we picked up on from some informants at

the hotel. I have some friends in the hotels that keep me advised when they have people come in that don't look right. This bunch comes in. They're making a lot of long distance calls and getting a lot of long distance calls. So, we started spelling them. That group was an offload group—and they weren't even used! No function whatsoever. Just be there!

"They had small boats with them, and two big fishing boats, 40-footers, that were to be used in case the primary boats had trouble, broke down, ran aground, anything like that. They are all in constant contact with CBs. They have these Lanier boosters on them that jump them up to about 300 to 400 watts. They can talk about 50 to 60 miles—a couple hundred out over the water.

"Anyway, they had another group in Fort Myers, maybe 20 people. So, in total, they had 35 to 40 people involved in the operation within 40 miles of each other. Now the ones we're watchin', they didn't know they were on reserve. They didn't know if they were going to pick up the load. And when you try to put an informant with them, you figure your informant is going to go meet the boat. He is going to be on an offload boat that goes to the freighter. You think you're all set to go and they've got your damn informant sitting there all night. They never tell a date and time to anybody, and there is no way you can catch major drug smugglers without an inside source.

"One big man in this syndicate is John David Steele. He was the mayor of Hallendale. That lunatic got busted the other day in Orlando for carrying a .357 magnum, a .38 snubnose and a .38 automatic with an illegal silencer on it. He was a fugitive. He didn't show up for sentencing after the bust on the Pamlico River. Jumped \$75,000 bond. I am into this group pretty heavy right now. I can't talk too much about it.

"Steele is not the head man in the operation either, but he is really powerful with the South Americans. He has spent a lot of time down there, he knows all the people. He is an attorney, and an extremely intelligent man. He's got his shit together, to put it mildly. He's not the Number One man in the operation—who it is I can't divulge right at this moment—but he's probably Number Two or Three. The Number One is an American. I am calling him Number One, but we have had some rumors about an even bigger man, a congressman.

"When I started we were buying joints on the street, in '65. It has grown since then. We are talking now about attorneys, congressmen, just the super-biggest business firms, cops, lawyers, state attorneys, corrupt sheriffs. In Georgia they have two or more sheriffs they are paying off. I wouldn't be entirely surprised if their whole operation were out of South Carolina or Georgia." ■

Hollywood Pentagon

(continued from page 103)

used while he was on the base. In contrast to earlier practices, Wayne paid off-duty soldiers to work in the picture rather than filming men in made up training exercises. His company also built a mock Vietnamese village costing more than \$150,000 and then left it for future military training.

Despite these precautions, in June 1969, a year after the film opened, Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal (D-NY) attacked Wayne for making only a token payment to the Defense Department. Although subsequent investigation showed that Wayne had followed regulations, Rosenthal charged that the Army had subsidized Wayne in making his pro-war film. In response, Wayne called the congressman "an irresponsible, publicity-seeking idiot." Denying that he had received more than \$1 million worth of assistance for his payment, Wayne said, "I wish this were the 1800s. I'd horsewhip him." The entire discussion was academic, since *The Green Berets* did not show any profit.

Even before Rosenthal had launched his attack, Darryl Zanuck's attempt to duplicate the box-office success of *The Longest Day* by re-creating the bombing of Pearl Harbor had stirred up congressional criticism. After CBS's "Sixty Minutes" had focused on the Pentagon's assistance to *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, several representatives demanded an explanation for help given to the director, including use of an aircraft carrier, during the height of the Vietnam conflict. They also wanted to know why the military was assisting on a film that portrayed an infamous day in Armed Forces history. Although the subsequent investigation suggested that Pentagon regulations needed revision to provide better guidelines for those offering assistance at the local level, the report concluded that military cooperation with Hollywood was "not in violation of law." Nevertheless, because of the attacks on *The Green Berets* and *Tora! Tora! Tora!* (which also failed at the box office), and because of the poor name Vietnam gave to the military, Hollywood made no war spectaculars from 1970 until the release of *Midway*, another turkey, in June 1975.

During this period film makers did occasionally approach the Pentagon for help on noncombat movies with a military background and on nonmilitary films such as *Towering Inferno* and *Airport 1975*. (As in earlier times, the Armed Forces always expected to be

portrayed accurately and in a manner that would benefit themselves. The Navy, for example, made repeated requests for modifications in the script of *Cinderella Liberty*. Ultimately, producer-director Mark Rydell followed the original script because he said the Navy's changes would have made the film into a "Gene Kelly recruiting movie." He made the film without military assistance.) Before agreeing to give help to *Airport 1975*, the Air Force conducted a test to see if one of its helicopters could in fact fly as fast as a 747 jet under conditions portrayed in the film. It then ascertained that a man could actually be lowered from the helicopter to the stricken airliner. Only then did it allow the use of its aircraft and personnel to simulate the rescue.

Whether Hollywood again produces war films in significant numbers will depend on the success of *Midway*, *A Bridge Too Far*, and even Francis Ford Coppola's antiwar *Apocalypse Now* as well as several European films now in production. If these movies prove profitable, the film industry will continue to turn to the Armed Forces for assistance that it can find nowhere else and that saves production costs.

For its part, the Defense Department will continue to cooperate on those films that may benefit itself and the government in some way. Senator Fulbright's Pentagon Propaganda Machine and CBS in its "The Selling of the Pentagon" have forwarded the argument that the military should not advertise for itself. Nevertheless, Congress has legislated a public information function for the Defense Department. Therefore, like virtually all American institutions, the Pentagon will continue to take advantage of the opportunities provided by commercial films to inform the public of its activities.

Public information, of course, can range all the way from the simple handing out of information on request to pure propagandizing of a point of view or product. Since the visual media are the best means of reaching a wide audience, the military will undoubtedly continue to cooperate with Hollywood. As long as the Defense Department makes its decision to assist filmmakers on the basis of the positive effects their movies have for the military, the cooperation of Hollywood and the Armed Forces will more closely resemble public relations than public information.

In the meantime, how about a revival of *Der Führer's Face* to help the citizens of this republic make up their own minds? The Hitler-Duck apposition is undoubtedly highly synergistic, even lucid, in its tentative yet exiguous ramifications. By George, they don't make movies like that anymore. ☐

Highway 15 Revisited

(continued from page 79)

transfer the full authority of warrantless search and seizure to all of his DEA goons, although the more than 300 agents stationed along the border were given that right.

Because the Mexican government had been unable (or unwilling) to stop the drug traffic in their own country despite massive infusion of American dollars in equipment, guns, planes and field training, the Nixon-controlled U.S. government then decided they'd do it themselves—covertly. As soon as the DEA was formed, dozens of agents were dispatched to Mexico. Ostensibly assigned to various embassies as part of their administrative staffs, the agents were actually teamed with their Mexican counterparts, provided with unheard of amounts of "buy money" (the funds agents are given to buy drugs or set up deals with known dealers, variously estimated from 8 to 15 million dollars per year since the unit was formed) and sent out on assignment to resort areas and big cities where most of the trafficking was supposed to occur. Their job was twofold: to ingratiate themselves with the Mexican underground and to train their Mexican mates in the gringo style of doing things—not that the Mexican agents needed any training when it came to the kind of torture, extortion, blackmail and entrapment that made the DEA famous.

The DEA presence in Mexico soon made itself felt. In 1970 there were approximately 120 gringos in Mexican jails on charges ranging from accidentally hitting other cars (traffic accidents are criminal offenses in Mexico, punishable by long jail terms) to being found with a stash. In the late Sixties and early Seventies marijuana possession and use were considered a piddling affair in Mexico—a fine and slap on the wrist, perhaps deportation if the charge were serious enough. The most painful consequence most busted gringos suffered was a money ripoff, but that was nothing compared to what their future counterparts would endure, compliments of the DEA.

By 1973, Mexico's realistic approach to the junior marijuaneros inundating the country had changed. I myself was in jail there during this time and had a chance to talk to many gringos in the Mazatlan carcel and later in the immigration holding cell in Mexico City where I was transferred en route to deportation.

What had happened was a combination of two things: first, the American/Mexican policy of mutual cooperation in eradicating the dope industry had failed, and second, *de facto* decrimi-

nalization of marijuana was beginning in the U.S., causing judges and district attorneys in the more enlightened communities to ease up on the sentences they were meting out. Since Nixon and his gang were unable to get the Mexicans to stop smuggling within Mexico and were also unable to get harsh sentences imposed when smugglers and dealers were popped and tried within the U.S., they then came up with another idea—pop the smugglers before they reach the U.S. and convince Mexico to come down hard on them. In other words, transfer as much of the problem to Mexico as possible.

As a result of this new effort by DEA goons and their Mexican associates, prisons throughout Mexico began to fill up with young gringos, mostly naive kids who'd been connived by others into becoming couriers hired solely to transport a shipment across a border. Most were not smuggling weed but had fallen instead for the South American cocaine scam and were being illegally busted. Their luggage was yanked off aircraft and searched while on temporary stopover in Mexico City, en route to the United States from Colombia or Peru. The fact that the drugs were not bound for Mexico was beside the point to Mexican officials (read DEA). The idea was to pop them before they reached U.S. territory. For once home even if they were popped, chances are their punishment would be nothing compared to the misery they'd be made to suffer in Mexico. By 1974, one year after the formation of the DEA, there were no longer 120 gringos in Mexican prisons, but over 400, as of this writing there are over 600 prisoners, many of them subjected periodically to torture, extortion, and extremely harsh prison sentences.

Why is Mexico so harsh on drug traffickers now, especially when the U.S. has become more lenient? Three factors are responsible for the changes in Mexican policy, one, the DEA and its army of agents with unlimited money (which, in Mexico, is power), two, a complete lack of scruples and decency on the part of the agents, and three and most important of all, the incipient guerrilla movement that has been mushrooming throughout Mexico ever since 1968.

I will not go into the Mexican guerrilla movement here, but Mexico has been extremely concerned about guerrilla movements ever since the Plaza of Three Cultures Massacre, as the pre-Olympic Games killing has become known. Over 350 students and innocent bystanders were machine-gunned to death by government troops while staging a protest demonstration

against the expenditure of millions of pesos on the Olympics while people were starving. Their bodies were then rushed into mass graves before they could be claimed by relatives. The more radical elements in the country have been mobilizing since around this and the still unresolved land problems and general inequities inherent in Mexican society. This movement has so far manifested itself in political kidnappings, bank robberies and revolts in the mountains. But what makes this particular aspect of Mexico important to gringos dealing in drugs is the fact that many Mexican officials believe that gringo marijuaneros are providing many of the revolutionary groups with the weapons they are using against the government. Because of this ostensible connection, Mexico has adopted a policy of brutal harassment against anyone involved even remotely with drugs, which falls right on in beside the DEA's own plans.

Linking marijuaneros and guerrillas has allowed the Mexican government to launch a campaign of suppression, violence and, in the mountains at least, outright warfare with the equipment, money and expertise provided by the U.S. government for the ostensible purpose of halting narcotics traffic. Believing the guerrillas to be arming themselves with the proceeds of marijuana sales, Mexican troops have been sent into the mountains en masse, where, not unlike Vietnam, whole villages are looted, burned and leveled. Torture and murder are commonplace, and in certain parts of Guerrero whole areas are sealed off to outsiders while those who live there are relocated. The reasoning is that if the campesinos are removed from a familiar area to one where they are lost, the chances of successful weed and guerrilla operations are lessened.

I could see how Mexico's new policy manifested itself along the highway. Entering each town I saw more soldiers, most of them carrying automatic weapons, not the old M-1s like they used to carry. Between Navajoa and Los Mochis was a new inspection station, more soldiers lolling around sullen-looking, and the inspections were more thorough, my papers scrutinized with more care. And this was Highway 15, almost a tourist freeway. I knew it would be heavier off the beaten track. The highways of Mexico had always been dangerous: narrow bridges, no shoulders on the road, cows commanding the center line with their inevitable pondering. In Mexico they treat cows like God, just as they do in India, but in Mexico they are God because if you don't slow down they'll kill you. Now, however, the problem wasn't so much the cows or the bridges, which have been widened, but

the soldiers lurking behind the bridges, armed with their American M-16s. Many of the soldiers operate their guns indiscriminately, quite often blasting into the back panels of unfortunate gringo tourists who fail to recognize the shabbily dressed Indian as a soldier and so go whizzing past. In the jungle roadway just south of Zihuatenejo, I saw the burned out hulk of a gringo car. "An unfortunate accident," the captain said, "but that is the way things are. He didn't stop."

Fortunately, most gringos don't make the journey south in automobiles, but glide in on those lovely 707s with bars and smiling hostesses passing chilled margaritas. These people are denizens of a country I never knew, twice-assed creatures with comedy clothes and the tact of the truly ignorant. They float from airplane to hotel to beach to bar to curio shop and back again without ever seeing one taco-thickness below the surface of a country seething with pain—although occasionally one of the jerks does get off the beaten track and gets busted.

Yes, along the highway I can see the changes that have occurred in Mexico. I know that Culiacán is no longer important in the dope trade, that gringos who go there to score are living in prehistory, but I also know there is trade going on in Big C, trade of a different nature. Those in the biz keep as far ahead of the Man as they can. In the old days we used to talk about how smugglers could only hope to keep six months ahead of the Man, after that, if you weren't doing it differently, you weren't doing it. Now there have been some big changes in methodology. I could see that areas themselves had changed, with Jalisco and Michoacan and Guerrero much too hot, the campesinos gone with their saddlebags trailing after them, digging new ground and hoping the whomp whomp whomp of the helicopter blades stays away one more season.

Under the surface of its tourist-oriented calm, Mexico rumbles like a volcano about to appear in an Indian cornfield. High in the mountains the campesinos gaze skyward as the choppers float in over the trees. Around each bend of the road soldiers stand, sullen and alone, their M-16s slung over their shoulders. And in the hotel bars of Acapulco gringos and Mexicans alike hoist their glasses high.

"Mexico's a strange country," a smuggler friend of mine once said. "It's like a drug that gets into your body that takes you further and further into mysteries, and the more you know, the less secure you become in your knowledge."

I think I have an idea what my friend was talking about. Perhaps in the future I'll know for sure. ☐



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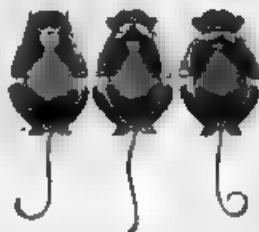
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Mescalito

(continued from page 107)

i met a woman and her sister. they were beautiful beyond compare. one caught my eye, then the other caught my heart. i would never have made advances to this lady a year before, but i asked her to kiss me, and i found her a stream of laughter and joy. we started making love and, soon after, started taking mescalito together. we ate buttons together (by then i had obtained some undried green, or "wet," buttons) with figs so we could gulp them down, or we ate the dried buttons, or ground them and gulped them down. mescalito began to heal us both, and sometimes we took her sister and the three of us took him together, and went out to a park somewhere. one day in the mountains we saw a beautiful mescalito omen—three deer running together, across the mountainside in a slight mist (later we learned that mescalito and deer were linked together in the earliest mesoAmerican art)

my lover and i with mescalito—such was our song! we did everything else the world required of us, but together we took mescalito and let happen what would.

best of all were our experiences making love. of course, we made love without mescalito too, but he changed us deepest when we ate him and later were making love. at the end, we were able to be healing ourselves. when my lover and i knew we were to part, we kissed, and within us both the awakening flowered. our tantric kiss—our mutual awakening. this is what came of our mescalito love.

"A Proper Extract"

my new-found lover and i ate mescalito as much as we could, time permitting, and sometimes not (eating mescalito in the evening—too late!) but we were also getting sick a lot, at least for the first hours after eating him. we both had similar bodies, very strong and healthy, and not too sensitive to alkaloid intoxication. we could take a lot before we reached overdose levels, but we kept stumbling on the problem of eating the mescalito.

we did notice that our bodies were changing. they got used to mescalito, and at the same time became very sensitive to him, so that it was hard to eat fresh, green buttons, or to swallow ground, dry button material. our bodies liked mescalito but became wary of him too. we would get sick for three or four hours, then it would clear and everything would be fine. or, sometimes, if we didn't keep our minds off it, we would vomit him up but not lose the effect. we suspected that the effect

wouldn't last as long, but had no way of telling. it's hard to vomit, but quite therapeutic too, so we had no objection finally, just the reluctance of our bodies.

by a stroke of fortune someone suggested that we extract the mescalito and thus was born in us the idea of a "proper extract." this would have to be natural, nonsickening and taken from the sacred plant itself. the key was. nonsickening. we found the literature on extracting in local head shops—and read the manuals with keen eyes. it was worth a try.

of the alternatives we had before us in the extracting literature, all seemed to begin by boiling mescalito cactus in water. we started boiling him, white hairs and all, pouring off the water into another flatter pan, and boiling that slowly until it became quite thick. this was a simple water-extraction process that would extract all the water soluble alkaloids (which is most, but not all) of the cactus.

soon we had something exciting—mescalito tar. when the tar was cooked carefully, it dried out enough so that when it was warm it was flexible enough to be shaped, but when it cooled it became hard enough to keep its shape. here we had something to work with—a natural extract. but how did it taste? bitter. we put some in gelatin caps and took our first "proper extract."

it sickened us, but was better than eating or drinking mescalito.

we loved what it did so much. now we could by-pass the ritual of eating or drinking and take mescalito and then let the body worry about it. the stomach still had to take what came, though.

everything important happened from our second tar extract, made from a thousand buttons. we solved the problem of the stomach. we learned that the stomach environment is acid, but that the intestine's is alkaline. we simply applied a substance to our hard mescalito tar that was acid-resistant (in pharmacological language, an "enteric coating") some people have sensitive stomachs, so they have their doctors prescribe drugs with enteric coating so that the drugs don't break down in the stomach but in the intestinal tract, which is much longer and more able to deal with foreign substances. the intestines do not reject mescalito as the stomach does, except in sensitive bodies.

we had solved the problem. we could take mescalito and not get sick.

Our Mescalito Love

love blossomed between my lover and me while we were taking mescalito, so i call it our mescalito love. Carlos said

once that he did not write about don Juan's love matters, since he did not want to offend his intended audience. too bad.

especially after we had our proper extract and were able to vary dosage almost infinitely, our mescalito love was born and matured. finally it became tantric. mescalito taught us the proper way to love.

our life was to be awake, alive, and so our love became that too. mescalito doesn't make you a "better lover" physically, nor are its alkaloids especially aphrodisiac. but as don Juan told Carlos, mescalito "takes you out of yourself" so you can learn. we experienced our love as much through our eyes as through our bodies. we passed power back and forth, through our eyes. we shared power by becoming orgasmic together and coming together in all ways. mescalito cleared us and made us innocent again. our joy was that the other reached out and touched us, honestly.

En La Tierra Mágica del Peyote

i do not want to say much more of our experiences with mescalito because they are our adventures, and yours should be your own. but we can say one thing.

we first saw it in one of the books recently published on peyote. *Peyote Hunt* by Barbara Myerhoff; it said, "en la tierra mágica del peyote—in the magic land of peyote." this was Fernando Benítez's title for the section of his work on the Indians of Mexico. In *The Magic Land of Peyote*, which recently was translated into English. both of these books are well worth reading. Myerhoff describes her experience with the "bird of a thousand colors" after eating fresh mescalito given to her by the Huichol shaman Ramón telling him afterward that it was "marvelous" and that her vision was "more than beautiful." this is what happens to mescalito eaters. they see things and can only contemplate their wonder.

for us, Benítez's title became the name of the world we entered when eating mescalito in our proper extract.

on Turtle Island the teachers we learn from are red and white, black, brown and yellow. the Indian folk know and practice many of the essential techniques—crying for a vision, using the sweat for healing, smoking the pipe and kinnikinnick, watching birds and knowing the potencies of bird feathers, fasting and chanting, and eating medicine.

that is part of our lives where we make magic in a magical world. we are looking for flaming, falling stars in the star-blazing night sky.

Mescalito Omens

we found out that we were missing a whole world around us by reading Carlos Castaneda's books on don Juan's teachings. don Juan's techniques were as interesting to us as the experiences of Carlos. we noted that he didn't begin any important action without seeing an omen, and that omens he saw marked special times or, when associated with specific events, or persons, gave them a special quality. don Juan looked for bird omens and weather and sunset/sunrise omens.

we also learned about omens from the I Ching.

and then, as we started taking mescalito, we noticed that we looked up to the sky more, especially at clouds. natural shapes and patterns delighted us, in the desert, mountains or beaches. we ate mescalito and journeyed through the world.

we began seeing signs.

an early omen came to the lady. my lover, on a trip south of the border with another friend. we decided to wake up at two in the morning and each take some extract, then sleep again until five. (we did this several other times and found it interesting, though it tended to sicken the stomach slightly; but it's wonderful to wake up in mescalito's world.) at five we drove south along the ocean, the two men in the front and my lover still half asleep in the back of the van. she said, after awakening, "i just saw a little man tip his hat and say good morning to me," and we knew mescalito had bid us good morning.

my lover and i saw many mescalito omens. most of them assured us at the time and we did not record them. everyone must see their own signs; mescalito will give them to you.

one special kind of mescalito sign comes when you are with him and you are being his way. then, times work out very well. with mescalito you are "on time" for the important things—sunsets, birds flying, awakened eyes meeting, seeking and seeing "the marvels all around you" (don Juan).

What Eating Mescalito Does

when you take mescalito, he naturalizes you. you may not feel very different at first (especially if you are using an extract in some form or other), but you can learn a lot, and you will feel like you have power. if you smoke too, you can increase your concentration and intensify everything. (but don't oversmoke!) for the first few times, you may feel that not much is happening. you probably are expecting the wrong things, like hallucinations

or what happened to Carlos Castaneda. but what happened to him occurred in a totally different environment. we are rural/urban people using mescalito in our search for roots and the land/nature. you can take him in special places, like the desert, but you also can take him anywhere. i like to start in the morning, which you must do if you like to go to sleep with the sun. he can keep you up at night, but you can sleep anytime too, unless your system is very sensitive.

mescalito will heal your body, perhaps even of such things as infections that have been hanging on. perhaps this happens because you come into closer contact with your body, or you have more knowledge of it, and you are happier that way, and a happy body heals itself.

On Death

mescalito showed me death as i meditated on the beach, dwelling in the quiet of my body. i heard first an ominous shuffle and noticed that heavy footsteps were approaching me on the beach sand. i opened my eyes to see a bent, toothless man passing between me and the sun, which was foggy white.

i am not taking a broken body to my meeting with death.

two more mescalito omens.

while writing these pages two omens came to me.

i asked what the "peyote bird" meant, as it arches up into the sky above mescalito's moon altar. i was looking at Al Momaday's painting, "The Peyote Dreamers," which is so beautiful. later, i ran to a nearby swamp and frightened off two birds. after five minutes only one had returned. i thought the other one was coming when i heard the heavy beat of a bird's wings. i heard the bird rising up, and then i heard its call. the beauty of the notes astounded me. i did not really understand, at the moment it happened, how important it was to have heard those notes of coral and turquoise, and to think only of the wonder of that rising water bird's call.

the "peyote bird" in Amerindian art and ritual is often a water bird. for me the water bird symbolizes gradual development, as when a duck beats its wings and feet against the water to gain flight. mescalito brought me through my gradual development—and then i heard the song of the returning spirit who had been with me in the swamp. with that song i knew mescalito had accepted me and would be constant with me thereafter. my vision has given me power. i see its effects in my world already, and it causes me a bit of dismay. can someone misuse mescalito and turn his power to

bad? no, i don't think so, but this may be the reason for all the dark things that have happened to "peyote-eaters."

midway through my writing of this memoir i saw another omen, the evening before the swamp bird omen i have just described. i was on a cliff watching the sunset. i thought it would be a dull one, but i sat with my mescalito body straight and found that i was calm, within. i had entered the quiet of contemplation. i looked out to the horizon and found clouds and fog around the white sun. suddenly the clouds surrounded the sun like petals of flowers. my body knew that rain was coming, up from Mexico into the southwest. changes in the air.

we learned from don Juan that sunrise and sunset times are especially powerful, so we go out into them as much as we can and read the signs we see in their beauty. mescalito has made me aware also of the moon and its times of transition. this writing was begun on the first day of the new moon, which in the Chinese reckoning initiated the new year of the unexpected dragon (February 1978). the old year of the rabbit has gone—it was a year of wonder and love!

The Law

the sacramental use of mescalito has been subjected to repression at the hands of the United States government and its agents, unwitting or otherwise. this is but part of the ruthless decimation of the native American populace and their religion, religiously fanatic christians who are taught to love even their enemies liked nothing more than to send hundreds and thousands of "heathen" souls (i.e., anyone who wouldn't follow their religion) to hell, usually by slaughtering them.

the state should interfere in no person's religion. this right is guaranteed to us by the constitution, and has been upheld by the courts specifically for American Indians using peyote as the sacrament in a religious ceremony. an example of such a case happened in California. on April 28, 1962, some Navajos were arrested in an Indian hogan in the desert near Needles, California, using peyote. the Indians pleaded not guilty to the crime of illegal possession of narcotics, and the California Supreme Court sided with them.

we are now awaiting a test case to see whether the courts will rightfully extend this protection to native white Americans who similarly choose to practice the sacramental use of mescalito.

Healings

mescalito and i together learned about healing when i took care of one i

deeply loved while she went through a very painful illness. from her i began to learn how to respond deeply to another person — to their physical hurt, to their psyche's trauma. being warriors together, my love and i, against sickness, meant we lived at the limits, on the line between life and death. we began to realize that what we do to our bodies is very important and we learned that touch is healing and we touched each other.

i have seen mescalito heal by wiping a person out. it usually tends to purge you, intestinally, anyway; but if you are not right physically, mescalito shakes your body out and lets you know what's ailing it. it's up to you to respond and take care of it. heal yourself. if you have upper respiratory infections, stop all smoking (or coking), breathe consciously and do whatever else feels right. we can heal ourselves, and others. we just have to learn how.

A Path, New Adventures

for the body, mescalito will continue to heal me and my brothers and sisters in distress. this is part of my mescalito knowledge.

for the mind and heart, i will use mescalito in making community with others, joining together in circles of love, in building homes and in creating families.

A Prophecy

today i see medicine circles forming. white Americans are joining their Indian elders and brothers and sisters before mescalito's moon altar. the time now is of new circles. the circle is a sacred way of adapting to the environment. in the human circle we share energy and love. they are happening more and more. it does not matter, finally—since we learn from grandfather mescalito, one and all—that many of the circles of the future will be of white Americans. some traditional Indians even blame some Indians who participate with whites in circles where they eat mescalito and take sweats together. but those times are real, and the new circles will gain respect for the warriors they produce.

A Simple Method for Making Home-Brew Proper Mescalito Extract

i realize that my mescalito adventures have come as a gift. i have no right to describe how the extract opened a door to mescalito's *tierra mágica* and then not let you know too how to do it so

that you can put my words to the test. on the other hand, these words should not be taken to recommend that anyone open the door that is your responsibility.

i learned the key from two or three sentences in Robert E. Brown's *The Psychedelic Guide to Preparation of the Eucharist* (Austin, Texas, 1968) this work's section on extracting mescaline from cactus is comprehensive and detailed, but still concentrates on making the white crystalline powder which conforms to the desires of our culture for capsule hallucinogens. essentially i learned that the viscous liquid you obtain by boiling mescalito and draining off the dark brown liquid can be concentrated by evaporating it over a low flame. this process eliminates excess water from the liquid, so that it is reduced to a tar so, to make a proper extract, start with dry or fresh buttons—as many as you can obtain—and a pressure cooker. if you have a lot of buttons (up to a thousand), a larger canning pressure cooker is necessary. there is no need to clean the buttons beyond washing the dirt off them. (the familiar claim that the hairs are strychnine is probably quite untrue). cover the buttons with water and squeeze in half a lemon before closing the lid and cooking the whole batch for 15 or more minutes at 15 pounds pressure (what the ordinary

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pressure cooker is set at). let this cool and strain the liquid through cloth. pour it into a trying pan and begin to evaporate the excess.

while the evaporating goes on, repeat the process with the pressure cooker (including the lemon) five or six more times. until the buttons when chewed seem pretty weak to the taste. continue boiling the distillage, stirring it occasionally to keep the surface scum from forming too heavily, and especially to prevent sticking and build-up on the sides of the pan. reduce the liquid until it is somewhat thick, and then continue heating carefully over low heat until it gets very thick let this cool and see whether it hardens. if it doesn't, continue to heat slowly until it does. be especially careful at this stage not to burn the extract. if you heat it too much, it will eventually form a hard substance that will have to be reliquified or ground into a powder and capped. be careful!

you are now ready to make your extract into something you can take. heat the cooled tar in the pan over a medium temperature until it is quite soft. take a knife and dig a bit of tar out of the pan and, while it is still warm, form it into a round or oval shape. place it on some clean saran wrap to cool. if the air is not too humid, and if your extract is concentrated enough by heating, these tabs will keep their

shape unless you put them in the sun or your pocket.

next, and most important, you must apply an enteric coating. i asked an old pharmacist for advice, and he remembered that he used to make an enteric coating with salol, which is phenyl salicylate (made by mallinckrodt chemical works, St. Louis, Mo. 63160; purified crystals #2084). when heated, this crystal becomes liquid. simply drop your hard extract tabs into the liquid, roll them around, and take them out to cool. the coating dries quickly and hard. the final product is a wonder. the tabs look like hard candy.

all our experience has shown us that it is best, when taking this form of extract, to swallow it down with a liquid and then to eat something light, such as an apple or a peanut butter sandwich. you can do this anywhere. the effects begin almost immediately if your body is used to mescalito, but really come on strong after about an hour and a half. with this proper extract you avoid all stomach complications. with higher doses you may feel slightly sick in your midsection. some people also experience intestinal gas pains, since wherever you put the mescalito (the choices are: mouth, stomach, intestine or anus) it creates an explosion. the beauty of the proper extract comes from its intestinal impact. since it is being absorbed all day, for hours and hours, the user can

experience reintensifications hours after ingesting it.

probably the greatest control of dosage is achieved through this kind of extract. you are receiving the maximum extractable alkaloids, so, unlike mescaline sulphate, the proper extract provides the whole configuration of natural alkaloids. these work together to make "medicine." by eating three or four tabs at once you can have the impact of 15 or 20 buttons intestinally. by eating more, you can have proportionately more effect. sensitive people feel the effects more, so they should try lower doses first.

our experience indicates that one or two tabs are plenty, especially if you are in good shape and well rested. mescalito allows you to come into touch with the sources of your own power, so it acts in part like speed. if you are not in good shape, mescalito will tell you; if you listen properly, you will know exactly what to heal. if you are tired, mescalito will encourage you to rest. i have found that when i am tired, the trip is not as exciting.

Spoiling Things When Within an Ace of Completing Them

what will the people of America do with mescalito in a proper extract form? i am afraid they will abuse him,

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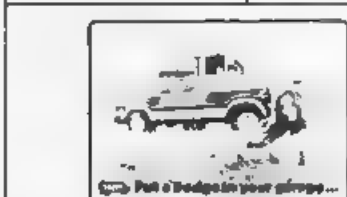
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especially taking advantage of his speedy nature. so here are my warnings—take them seriously!

Americans love speed; it's the national addiction for sure, and will probably be the cause of our eventual downfall. Americans want fossil fuel speed for the physical transport of their bodies and goods, and chemical speed for their minds, the madness of this is apparent to all who contemplate the dangers of speeding up.

slow down, Americans! wake up—contemplate!

if people will abuse mescalito, will he abuse them too? he is so benign. i really don't know. he teaches in a way so subtle that if there be any good in someone it will become stronger.

but it is very easy to abuse mescalito. you will find yourself intoxicated by your power and will become neglectful of things. balance yourself! nothing to excess!

it is all too easy to get strung out on mescalito, wanting to eat it every day, especially for people who enjoy energy and like to trade wakefulness for dreaming sleep. you can get along on much less sleep and food with mescalito, but as you sleep less after taking it for a string of days, you have accumulated a dangerous dream lack because you have shortened your dreaming time.

don't use mescalito for anything but adventure. don't take him all the time, especially not on days you are going to work or to perform trivial worldly tasks. don't profane the sacrament. take him for intense periods of learning, for journeys into the soul of a forest or your own lover take him once a week on a day completely free from distraction take him with those you love

the person who gave me our first crystal mescaline cape told me: "hey, you'll want to take these every day." a good warning, friend, well-taken by the wise.

nurture your warrior's spirit, and share it with others who understand paths of heart.

don't waste mescalito, but share him lovingly with your friends. wasting him means using him too much, using him to do things not worthy of his (and your) nobility, using him as a crutch. don't make of your power a sacrilege, but make your mescalito a sacrament. sharing him means giving him with love. he has told me, "don't sell me; share me." if you are not an American Indian, never sell mescalito they have the power to distribute him; the ancient right to sell mescalito is theirs.

if you are aware and awakening, busy being born and not dying, you won't spoil things within an ace of completing them. ☐

The Toadstool

(continued from page 104)

student OD'ed while my second muscaria flight never got off the ground

Well what is that "poison" in the fly agaric that makes people feel they've had a blood transfusion from the right arm of God? For 150 years it was assumed that the active ingredient was muscarine, a severe fungoid toxin. Indeed, muscarine was first isolated in the *Amanita muscaria*, whence it acquired its name. However, the University of Washington Drug Plant Laboratory has just completed a 12-year study in which it was determined that the amount of muscarine in the muscaria is so tiny as to be negligible.

Results of the U W study are not widely circulated. The usual antidote for muscarine poisoning is atropine. But atropine only magnifies the effects of *Amanita muscaria*. An uninformed pot hunter may eat the muscaria, develop symptoms which he or she interprets as poisoning, panic and visit a physician. The physician says, "Umm, yes, mushroom toxication," and, being mycologically ignorant, administers atropine. The patient grows worse. More atropine is given. The patient dies. Every death attributed to *Amanita muscaria* in the Pacific Northwest actually has been the result of an overdose of atropine, injected by a doctor. Yet, field guides such as *The Mushroom Handbook*, continue to list atropine as the cure for *Amanita muscaria* "poisoning." So did an inaccurate, sensationalist article in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer's* Sunday magazine last fall. I wrote to the magazine, hoping to correct the mistake, but the editor refused to print my letter, an act that may someday cost a life.

The U W project spearheaded by Dr Robert C Benedict, concluded that it is presently impossible to run an absolute quantitative analysis on the fly agaric, so complex is the little redhead. But it did succeed in isolating a compound known as ibotenic acid muserole, which is related in its molecular structure to nothing else in nature and which is believed to be the mushroom's psychic energizer.

Ibotenic acid and muserole are interconvertible and do not exist separately in the toadstool, but in 1967 Dr Peter G. Wassser of the University of Zurich isolated them in his lab and over a period of weeks ingested increasingly larger quantities of each (Shades of Albert Hofmann Swiss scientists are nothing if not ballsy.) He found ibotenic acid to have only some unpleasant effects on local circulation but pure muserole produced in him symptoms similar to those described by the Siberian muscaria shamans, only milder.

Both Dr Wassser and Dr Benedict suspect there may be yet another psychoactive property in the fly agaric. If there, it is so mysterious, so elusive, so human-shy

so overwhelmingly complex that the most penetrating probes of science may never in a thousand years make it show its face.

The toadstool that conquered the universe? Consider our primitive ancestors, groping their way forward, leading a precarious existence, trying desperately to comprehend the awesome forces of nature. One day after a rainstorm, in the lizard-filtered air of prehistory, hunger or curiosity or both tempts them to gnaw a brilliant, enigmatic, X-rated ground fruit.

What cosmic windows fly open to them? They are transported to levels of feeling far beyond anything known in their cruel daily existence. Tears of ecstasy wet their faces. They are granted a more fixed concept of the godhead. And there is something inside of them that the gods, through the mushroom, have activated and caused to expand. Later, they will name that thing "soul."

They take immediate solace in the knowledge that the spirit world is not closed to them, that the mushroom can put them temporarily in touch with it and that perhaps when they give up their earthly bodies, their souls will go to dwell forever in that world, that Happy Hunting Ground, Nirvana, Heaven.

So they build crude altars in gratitude. As they grow in number and sophistication, they replace the altars with temples. Trappings multiply. Rituals become stylized. Symbols flourish. Abstractions are indulged in. The temples become cathedrals. Empires are built, treasure houses filled, kings crowned, armies dispatched, documents signed, art commissioned, weddings performed, heretics burned, pilgrims landed, babies christened, books written, universities founded, movies made, bombs dropped ("Vietnam is Jesus's war", Francis Cardinal Spellman)—and, of course, the little scarlet toadstool that started it is long since forgotten.

Did it conquer the universe only to lose it?

Even in light of the findings to which I have drawn attention in these pages, the *Amanita muscaria* is not likely to regain its rightful place in the hierarchy of human development. We simply have too much invested in that stuff. Sir Kenneth calls "civilisation" to revamp our historical and theological traditions to conform with the notion of a holy plant, however valid however true.

But the findings are there; they have popped up suddenly and unexpectedly, like toadstools after a rain. And some of us will examine them with wonder much as our ancestors examined the fungi. And we will shiver with the disappearing golden eternity Milky Way metaphysical blues just to contemplate that it might all have been a mushroom.

All. A mushroom. ☐

NATIONAL WEED AMERICA'S LEADING NEWSMAGAZINE

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The Generation That Will Not Die Yips Yahoo Yet Again

The Yippies, a long-established thorn in the side of the body politic, once again made a conspicuous appearance at the Republican Convention in Kansas City. Led by a contingent of New York Yippies that drove cross-country on a bus, the demonstrators protested, marched and threatened for the benefit of delegates, politicians and media hacks. As usual, there were arrests and political battles.

Youth International Party spokespersons reviled "U.S. repression waged upon people of the Third World by intelligence community and corporate allies." "The war is not over," Yippie activist Dana Beal told a throng assembled in Penn Valley Park. "It is now underground counterinsurgency." Other Yippie speakers assailed drug laws that make "prisoners of pot" such a common sight in prisons.

Other groups protesting at the convention included COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) a pro-prostitution group based in

San Francisco led by Margo St James, the National Coalition of Gay Rights, Majority Report, a feminist newspaper collective, and an unnamed group of Native Americans. Independent anarchists with gripes ranging from failure of the government to provide freedom of religion to veterans demanding better treatment were also present.

The Yippies, numbering over 200, were the main force of demonstrators present.

YIPPIES IN KC

Their first demonstration was at 6 A.M. Sunday morning before the convention began, when a group of 50 marched from the park to the adjacent Crown Center Hotel where Gerald Ford and his entourage were holed up. The "Wake Up Ford" rally, aided by two gigantic sound systems, woke up the whole hotel. Police, bombarded with calls from irate guests, ordered the group to leave. Two people were arrested, including Ben Masel, currently facing charges of assaulting a Congress-



Bus with Ford head traveled from New York, followed by a bevy of cops.

man after spitting on Scoop Jackson during the Wisconsin primary.

Another group greeted Vice President Rockefeller and threw apples at him, symbolizing "the bites taken out of the Big Apple during his tenure as governor." Ronald Reagan was also a target for raucous protests.

On nomination night, Wednesday, a counterconvention was staged. Presidential aspirant "Nobody," managed by Wavy Gravy, was touted as the answer to the country's problems. A limousine

with the guest-of-honor throne deserted was driven around Kemper Arena while inside Gerald Ford accepted the nomination. A bus with a six-foot plaster head of Gerald Ford followed.

In all, 36 people were arrested. One man was arrested for calling Anchorage, Alaska, on Ronald Reagan's campaign credit card number after it had been read, along with others, during an open-mike forum. Other busts were for drinking, disorderliness, resisting arrest and driving over lawns.

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Chris Little
Tom Watkins, the man who organized Sleaze, in his Rondo Hatten T-shirt with the Delaware state bird

THE PERVERSE DEMOCRACY OF AMERICAN SLEAZE

By Glenn O'Brien

Once upon a time the word "sleaze" meant fabric which was not tightly woven. Costumes made from the fabric that was not tightly woven were therefore sleazy. Back when what one wore was the product of either one's own skill or wealth, sleazy attire was the mark of low, mean miscreants whose sloppy weaving was the result of gin addiction, tertiary syphilis or idiocy. But words change meanings, and today sleazy is infrequently applied to criticism of haberdashery alone—having become a major qualitative category applicable to all matters of taste, esthetics and value. Today we have not only an adjective, sleazy, but a noun as well, sleaze, and such variant, if not mutant forms, as sleazoid, sleazola and sleazorama.

It does not take a structuralist analyst to observe from this syntactic trend that the language is producing more and more symbols of qualitative decline and few if any new symbols of beauty or excellence in design or craft. One by-product of this trend has been the "so-bad-it's-good" esthetic, which seeks pearls among the swine. This sensibility was brilliantly, if unfortunately, defined as camp by Susan Sontag in her film *Death Kit*. The term kusch was already in use, but only by an elite of northeastern liberal Jews.

The ascendance of sleaze into one of the major esthetics of the twentieth century can be directly attributed to the decline of nearly everything else. Indeed, our world has become so specialized that few can agree on what is beautiful or in good taste; therefore, the principal rallying points of cultural activities have become those quantities of unquestionably bad taste and ugliness. The more unusual and exquisite the atrocity, the more valuable it becomes. Thus we have developed the esthetic of sleaze, mutant son of camp, wherein es-

thetes find extreme solace in their superiority and their keen powers of observation of how elaborately awful things can be.

Sleaze is also perversely democratic, for it elevates the creations of and for the masses (bars with built-in light shows, 3-D Last Supper paintings, vans with waterbeds) to the level of self-consciousness ordinarily reserved for the creations of and for the elite.

Sleaze was in fact becoming a movement, an amalgamation of all the best of the worst cults which grew out of Sixties' camp life. Beer can collectors had begun to organize. "Fredricks of Hollywood" catalogs began to replace Skira art books on cocktail tables across America.

So it had to happen that sleaze would get organized. Sort of. The world's first annual Sleaze Convention (Sleaze Con hereafter) was held in Wilmington, Delaware, from September 3 to 5. Widely heralded in such sleazy publications as the *Village Voice*, it was announced that thousands of sleazoids would descend upon Wilmington, sleaze capital of America, for a weekend of serious sleaziness: a gallery show featuring thousands of sleaze artifacts; a sleaze film festival featuring the worst of Hollywood plus John Water's exercise in bad taste, *Pink Flamingos*; sleazy guests, including *Pink Flamingos*' star, Edith Massey, and as special guests, the staff of *Punk* magazine, a group not known for good deportment.

The Sleaze Con came off just as expected—except that instead of thousands descending on Wilmington, dozens descended on Wilmington, or you might say, Wilmington descended on dozens. This might have ruined an ordinary media event, but not the Sleaze Con. The fact that practically the only conventioners in attendance were on expense ac-

count from the *Village Voice*, New York, *Playboy*, *Oui*, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and *High Times*, made the convention even sleazier and more amusing. Rather than wasting their time writing down the witless jibes of the general public, writers were finally free to engage in beer-throwing contests, flash-bowling betting, kung fu matches and their Jerry Lewis imitations. That typical irritant, the general public, was only a rumor. To their delight, the journalists discovered that the announced "surprise guests" were in fact themselves, writers so sleazy they will cover anything to get out of town and drink free.

Still the Sleaze Con provided an amusing backdrop for their shenanigans. The gallery display featured a simulated porno parlor, back issues of such magazines as *American Legion*, sleazy groceries, political propaganda, postcards, souvenirs, pet artifacts, Connie Francis records and generally the worst of everything. There were also sales booths representing *Punk* magazine and Edith Massey's Baltimore thrift shop, *The Shopping Bag*. The film selections were classics—although most of the sleaze beat writers in attendance had already seen Zsa Zsa Gabor's *Queen of Outer Space* dozens of times. Still, the homage to Rondo Hatten, a giant with a horrible glandular disorder who played the monster in such films as *Creeper*, was a stroke of genius.

The organizers of this atrocious exhibition, Tom Watkins and Bill Lynch, are native Wilmingtonians. These gentlemen are the proprietors of the Fifth Street Gallery in the heart of Wilmington, where the Sleaze Con was headquartered. They also publish a magazine, *Sleaze Digest*, which made its debut at the convention and features interviews with *Pink Flamingos*' star Edith Massey (the egg lady), a critical study of the



New Line Cinema
Sleaze queen Edith Massey, who played the egg lady in *Pink Flamingos*, models one of her many elegant ensembles during a recent screening of the film. Massey is currently headlining her own revue, offering impersonations of Peggy Lee, Judy Garland and Connie Francis

films of Rondo Hatten, a TV review on "off-brand religions," sleaze news and sleazy comics. When we met Mr. Watkins, a toothpick was protruding from his lips at a rakish angle, and over his finely tailored trousers he was wearing a Chiquita Banana T-shirt. This seemed to be a rather common camp choice, until we discovered that the Sleaze Con had actually been funded by the settlement of a lawsuit against Chiquita Bananas by Mr. Watkins, who was severely injured by tons of the long fruit in an automobile accident. Now that's sleaze!

The real stars of the Sleaze Con, though, were the staffers of New York's cartoon rock-and-roll magazine, *Punk*, who were the event's special guests. John Holmstrom, the editor, and Legs McNeil, resident punk, were appalled when they entered the official Sleaze Con bar, Wilmington's Renaissance Cafe, only to find that it was a gay bar—and there they were in their leather jackets. The only solution was to get drunk by ordering six drafts (only 30 cents) at a time, stacking the mugs and then attempting to drink most of the beer. After several dozen beers Legs McNeil's horror at the perversion around him had subsided somewhat, and he was able to address the bartender—6'2" and solid in his sequined evening gown, blonde wig and false eyelashes—as "hey, good lookin'." Later McNeil nearly wrecked the Renaissance in a kung fu fight with New York magazine writer Mark Jacobsen. But so honored was Wilmington by the arrival of New York's finest sleaze beat reporters that all was forgiven—so much so that the official greeter of the sleaze convention, a salty septuagenarian named Dry Goods Mary, offered to give all the reporters blowjobs in the Renaissance men's room, even if they were straight.

HIGH CRIMES

Narc Nabbed in Vermont While Ark. Narcs Net Four Tons

A former Vermont undercover narcotics agent has been sentenced to up to ten years following a conviction on charges that he fabricated drug purchases in order to make arrests. Paul Lawrence, 31, made over 100 drug arrests in less than a year in the tiny town of St. Albans, Vermont, before citizens and officials began questioning the crime wave. Lawrence claimed to buy heroin, coke, LSD, marijuana and speed when in fact he made no purchases at all. The drugs he supposedly found, stored in his apartment "for safekeeping," were never recovered. Neither was the \$12,500 he was given to buy drugs.

Lawrence was arrested after being set up himself by a Brooklyn undercover agent posing as a heroin dealer. Lawrence drove by the agent who was sitting on a park bench and returned to his office claiming he had scored heroin. He was arrested the next day. The prosecutor cited "a mentally sound kid who now has a history of two years in and out of mental hospitals, two or three cases of broken marriages, and a girl thrown out by her family," during the trial.

• Two Arkansas game wardens were recently suspended without pay pending investigation that they may have been involved in growing four tons of marijuana seized by agents on a remote island near West Memphis. One of the suspects, Robert Orr, 24, denied reports that the crops had been cultivated by tractors. The other, Garland Stokes, said the wildlife preserve they were charged with protecting was seldom visited by suspicious persons. "I chased two men all over the place the other night," he said, "but they turned out to be narcotics agents. I was running through the marijuana then, but I didn't know what it was. I had never seen it before and I know for sure I've never smoked it."

• A Vietnam war veteran who smoked pot "because of the public's attitude toward Vietnam veterans" has been sentenced to 53 years and fined \$53,000 for selling three pounds of marijuana and 200 tablets of white cross speed. The Conway, Arkansas, jury deliberated one hour before sentencing the man, who was working as a carpenter, to the consecutive terms. John Williams, 27, said he "was not really surprised" at the sentence. Prosecutor Tom Donovan called Williams "the biggest dope dealer in the county."

• The son of the chairman of the President Ford Committee in Arizona has been arrested for possession of 1,500 pounds of Thai

sticks. Arthur Kruglick, 22, of Scottsdale, is the son of Burton Kruglick, former finance chairman for the Republican State Committee as well as current state chairman of the Ford Committee. Police spotted a truck late one night and, upon searching it, found it loaded with pot. The truck was seen pulling out of the garage of a convicted marijuana smuggler.

• Five hundred pounds of Thai sticks were seized by British Columbia police recently. The elephant weed was smuggled into Vancouver by ocean freighter from Bangkok, Thailand.

• A 32-year-old Tucson resident running for sheriff on a platform



A DEA Bell helicopter takes off for points unknown from its base in Tegucigalpa, Honduras. Photo was taken by a passing High Times staffer equipped only with a Polaroid SX-70.

that "Pima County deputies spend far too much time prosecuting pot offenders" was a victim of his own fears when he was indicted and arrested on 14 counts of marijuana smuggling. The grand jury charged Reynaldo Reynolds and 13 others with running up to eight tons of pot a month across the border. Opined Reynolds, "This ain't doing nothing to my campaign for sheriff."

• A Tewksbury, Massachusetts, man prophesied that he would be arrested by police and immediately was. Leonard C. Hall, 21, approached a parked police cruiser one afternoon in front of the Town Hall and said to patrolman Walter Jop, Jr., "You're possibly going to arrest me." When Jop asked why, the young man threw a bag of marijuana at the officer. He was arrested and arraigned on charges of possession of marijuana.

• Kentucky troopers logged their biggest home-grown haul in the history of the state with the bust of a two-acre plot that yielded a ton of the illegal green vegetable. Farmer Jimmy Trainer, Jr., 37, was charged with possession of an illegal substance after Sheriff Bill Fraser, acting on a tip-off, staked out his property. Trainer almost had the crop in, according to the fuzz. It had all been cut and was in various stages of processing. Officials burned some of the pot, and sprayed with diesel fuel.

• The confessions of a drug agent provocateur have created havoc in the bobby ranks of stodgy old London. The informant, Cornelius Buckley, told an Old Bailey judge that he had lured defendants into crimes the judge later agreed would otherwise not have been committed, and that he was receiving kickbacks in the form of drugs for resale after busts and sharing proceeds with the cops.

The corrupt tale came out in the midst of the trial of Rafi Ameer and David Lucas for sale of marijuana. Buckley, working for the

cops to beat a credit-card fraud rap, chummed around with Ameer after meeting him in a park. After pleading with Ameer for weeks to sell some pot to "some nightclub owners down from the Midlands," Buckley convinced his reluctant friend, who scored 50 pounds of Lebanese marijuana from Lucas. During the deal the "nightclub owners" produced badges, and Buckley disappeared into the bathroom and out a door.

Ameer became suspicious the next day when he was charged with only 37 pounds of dope instead of the 50 with which he had been arrested. This point was not even considered when Ameer and Lucas raised it during the trial. The judge was also unimpressed with their pleas that they had been entrapped.

Ameer and Lucas contacted a reporter for the London Sunday Times and told him of their plight. At first the Times editors ignored the story, but when it became apparent that Buckley would not be called to the witness stand to answer the charges, they decided to interview him. At first Buckley demurred but then agreed to the interview. He said he had received part of the seized marijuana, had sold two pounds and lost the rest when a derelict house in which he stored it was torn down. The defense counsel, learning this, called Buckley to the stand, and finally the story came out.

Although the judge freed Ameer and Lucas, he did not find the police's actions reprehensible. In a judgment that made it clear he rejected any notion of police guilt and that "left the entire Bar Association agog with the implications of the judgment," Judge Bernard Gillis said, "The use of an informant is often a necessary weapon."

• A plane filled with pot was shot down in Fort Charlotte, Florida, by an irate World War II veteran. The veteran, whose name was

withheld by authorities, was driving on a remote stretch of road when a plane swooped over, narrowly missing his vehicle. The plane landed, and when the man went to complain, the two men on the plane opened fire. The veteran fired four blasts of buckshot back, one of them apparently striking a vital mechanism. The plane attempted to take off but crashed a few hundred yards away. Authorities searched the empty plane and said it carries over 500 pounds of pot and 30 pounds of hash.

• Another Florida pilot with sour luck was Richard Hagar Silkey, 32, of Orlando. Forced to make an emergency landing on U.S. 27, Silkey abandoned his plane and fled into the woods. Sheriff Frank

Cline and three deputies hurried to the scene and found 1,400 pounds of smoke in the fuselage. Cailing in bloodhounds, the law soon tracked Silkey down and arrested him for smuggling. The plane, a Beechcraft 18, is considered one of the best available because of its relatively low purchase price and its ability to land and take off in short distances. Sheriff Cline said planes such as the Beechcraft 18 can "land in a field, unload in five minutes, refuel and be off again. There are many available for around \$100,000, the cost of which can be made up on one load even if you are forced to ditch the airplane."

• Attorneys for eight men busted

(continued on page 136)

Lawrence Gets Ten Years



Arthur Grace

Notorious New England narc Paul Lawrence has been sentenced to ten years in prison for framing at least 106 persons on drug charges. Governor Thomas Salmon, who started the investigation into Lawrence's illegal activities, dubbed the situation a "sad day for law enforcement" and intends to issue pardons to anyone convicted on Lawrence's word alone.

A special prosecutor appointed by the governor's office is convinced that most of the marijuana, LSD, heroin and a variety of other substances used in Lawrence's frame-ups came from the New York State Police Crime Laboratory, where he maintained close ties.

Lawrence was discharged from the army shortly after basic train-

ing for "character and behavior disorders." He resigned as chief of police in Vergennes, Vermont, in 1971 and was brought to St. Albans by police chief George Hebert to clean out what locals termed "an influx of New York radicals." Lawrence was hired for \$8,000 by the City Council as an undercover narcotics investigator. One year later he was paid \$4,000 by the Missiquoi Valley Union High School Board to function as an undercover narc in the nearby town of Swanton.

Lawrence, now in the Vermont State Prison Farm near Windsor, maintains that he is innocent. But the five indictments issued against him by the state tell a different story, of terror and corruption

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HIGH CRIMES

(continued from page 135)

last spring for intent to deliver more than nine tons of pot are claiming that the prosecution used information obtained through illegal surveillance. A Cincinnati raid that preceded the bust of a shrimp trawler in Mississippi precipitated by electronic surveillance, according to the defense, rather than the "confidential informer" source claimed by Drug Enforcement Agency officials. Acting on information from the raid, federal agents seized 18,790 pounds of Colombian gold last May. If the prosecution cannot produce their "confidential informer," the eight men stand a good chance of getting off.

• Preacher George, a self-styled savior of youth from the ravages of drugs, recently got a dose himself. George, who walks the streets of Phoenix, Arizona, trying to encourage stoned souls to repent their hedonistic ways, recently took to the floor to denounce the proliferation of drugs in Phoenix. The "representative of God," as he calls himself, had gone to the local Jack in the Box the night before, and someone had loaded his hot apple pie with dope. "I barely

survived the overdose," he said. • Hawaii has been harassed by drug agents seeking to curb its rising notoriety as home of the most powerful pot that can be grown in the United States. In a series of spectacular raids using helicopters, dogs, jeeps and plenty of firepower, DEA and local police have seized over six tons of the powerful weed in the last few months. One field on Big Island was boobytrapped with TNT hooked up to a fishing line. No arrests were made.

Police chief Guy Paul, Big Island, estimates there is still nearly 90,000 pounds under cultivation growing in isolated spots on the island. "The words Kona Gold and Puna Gold are not exaggerations," Paul said. "Real gold is only selling for \$104 an ounce these days."

• The second-ranking police officer in the Detroit Police Department is under investigation by DEA officials for possible involvement in narcotics kickbacks. Frank A. Blount, deputy executive chief of the police department, was the only name mentioned in reports of the highly secret investigation that may touch off the biggest scandal in years in Motown. Theodore L. Vernier, regional DEA director,



Arizona detective Jerry Murphy and Pueblo police sergeant John Kancija examine a portion of the 90 pounds of marijuana they busted outside Pueblo. Two unidentified Puebloans have been arrested on felony charges in connection with the haul, which came to Arizona from a field in Kansas.

refused to comment on published reports but said he "is in consultation with the United States Attorney."

• Cops in Madison, Florida, are embarrassed over the theft of between 300 and 850 pounds of marijuana from a trailer behind the jailhouse. The story broke months after the pot was stolen, leading some skeptics to claim that the police stole it themselves. "I'm not trying to cover up anything," explained County Sheriff Joe C.

Peavy. "We don't want anything to blow out of proportion." A dispatcher and a jailer were on duty at the time of the theft and a watchdog was in the trailer adjoining the jail where the marijuana was being held. Sheriff Peavy blamed an election foe in the upcoming primary for trying to use the incidents to gain votes. Investigators said they were checking the possibility that someone from the sheriff's office might have been involved.

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FEMME FATALE

Three stockholders of Ms. Magazine are no longer bathing in court over stock fraud ... now they're quarreling about how the case happened to come to an end. Gloria Steinem and Pat Carbine, who together hold the major portion of the magazine's stock, say the case was "thrown out of court" because of Harris's "repeated disobedience of the Judge's order directing her to appear and answer questions under oath." Harris says she didn't show up because she didn't have to; she had dropped the case. Harris charged that Steinem and Carbine had shortchanged her when they

bought back her stock in 1972 without telling her about a \$1 million investment by Warner Communications. Harris was asking \$17 million including punitive damages. Now Ms. is suing Harris for libel to the tune of \$287 thousand. But what *nobody* is asking is how come Warner put up virtually all the capital for the magazine in exchange for only 25 percent of the stock? Some men have no head for business.

No longer content merely to outlive men, women are now beginning to outnumber them from birth. Italian geneticist Carlo Sir-

toni says he has found that in areas with high air pollution levels there are 150 girls born for every 100 boys. Until now, the average has been 105 boys to 100 girls. Sirtoni explains that the Y chromosome necessary for male offspring is more vulnerable to environmental influences than is the female X chromosome. The Y sperm, therefore, are dying off in industrial areas and large cities.

In Britain they're making another version of the giant-gorilla flick, this time exploiting the Women's Movement. The beast is known as Queen Kong, the first liberated lady gorilla, 64 feet tall, accompanied by 40 exotic jungle girls all bent on reducing the city of London to rubble.

The novel presence of female cadets at the Colorado Springs Air Force Academy has inspired some new regulations on the base—such as the rule permitting Air Force cadets to carry purses "but not when they're marching."

New York feminists are taking the expression "dressed to kill" literally these days, what with a martial arts group staging a fashion show. The purpose of the event was to show how the well-dressed

woman can arm herself without risking a concealed weapons charge. Purses, boots, tuxedo pockets, jacket sleeves and hats were demonstrated as hiding places for such legal "weapons" as a linoleum knife, scissors, an ice pick, spray oven cleaner, fishing sinkers (for a swift clunk on assailant's head) and sharp keys.

A placard spotted at a recent lesbian rights rally at the Ohio State House: "I won't hassle your daughter. I am your daughter!"

An observer at a training session for Playboy Bunnies in Chicago noticed that "toward the end of the day's training session, as the Bunnies marched round and round with their heavy trays held high, swaying on their three-inch heels, they spontaneously began to whistle the theme song from the film, *Bridge on the River Kwai*, which was about Allied prisoners of war during World War II."

An unidentified physician told a congressional panel investigating FDA standards for medical devices on the market, "I could take a paper clip and fashion it into an intrauterine device [IUD]. I could begin inserting it into women without even informing them that

MUCHO MACHO

Looks like Burt Reynolds may be continuing his MAN fame, this time in the title role of the up-and-coming five million dollar film production of *Superman*.

Sol Harrison, president of D.C. Comics and publisher of "Superman," says he wants Reynolds to join with Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman, who have already signed up for the *Superman* cast.

The "Man of Steel" movie will focus on the human side of Clark Kent, who is going through the dilemma: "Should I give up the Superman bit, settle down and live like the rest of these humans?"

Brando, incidentally, plays the part of Superman's father, Jor-el, on the planet Krypton; Hackman plays Superman's arch rival, Luthor.

Captain Crunch, né John Draper, grand patron of the phone freak underground, was sentenced in San Francisco to six months in the pokey for ripping off Ma Bell. The Captain, so dubbed after he publicized the fact that toy whistles found in Captain Crunch cereal boxes could be used to outwit telephone computer switching systems, was unrepentant about his latest bust by arch foe phone dicks. According to highly reliable sources, Crunch will soon announce a method to tap into the federal government's Autovon telephonic file banks, enabling citizens to check their own tax, credit, arrest and surveillance records.

Andy Warhol was on hand for Capricorn Records fifth annual



Warhol at Capricorn Records shindig.

barbecue in Macon, Georgia, a Southern rock glitter affair at Capricorn president Phil Walden's palatial lakeside retreat. Looking oddly out of place, the art guru posed for pix with rockers and peanuts. (The Peanuts were prop hands for Jimmy Carter, who was there to eat barbecue chicken and answer questions about the campaign, among other reasons.) As Warhol was leaving he was besieged by longhaired rubberneckers and one gaped, "I can't believe it. It's really Andy Warhol," which received the startled response, "Why, uh, yes... it is." The cat had not quite such a grip on Andy's tongue earlier in the summer, across the Atlantic in London. At Buckingham Palace to get Princess Anne's permission

for her countenance to appear in his portrait collection, Andy was rebuffed by royal officials, who told him, "We have dozens of artists from all over the world who want to photograph and do portraits of Princess Anne." Said Warhol, "I didn't know there were dozens of artists in the world."

The next time someone asks, "Is he..." about Elton John, you can safely answer, "He is." For while on his recent tour in New York, the famed singer was never two steps from his friend, lover and manager John Reed. John looked dashing in his shiny blue baseball jacket which had EJ's name blazed across the back in bold white letters. Does that mean they're going steady?

Steady or not, the little superman did manage to get around NYC and could be found in such out-of-the-way places as lower Broadway's Unique Clothing Warehouse, where one of our HighWitness reporters managed to slip him an Eat The Rich T-Shirt. Elton donned the shirt for onlookers but made sure to take it off before the millionaire became a study in irony for the photographers waiting outside.

Well, the boys in the band are all American and all man. For dyno-rock himself—Bruce Spring-

Michael Chace

it was an experimental and untested IUD, and I would not even have to inform the FDA."

But don't worry, because if Right-to-Lifers succeed in passing a fetus-rights amendment to the U.S. Constitution, the use of IUDs will be banned altogether since it would be the equivalent of premeditated murder.

A source at a major women's service magazine who shall go by the name of "Slick Throat" met me in a parking garage to tell me about a recent office incident. It seems that in a disagreement about a manuscript, the editor-in-chief first attempted to strangle the executive editor in an attack from behind, and then punched her in the left breast and kicked her. Both women are still employed at the publication, but the executive editor is afraid to go back to her office. What was the disputed story about? Women in Sports.

According to our secret sources, the Rolling Stones canceled their U.S. concert tour due to "poor sales" of their album *Black and Blue*. The group claiming credit for these developments is Women Against Violence Against Women, a Los Angeles coalition. WAVAW organized a successful

boycott of the album and its distributors, Atlantic Records, because the promotion for the record depicted a bruised woman saying "I'm Black and Blue from the Rolling Stones—and I love it." A delegation met with Atlantic to demand the removal of a billboard bearing the offending advertisement, but the organization says it doesn't know who spraypainted the sign with the words "This Is a Crime Against Women." The billboard came down by six o'clock the following morning. Apparently, violence against violence against women works.

The State Sport Committee of the Soviet Union has banned women's soccer on the grounds that the sport "damages female organs" and "provokes unwholesome excitement." The committee members did not attempt to document any instance of a female player hitting the ball with her clitoris.

Men swimming at Cornell University are instructed *not* to wear suits because of accumulated lint in the filter system, but when a group of Cornell women chose to swim nude during a regular Friday night swimming period, complaints were filed against them by

the school's safety division. The issue became a major topic of discussion at the next trustee meeting, but was not picked up by any major news service. The news is, of course, that women can absorb lint.

We are told by an advocate of patriarchy that one cup of frozen sperm contains enough genetic information to carry evolution at least as far into the future as it has been in the past, which is probably why a group of pro-life fanatics in New York has organized against male masturbation. Calling itself "Celebrate Sperm," the group recently mailed this columnist a leaflet bearing an enlarged photograph of a dead sperm above the caption "Never again to laugh or love!" The leaflet urged me to "Just think of all the killing that goes on in men's rooms!" and advocated granting sperm a whole range of Constitutional rights including the rights of freedom of speech, freedom of assembly and the right to bear arms, if necessary. The official pro-life organization denies any connection with the anti-masturbationists, but a press aide at Right to Life headquarters speculated that "Celebrate Sperm is probably a front for pro-abortion feminists looking for revenge."

In the campaign for the vice-presidency, the grand prize for political gymnastics goes to Bob Dole of Kansas for his handling of women's issues. When a crowd of Equal Rights Amendment opponents cheered one of his speeches, he confessed, "Well, I did vote for the ERA when it came before Congress." After a slight pause, he added, "But we all make mistakes."

The also-ran in this category is Maureen Reagan, daughter of Ronald Reagan. During the primaries, she managed to be pro-ERA, anti-abortion, pro-horror daddy for President, and a member of NOW.

And what's the world coming to when I open my copy of *Modern Romances* only to find an editorial on the Equal Rights Amendment? Missing their big chance to expose the "truth about unisex toilets" or to exploit the fanciful circumstances of women in the foxholes or homosexuals in the Poconos, the editors presented a serious political discussion any 12-year-old could understand. Is there no escape? What next? A l-o-n-g TV soap-opera plot about the ratification campaigns in the necessary 38 states?

steen—challenged the team of Crosby and Nash to a lopsided game of softball in New Jersey.

C & N and team, all sporting red shirts that shouted "Hoover" in white letters, were no match for the Asbury boys, who have been playing street games together for a long time. When inquired about the name Hoover, roadie David said, "It's not for the ex-president, and it's not the dam, but what do vacuum cleaners do?" Snort.

Pie Times: Yippie sharpshooter Aron Kay recently caught up with former United Nations Ambassador Patrick Moynihan after tracking him for three weeks and hit him in the face with a pie.

Moynihan almost met his fate a week earlier at the Staten Island Ferry, but suspicious aides changed his boarding plans at the last minute and the pie-kill mission was scratched. His downfall came when, with typical Moynihan intemperance, he invaded New York's lower East Side—Yippie turf for ten years—on a campaign walk. Kay approached him at a corner and let him have it.

"It was easy as pie," Kay crowed afterward. "I did it to protest Moynihan's imperialism, reactionary, Nixonoid politics."

Moynihan was not amused. "The city would be a better place

without people like that," he asayed. "They're just nihilists."

Jimmy Carter was asked how his wife stays so young-looking. "It's no secret," he replied. "Marry young and marry a man who'll take care of you."

An interesting story emerges out of that Capricorn Record party from Dickie Betts, Allman Brothers Band lead guitarist until the band broke up owing to Gregg Allman's prosecutorial testimony leading to former road manager John Herring's 75-year sentence for selling coke to Allman. Seems some people believe Allman did it for spouse Cher, a drug teetotaler. Either confess, repent, and reform—or hit the road, Jack—were the choice of horns on Gregg's dilemma. He chose the former and may have ruined his career. That's show biz.

Longhaired entertainer Shawn Phillips met a nasty Delilah recently while working on his outboard in Italy. The singer, who has (had) waist-length hair (you remember his famous long straight hair on black cape back album cover), was working on the boat, and his streaming locks got caught in the spinning propeller of the shaft. Much of his hair was ripped out by the roots.

Phillips, who went into shock from the pain, spent a week recuperating in a nearby hospital, reading the *Life and Death of Isadora Duncan*.

Mucho hombre of the month goes to police officer Patrick Bade of Flint, Michigan. Bade testified in the trial of Flint policewoman Madeline Fletcher, who was in-

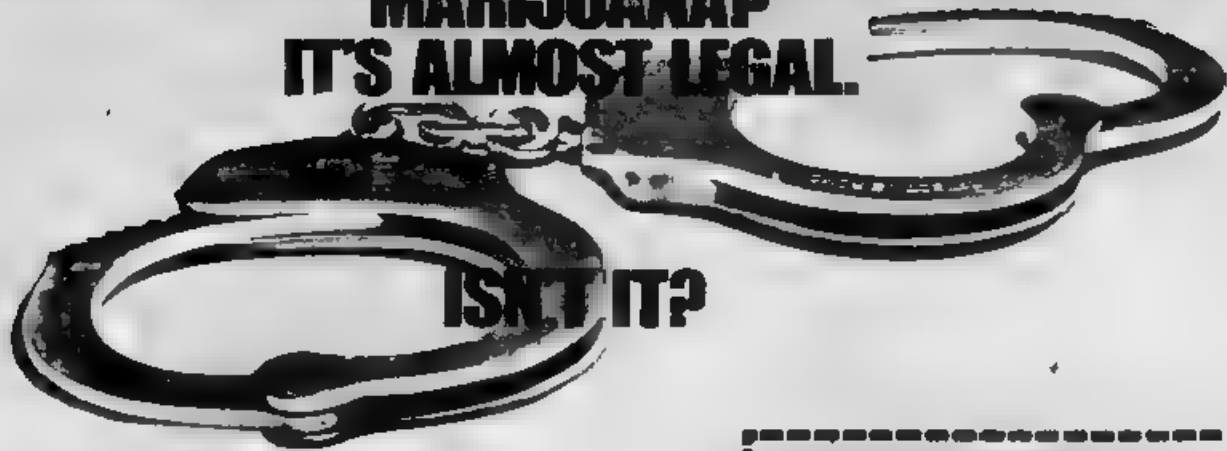
involved in a shootout with her partner Walter Kaiberir in a dispute over who would drive the patrol car. Bade testified against her, declaring that he does not like women in the patrol function because they have confessed to him that they were "afraid on some calls." Bade himself, he noted, "in 11 years on the police force had never been afraid on a call."

All Quiet on the Western Front



General Alexander Haig, supreme allied commander in Europe, chats with Dutch soldier during NATO's autumn maneuvers near Hoya, West Germany. Observers were unable to discover whether the four-star general was receiving a tactical assessment of the situation or inquiring as to the whereabouts of his foot.

MARIJUANA? IT'S ALMOST LEGAL.



No. Nothing is ever "almost legal." Especially marijuana. Last year alone 420,000 people were arrested for marijuana offenses. Of those, 90% were for simple possession.

But now a growing number of Americans are thinking seriously about changing the present marijuana laws. In fact, some laws have already been changed. The state of Oregon has successfully de-criminalized the personal use of marijuana. The American Bar Association, The National Council of Churches, Consumers' Union and The National Education Association have urged other states to do the same. An inevitable chain of events has begun. Become part of that change. Help us help you.

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GRAHAM'S FILLMORE EAST GOES TO BUMS

The Fillmore East, once the quintessential rock capitol of the East Coast, has recently accommodated an audience of quite a different sort: Bowery bums. Unlike its peers—Radio City Music Hall, Carnegie Hall, Madison Square Garden—the rock showplace deteriorated with the speed of a meth head. Paris pirates set upon it shortly after its glittery finale in June 1971. A year later a grocery chain attempted to purchase it but

the deal fell through. A short-lived attempt to revive it as "The New Fillmore East" also failed. Fire destroyed much of the front and living quarters in 1974.

Scorched debris still littered the entrance when the first of many Bowery transients tore down the plywood seal early this summer. Curling up in the padded seats, hunched up shooting dice in the wings, defecating through a hole in the stage floor, drinking wine and joking in Bill Graham's old office, the bums happily ensconced themselves.

Mickey Hart, drummer for the Grateful Dead, looked back philosophically on the Fillmore's strange evolution.

"We had some of our most gigantic sets there. It was great, very different than most other places. We really got off good because it was a small place and when you get small you can get intimate and you can bring it right down to the end of your stick and you can bring it right down to the end of your pick. I heard about the bums. Yeah, well, that's great. The bums need a place. I can't think of a better end, you know, like the place has to be recycled somehow. If there isn't music there might as well be bums."

The owners of the building decided against both toward the end of the summer. The entrance has been sealed with concrete blocks.



Graham at closing, June 1971

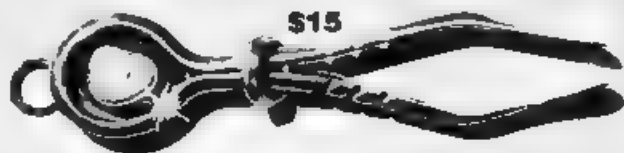


Bums move in, give Fillmore a lived-in look.



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COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

Top Mexican Flake Man Busted

Mexican narcotics agent arrested Jorge Favela Escobosa, 59, believed to be the country's most important cocaine importer. Escobosa was arrested late last August in a suburb of Mexico City where he was allegedly holding 35 pounds of cocaine destined for Chicago. Three days after Escobosa's arrest, five of his accomplices were captured in other parts of Mexico. Mexican authorities refused to reveal any details on the bust other than to say that Escobosa was in the process of closing a \$1.6 million cocaine deal when captured.

• Foster City, California narcs allegedly seized four pounds of cocaine and arrested five importers in the parking lot of a local restaurant in what investigators are calling "the largest buyer-initiated arrest in West Coast history." The cocaine and \$5,000 in cash were allegedly discovered in a blue steamer trunk locked in the luggage compartment of an automobile. Arrested while negotiating the sale of the alleged cocaine were Deborah Sears, 26, of Santa Cruz; Jeffrey Wardley, 23, of Foster City; Bruce Baker, 30, of Melno Park; John Bryan, 33, of San Luis Obispo; and Ronald O'Donnell, 41, of Santa Cruz.

• A 31-year-old California dentist was indicted by a federal grand jury last August for allegedly dispensing cocaine crystals, once used in dental practice but now considered professionally obsolete. The 16-count indictment named Dr. Richard Lynn with dispensing a controlled substance, writing unauthorized prescriptions and failure to keep records. The Alpine dentist was also accused of distributing morphine sulphate, dilaudid, escatrol and obatrol.

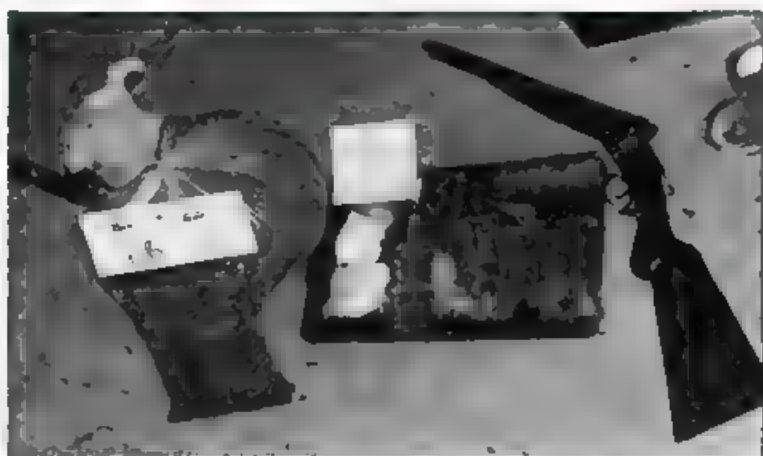
• Evidence taken from blood and urine tests of actress Claudine Longet after she allegedly gunned down lover Vladimir "Spider" Sabich show that she had taken cocaine. Denver doctor Larry Kier said that he detected both pure and metabolized cocaine and that Longet "could have taken the drug at any time during the 24 hours before the shooting."

• Undercover D-men, posing as possible cocaine buyers, arrested five persons in a Scottsdale, Arizona, motel room after one-half pound of Bolivian cocaine was allegedly delivered to them by 26-year-old Claude Dennis Wallace. Also arrested were construction worker David Ross Barrett, 31, of Phoenix, welder Troy Lee May, no age given, also of Phoenix; rancher Roby Charles Anderson,

24, of Eureka, and unemployed Floyd Patrick Williams, 22, also of Eureka. The cocaine importers claim that the half-pound was part of a larger shipment that had traveled directly from Bolivia to Kansas, and was then moved to Arizona.

• Two cruise ship passengers aboard the liner D'Italia were arrested at Port Everglades, Florida, with six pounds of alleged cocaine. According to Customs inspectors, the alleged cocaine cache was discovered hidden in two handbags, in two thermal containers and in four packets taped to the body of 27-year-old Donna Somerset of Oakland, California. Also arrested was 29-year-old Canadian Barry Zimmerman.

• DEA agents in Tucson, Arizona, seized 15 pounds of cocaine and arrested three men at the Avra Valley Airport last July. Arrested and charged with possession and intent to sell narcotics were Isaac M. Gonzalez, 31, his brother Martin, 37, and Miguel Salazar, 23. The narcs said they were waiting at the airport when the night plane arrived after they had learned that a shipment was being smuggled. Pilot Isaac Gonzalez was arrested as soon as the plane's engines were shut off. The other two were arrested when



Tulsa, Oklahoma, narcs discovered three ounces of cocaine in the tumbler of a washing machine. Also confiscated during the search in a Tulsa suburban home were three pounds of marijuana and a sawed-off shotgun.

they arrived a few minutes later. The narcs were aware of the incoming plane as it was tracked crossing the Mexican border by radar. The Avra Valley Airport cocaine cache is historic in that it is the first known time that cocaine has been captured being smuggled in by air from Mexico in a plane usually used for grass-hopping.

• Forty-eight-year-old Italian Pietro Tirasso has been sentenced to five years in prison for failure to appear at his April cocaine trial. Tirasso, who operates plastic factories and restaurants in Cartagena, Colombia, is alleged to be the mastermind Colombian cocaine importer along with partner Tito Lombana. The pair were arrested in New York City in November 1975 on an indictment returned accusing them of attempting to smuggle 44 pounds of cocaine into the U.S. The duo were later brought to Phoenix to face trial on the indictment because Arizona was believed to be the hub of the importing operation, according to the U.S. Attorney's Office. Two weeks before their scheduled trial Tirasso and Lombana were released from jail because they had not been brought to trial within 90 days of their arrest. A condition of their release was that they not leave Phoenix, but Tirasso bolted and was arrested by the U.S. Border Patrol a month later in Lewistown, New York, while attempting to leave for Genoa, Italy, via Canada.

• A pregnant 24-year-old woman from Miami was seized at Kennedy International Airport by Customs inspectors after they allegedly discovered 14 pounds of cocaine taped to her bra and girdle. The woman, Rota Inez Herron, was arrested after arriving on a KLM flight that originated in Medellin, Colombia, and stopped in Curacao, Netherlands Antilles. A body search allegedly revealed that the cocaine was enclosed in

three plastic bags. Herron, a registered nurse who is six-months pregnant, was questioned by the DEA and later released by a U.S. magistrate so that she could visit her physician in Miami.

• The so-called Alaska Drug Team arrested five persons in Fairbanks last autumn for alleged possession of an undisclosed amount of cocaine. José Ross, 39, Deirdre Taylor, 21, Louis Gonzales, 36, and Shelly Gunnerud, 26, all of Fairbanks, were each charged with two counts of sale of narcotics. Sixty-two-year-old Tommy Taylor of Anchorage was charged with dispensing a narcotic.

• Four ounces of Peruvian rock cocaine was allegedly seized by the forces of Arizona D-man Philip Jordan, special agent in charge of the Phoenix DEA office. Jordan said a Scottsdale cop and a Casa Grande detective, both assigned to the DEA task force, posed as buyers. They had negotiated for the purchase of a pound of cocaine, but ended up with only four ounces, according to Jordan. Arrested in connection with the alleged sale were landscaper Steve Smith, 27, tree surgeon Ladd Manning and musician Thomas Sullivan (no ages given).

• An undisclosed amount of cocaine and 30,000 amphetamine tablets were seized by Tulsa, Oklahoma, narcs and DEA agents in an apartment on the outskirts of town. No names were released.

• Florida's Broward County narcs are at it again. Undercover agents allegedly netted one ounce of cocaine after setting up a sale in the parking lot of Denny's Restaurant in Hallandale. The local narcs confiscated a 1975 Oldsmobile and arrested Jerome Miller, 47, of North Miami; Anthony Linda, 27, of Hollywood; James Stewart, 29, of Coral Gables; and Joseph Eg-giss, 36, of Hallandale.

• Former Beatle and green-carded British exile John Lennon has

John Southern

been linked to a cocaine-smuggling operation in Chile headed by Rodolfo Torres Romero, who allegedly once murdered a prostitute in a brothel owned by his mother, according to the Chilean news agency EFE. Lennon, who refused to talk to *High Times* about the news agency's report, is reportedly in cahoots with the *Mafia de narcotraficantes* that controls the flow of Chilean cocaine into Las Vegas. The cocaine shipments originate in Valparaiso, Antofagasta and Alma, according to EFE. North American authorities have detained Romero's father, Coco Torres, but to no avail. The younger Romero—also known as El Golfo, the bum—is residing in the Argentine.

• Charles Joseph Salemi, 44, and James T. Messer, 26, both of Louisiana have been charged with possession of cocaine with intent to distribute. Baton Rouge narcs set up the deal that allegedly netted one ounce of coke near Choctaw.

• Albert Bazemore, Miami Customs Regional Commissioner, has ordered the often-searched banana boat *Cubahama* seized for its "repeated history of being used to smuggle cocaine into the U.S." Over 80 pounds of cocaine was discovered on board the boat in 1976. The most recent seizure occurred last autumn when 5.3 pounds were allegedly discovered in a crewman's cabin while the ship was docked in the Miami River. Prior to the Miami River bust, agents allegedly seized 19.5 pounds on board the ship that has plied the route between Turbo, Colombia, and Florida for nearly 40 years. The Customs Bureau has asked a federal court to intervene so that the *Cubahama* can be sold at auction.

• Two ounces of cocaine were allegedly confiscated by Columbia, South Carolina, narcs when they stopped a car which was being kept under surveillance. Charged with possession of cocaine with intent to distribute were Robert C. Reynolds, 29, and Catherine Smith, 25, both from Columbia.

• Three Americans pleaded guilty to charges of possessing 10,000 capsules of cocaine in Kingston, Jamaica. The men—Sam Calvin, Roymere McKinley and Daniel Ford (no age or residence given)—were arrested last summer following a police roadblock near Kingston. The pair also face charges of alleged possession of explosives and percussion caps in Jamaica, which is currently under martial law.

• What Antiguan narcs would describe only as \$10 million worth of cocaine destined for New York City was busted in St. John's after several cocaine-filled suitcases belonging to five Colombian na-

tionals were allegedly discovered in two hotels. Arrested in connection with the largest cocaine seizure in the Caribbean were Juan Toro Perez, Giraldo Restrepo, Enrique Rivas, Murillo Cortes and Manuel Rios (no ages available), all from Bogotá.

• A kilo of cocaine was allegedly found hidden in 14 long-play records found in San Juan, Costa Rica. The record had been sliced in half, spread with cocaine and put back together again. Three persons were arrested but no names were revealed.

• Two Canadians have been charged with importing four pounds of cocaine hidden away in the false bottom of a suitcase on a flight from Lima, Peru, to San Juan, Puerto Rico. David Redler, 24, and Eugene Borren, 30, were allegedly caught with the coke after deplaning at the San Juan International Airport.

• A man who was sentenced to 15 years in prison for selling an unspecified amount of cocaine intends to marry the daughter of the sheriff who busted him in Key West, Florida, last summer. Fireman Dan Blanco, 25, intends to marry 18-year-old Karen Ann Brown, daughter of Key West Sheriff Robert Brown. Blanco's arrest resulted from the DEA's "Operation Conch," which took place throughout the Florida Keys last spring.

• Customs inspectors at Miami International Airport seized 4.5 pounds of cocaine concealed in the girdles of Crystal Sanders, 21, and Paulette Walters, 27, both of Chicago. The pair were arrested after debarking a flight from Quito, Ecuador.

• A federal grand jury in Newark, New Jersey, indicted four East Coast men on charges that they sold 1.5 pounds of cocaine to a DEA undercover agent in Parsippany late last summer. The men indicted were Robert Smet, Jr., 25; James P. Schiller, Jr., 30; James B. Mistretta, 25; Joseph Merwin, 19.

• Attention paid by Customs inspectors at Los Angeles International Airport led to the arrest of two persons for allegedly importing 4 pounds of cocaine on a flight from Peru. Arrested were Bascom Bogle, Jr., 27, of Arkansas, and his companion, Gayle Gewirtzman, 26, of Montgomery, Alabama.

• The owner of a shirt store and his wife in Elizabeth, New Jersey, have been charged with possessing 3.5 pounds of cocaine. Pedro Padron, 22, operator of SHIRTS and his wife Joan, 23, were arrested at their home, where they were surprised while allegedly cutting the coke in the kitchen. Alleged records of previous cocaine transactions were later seized at the store.

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Spins His Webb over New York

Tattoo impresario Spider Webb has begun a one-man campaign to legalize tattoo parlors in New York City. Webb, outraged over the city's 1966 Health Code Act that banned his work, has been practicing his profession in Mt. Vernon, New York.

"Tattooing has always been a part of man's unique way of expressing himself. The earliest tattooed person ever discovered was a female Egyptian mummy dating back to the second millennium B.C., and African and Pacific cultures, even today, view the tattoo as a symbol of beautification," said Spider in defense of his age-old art.

Spider tested the New York City health code late last summer when he publicly tattooed an exotic bird on the shoulder of his assistant. After completing the tattoo, Spider was presented with a summons from a New York cop. "I intend to fight this," said Spider.



Spider and his assistants outside New York's Museum of Modern Art, where they publicly challenged New York City's tattoo ban with an hour-long live tattoo performance.

Carrie Bove



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JOHN WILCOCK'S

OTHER SCENES

London Diary

Friday

Sasha had promised me a party when I came to London, so tonight, only 30 hours after stepping off the plane, I find myself regaling old and new friends with details about how much more cheerful New York is these days. Britain appears even more depressing than usual—its parks all parched from the drought, the only visible greenery to be found on cricket fields. So typically English! Sasha, my only socialite acquaintance, is close enough to the Royals to have been invited to the Queen's Scottish lodge at Balmoral. Here she discovered some magic mushrooms in the adjoining woods and toyed briefly with the idea of instigating a regal turn on. Her nerve failed on that occasion, but it's possible that someday you may read about certain mysterious royal hallucinations. Most of tonight's partygoers are American. Almost all the rest would like to be, given the current state of the world, but U.S. work permits are so much scarcer these days. A Lebanese guest, Ruby, overjoyed to taste my Colombian dope, says she hasn't had a good smoke since fleeing Beirut. The English are still blending hash with tobacco, a lethal mixture that—along with the local weather—probably accounts for the dour nature of most Britons.

Saturday

Don't you just love the Fleet Street papers? One story today reports that organizers of the forthcoming National Tortoise Championship at Nottingham will have all the entrants checked out by veterinarians because some of last year's contestants were suspected of being doped—with glucose—to make them run faster. And ITV news last night introduced us to Britain's latest bootlegger: an elderly rural pharmacist who supplies hop extract and other ingredients to British laborers working on oil rigs in Saudi Arabia, where malt liquor and all alcohol is banned.

Sunday

My first date with Ruby, whom I met at Sasha's party. She lives off Baker Street, which, I note, now has a brand-new tourist attraction: the Sherlock Holmes Hotel. "An American stopped me on Baker Street the other day," Ruby confides, "and asked me what number Sherlock Holmes used to live at. I had to think for a moment or two before I remembered that he never lived at all." That hotel is bound to get most of the visitors. We walked over to nearby Marble Arch and Hyde Park to listen to the soapbox orators. They are always disappointing. Writers who romanticize them usually fail to note how boring health-food cranks, doctrinaire Marxists and flat-Earthers can be. More fun are the hecklers who keep up a witty barrage of interruptions.

Today's pop Sunday tabloids are full of such current British preoccupations as the Draconian sentences being imposed on animal smugglers who might unwittingly import rabies; the out-of-work Britons who have been picking up their unemployment checks while vacationing on the Riviera; and the unusually large swarms of harmless ladybugs that have been "stinging" picnickers in the parks. In dry weather, it seems, ladybugs secrete an acidic substance between their knees that causes a rash on human skin. "Don't let the ladybugs nip you with their knees," the news stories warn.

Monday

En route to visiting my friend Tuppy (*The Sex Maniac's Diary*) Owens, I noticed an old, corrugated iron air-raid shelter half-submerged in a suburban garden. It was obviously still being maintained with great care, in readiness for some long-delayed holocaust. Like Boy Scouts, Britons like to be prepared. Some of the lines on London's Underground are actually high above ground, offering tantalizing glimpses into people's home lives, much like the views from New York City's defunct Third Avenue El. Subways stop running at some indefinite time between 11:15 and 11:40 PM, so Londoners who have a long trip home plan accordingly. Late at night, however, the schedule goes haywire with familiar trains ending their journeys prematurely at unfamiliar stations, porters shouting "All change" and entire trainloads streaming across platforms in a kind of rolling stock musical chairs.

Tuesday

Lunch with newsman John Walker, London theater critic for the Herald Tribune. He has just returned from a weekend publicity jaunt to Budapest, where Oliver Reed and Raquel Welch are filming *The Prince and the Pauper*. "I can't get over how sycophantic American reporters are," John complains. "There was one guy who does a syndicated column from Hollywood, and when he met the stars, he all but licked their asses." Yes, I agreed, that's probably true about showbiz, but how about politics and social issues, where Fleet Street reporters hardly seem to ask questions at all?

The Observer, for which John also writes, was once one of London's best papers. It's been losing circulation and declining for years, though, largely due to its policy of trying to imitate the smarter, richer Sunday Times. It should be staking out a distinct identity of its own instead of trying to be second best. The old New York Tribune did the same vis-à-vis the Times a decade ago. And disappeared.

After lunch I attempt to telephone congratulations on his new book to Clancy Sigal, an expatriate American who's lived here so long he was the pseudonymous protagonist in Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook*, that searing manifesto of the early feminist movement. But something is wrong with the pay phone and since I can't get through, I dial the operator. "Yes sir," she says, "I'll get the number for you, but it will cost double." "But operator," I replied, "it's not my fault the phone isn't working." "Yes sir," she repeats patiently, "but when the operator dials the call it always costs double, that's the rule." As I'm about to lose my temper, I glance out of the phone booth and see a muscular Londoner going by wearing a T-shirt on which is inscribed "I Made Linda Lovelace Choke."

Wednesday

Just about the only person I know who was actually born in Greenwich Village is Weston Gavin, a writer/singer who now lives off trendy Kings Road in Chelsea. Both Wes and his English wife, Paola, are serious occultists, and when I arrive, their pad is littered with astrological ephemerides and pages from the script of his new movie, *Celt*. Written in conjunction with another ex-New Yorker, Ben Carruthers (star of an early John Cassavetes movie called *Shadows*), the new film is a melange of pyramids, Atlanteans, ley lines and the pre-Christian tribes that from about 600 B.C. onward spread from Austria across Western Europe: the Scots, Welsh, Irish, Cornish, Bretons and Gauls were all Celts, and the Druids were Celtic priests. This is all heavy stuff right now on both sides of the Atlantic, and Terence Stamp and Angela Borne, among others, are interested in the movie project. "We're all pagans these days," Wes declares. "You, me, Paola—everyone we know." It's even more than that, I suggest. Pagans, poets, pirates, outlaws, artists, anarchists, nomads and gypsies would represent about 30 percent of today's society if they all got together. "Maybe that's true," Paola adds, "but how are people like that ever going to get together?"

Thursday

On my way to pick up a one-way charter flight ticket to Athens from American expatriate Lew Spear, who always knows the cheapest way to get anywhere, I notice a five-column headline in the Daily Mirror: "Cancer Children Are Smoking Pot." It's about the experiments at Boston's Sidney Farber Cancer Institute which indicate that marijuana's THC content eliminates the nausea caused by chemotherapy treatment. In the Bag O' Nails pub near Victoria Station, I discuss the story with my friend Martin Walker, Guardian reporter, who's come to have a drink and wish me bon voyage. We both agree that the story exceeds the wildest prophecies of the underground press of the Sixties. Martin's been writing a book about Britain's far-Right, near-fascistic colonels, some of whom have been advocating the establishment of private armies to "save" Britain if the crunch comes. "It's horrendous already, and getting worse," confides Martin, who's had enough of England and would like to work in the United States.

This, I seem to recall, is where I came in, and after a final pint, we hug each other and I board the train for Garwick. "See you in New York," I say. "Bring the pubs with you."

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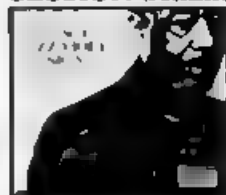
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DUKE ELLINGTON'S JAZZ VIOLIN SESSION (Atlantic SD 1688). These exquisite sessions were originally recorded in Paris in 1963, yet never released until this September. When Ellington was asked why, before he died, he lifted his eyebrows and replied, "Not everyone has your interest and good taste, baby."



Perhaps the Atlantic powers—that decided that the recent surge in appeal of jazz violinists—such as Jean-Luc Ponty and Stephane Grappelli—warranted the commercial risk of release. Grappelli, who contributes to this session, has recorded with Ponty, Chick Corea and other popular jazzists. He now has his own group, which performed recently at the Bottom Line in New York.

The violin is not generally thought of as a jazz instrument, due largely to its classical connotation and, until the last ten years or so, the lack of sufficient amplification to stand up to drums, horns, etc. On this album we hear the improvisational possibilities of the instrument, with three great fiddlers swinging and bopping hard.

To an Ellington fan, which you are likely to become in a few hours with his music, this album is a treat. If you are still unfamiliar with his genius, this is one way of introduction. The Duke produced the session, wrote the arrangements and plays inventive piano throughout. Featured tunes include Ellington standards like "Take the 'A' Train," "In a Sentimental Mood," "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" and "Cotton Tail." Among backup musicians are long-time Ellingtonians Ernie Shepard on bass (you can hear him slapping the thing and humming along), Sam Woodyard on percussion and the great Paul Gonsalves on tenor sax.

The three fiddlers are Ray Nance, Stephane Grappelli, and Swedish Svend Asmussen on the lower-pitched viola (which is even rarer as a jazz instrument). Ellington was so exacting on his fiddlers that you can hear one of them offer an exhausted "Phew!" at the end of the session.

Duke Ellington stands as one of the true musical geniuses of the twentieth century. His compositions and big-band orchestrations are every bit as fresh today as they were in the Thirties and Forties—the sound is deep, lush, head-opening and reefer-stimulated. You don't get a chance in most of America to hear it on

the radio, so it's worth putting down four bucks to tune in on a whole new world of classic American music. —David Fenton

THE BIRTH OF A LEGEND, by Bob Marley and the Wailers (Calla 2-CAS 1240). This dreaddest of bands, singing



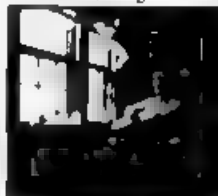
about burning and looting and rocking for apocalypse actually started out as a sort of Caribbean equivalent to Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers. Wailers buffs know this and will pay almost any price for a copy of *The Wailing Wailers*, the group's first album—the jacket of which shows Marley, Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone in crewcuts and Continental suits—and which features such cuts as "What's New Pussycat?"

But don't kid yourselves, kids. It's not just a camp. These guys were great, even then. If it hadn't been for doo-wop there never would have been hard rock—and without the smooth, soulful ska of the Wailing Wailers, the sheriff might never have been shot.

Early Wailers albums are hard to find even in the Jamaican community of Brooklyn. So for anyone who isn't expecting *Rastaman Vibration*, *The Birth of a Legend* is a real treat. A collection of 20 early Wailers recordings, some from as far back as 1964, the album is from the archives of Clement Dodd, the pioneer reggae producer behind the Studio One label. Most of the cuts were released as singles in Jamaica. Six appeared on the *Wailing Wailers* album, but some have never appeared on a record.

The early Wailers' style is ska in the tradition of Don Drummond and the Skatalites, plus a lot of R & B and soul doo-wop influence. The ska is there in the proto-reggae guitar beat and the sly tropical trombone leads. The soul is there in the smooth, sweet singing style Bob Marley and the boys picked up from Curtis Mayfield, the Impressions, the Tams and the Moonglows, and then developed with a little patois and a lot of talent. "The Ten Commandments of Love" will tell you everything you need to know about the Wailers' roots in teenage America: "Love and Affection" shows you reggae in the making. "Maga Dog" by Peter Tosh shows just how rude their roots are, too, and many of the cuts, like "Love and Affection," have amazing pop power. They could have bubbled on the Hot 100 back in '66. —Neal Barlowe

SOME DAYS ARE DIAMONDS, SOME DAYS ARE STONES, by Dick Feller (Asylum 7E-1044). It's high time



you hear of a heretofore unsung singer whose songs should be sung. Or at least hummed. Dick Feller is a master of fantasy, a mentor of irony and a lover of love—a damned hard-to-beat combination. Indeed, many will find it hard not to love someone who could win the Pillsbury Doughboy look-alike contest but would be disqualified because he wears an earring.

A songwriter is a voyeur of emotions peeping into hearts and minds. Within his songs, Feller lets you provide the emotions and the composite characters; he's content to supply the experience and let you take it from there. That's because he finds his realities much less interesting than his fantasies, and he believes the listener does also. A further inducement to pick up on Dick Feller: he's fun to listen to. Not many artists even attempt that anymore.

Beg, borrow or even buy his last album, *Some Days Are Diamonds, Some Days Are Stones*, to get a healthy taste of his talent. You'll find some of the most inventive lyrics and tasty melodies heard in some time. Feller is intelligent enough to avoid an endless repetition of any one song idea so you'll discover a truly multifaceted album. Just sit back and enjoy the roller-coaster ride of ideas, such as "Texas Katey," a stunning portrait of a dance hall lady who saw her prime in the last days of the wild west, fighting senility while trying to recall the ghost of those good days. Feller can put your emotions in his pocket with the imagery of a song like "Louie/Don't Give Up on Me," a spoken/sung tale of friendship between two street-weary drifters that contains the hook, "When the world gives up on you, don't give up on me."

Feller's humor is one of his strongest attractions, and he hits with all the subtlety of a brick through your window. Witness "Richard's Slide Blues," where he chuckles, "Speaking of the government, I'll say this—if we're gonna get screwed then we oughta get kissed." He can also offer words of friendly advice: "Don't let your mouth go a-writin' no check that you don't think your body can cash," from "Money, Trouble and Love."

Feller serves up his images in an infectious voice that's much enhanced by Nashville's most versatile musicians.

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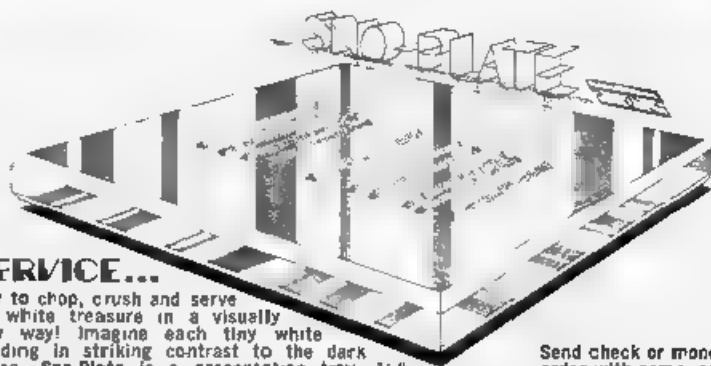


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— Bob Anderson

THE LEGENDARY CHRISTINE PERFECT ALBUM, by Christine McVie

(Sire SASD-7522). This is the legendary *Christine Perfect* album—the album that's legendary to Christine McVie fans, that is. It was recorded in England in 1969 by Christine Perfect

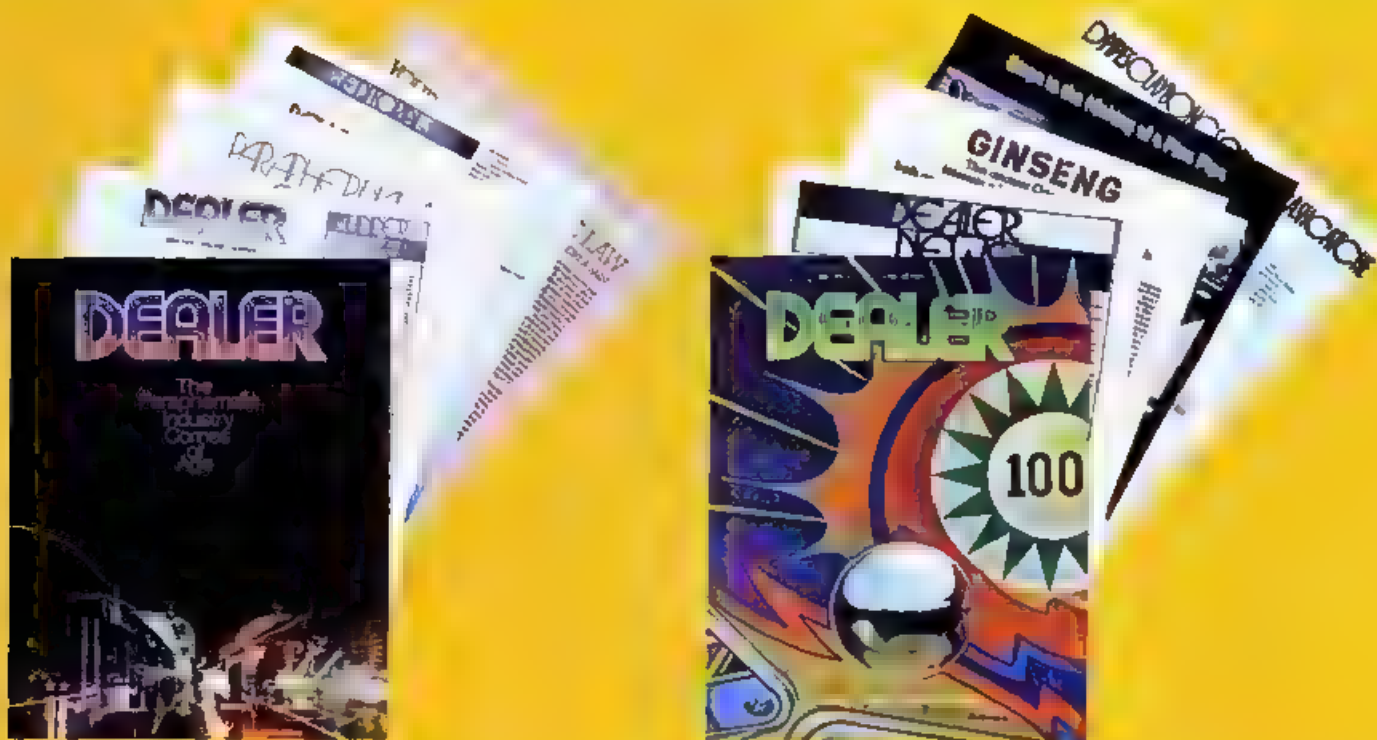
who became Christine McVie when she married Christine and John McVie are now a very big part of Fleetwood Mac, and Fleetwood Mac has become a very big group—so it's safe to assume there are now plenty of Christine fans

This album was recorded after Christine left the British blues band Chicken Shack and before she replaced Peter Green in another British blues band—Fleetwood Mac. Mac was filled with ex-members of John Mayall's Blues-breakers, one of whom—John McVie—appears on this album (along with Danny Kirwan, one of Fleetwood's guitarists at the time). In fact, this record was something of a crossroads for late Sixties British blues artists. By 1969, British blues was close to a decade old and most of its nonsuperstar practitioners were about to disappear entirely or degenerate into boogie-mongers. One of the few groups that didn't do either was Fleetwood Mac. This record shows why.

Christine Perfect features an early prototype of the distinctive loping beat that makes Fleetwood's current sound unique. Combined with Christine's incredibly translucent voice, this makes for a record of much more than historical interest. Deep and sweet and quavering with resonance, Christine's voice has subtly haunting qualities that add mystery to the momentum of her instrumental accompaniment. The loose, jazzy feel of her piano softens the impact even more. The bands on this album—there are at least four separate units here—sound crude compared to the California slickness of the current Fleetwood Mac, but they provide the perfect accompaniment to Christine's finely etched sadness

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The sum is an album of blues songs that are peculiarly white and peculiarly feminine as well

—Frank Rose

FORGOTTEN FANTASIES, by David Liebman, tenor and soprano saxophones, alto flute, and Richard Beirach, piano (A&M/Horizon SP-709). Seldom do I find an album



whose music is addressed so exclusively to just one group of emotions—and succeeds so well in evoking them. Great saxman Liebman's whole

bag of tricks is directed toward one type of mood—longing wistfulness, half-remembered dreams unfulfilled needs nostalgia. The title could not be more apt.

The title tune is Liebman's only flute work on the record and he uses the dulcet, low-pitched alto with contrasting effects. A breathy tone and pad noises (playing the keys without blowing notes) add mystery to the meandering lines of his first solo. The second one is much more intense and uses a clearer more piercing sound exaggerated vibrato, flutter tonguing, lightning runs and other dramatic effects. You're likely to feel you've heard these haunting melodies somewhere before, long ago.

Liebman's main influences seem to be Wayne Shorter and John Coltrane's playing of the mid-Sixties. Improvising on his own tune, "Troubled Peace" Liebman starts slowly, feeling his way a few notes at a time with that languid lyricism Shorter is noted for. Then the fragments coalesce into long quietly dissonant riffs laden with nebulous, turbid anxiety.

Beirach's "Obsidian Mirrors," the only up-tempo number in the set provides a fine example of improvisational problem-solving. The written tune juxtaposes a slow moving sax melody with frenetic accompaniment, and Liebman's solo preserves this mood for a while before launching into full scale wailing. Dave's horn sings with falsetto reed tones above the tenor's normal range but perhaps he runs out of gas too soon. He appears to lose his way in the choruses that follow. Then a reworking of the original theme opens up a torrent of brilliant and mesmerizing ideas, each lovelier than the last punctuated by wide-interval trills until he ends with a fortissimo chord reverberating from the piano's lowest octave.

Liebman has received some recognition for his work with Elvin Jones, Ten Wheel Drive, Miles Davis, and more recently with his own group Lookout Farm. Beirach is relatively unknown although he does have one album out—Eon. Judging by his playing here, he has assimilated the entire Romantic and



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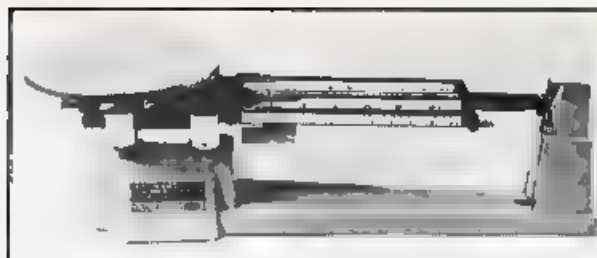
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post-Romantic classical piano tradition and used it as a starting point for his own jazz style. Some of his fills sound like Chopin, and his solos rival Keith Jarrett for sonorous elegance. His rapport with Leibman is uncanny. Their thoughts build almost unnoticeably into dense thickets of interwoven lines, with sudden poignant curves of melody glinting like crystals through little holes in the reality.

Horizon's usual packaging—ultra-descriptive liner notes complete with arrangement charts and stereo-mix diagrams—would have been out of place here. Wisely, the company chose only a small painting and a poem by Lao-Tzu that's just as elusive as the heart of this music.

—Gary Stempel

LET'S STICK TOGETHER, by Bryan Ferry (Atlantic SD 18187).



Bryan Ferry's previous solo albums, *These Foolish Things* and *Another Time, Another Place*, featured eccentric and often startling interpretations of other people's songs. *Let's Stick Together* features eccentric interpretations of Ferry's own songs, but little that's startling, since these renditions are eccentric in the same way Roxy Music's were. The album seems like a pointless reprise of Ferry's favorite theme: love.

This is pointless only if one demands an obvious point Ferry doesn't. He is given to formal exercises, and if you think love sounds like an unlikely subject for a formal exercise, you'd probably be happier listening to the Captain & Tennille. "Let's Stick Together," the Wilbert Harrison blues number, bears a titular resemblance to "Love Will Keep Us Together," but as I listened to Ferry's song, I realized he's implying a physical togetherness that the bouncy C & T seem blissfully unaware of. Listening to the rest of the album, I realized what he's really singing about is being apart.

The rest of the album consists of five songs from various Roxy albums and five songs lifted from other people. If Ferry's own catalog seems overrepresented, you have to remember that Ferry is, after all, his own favorite star. The other numbers are Jimmy Reed's "Shame Shame Shame," the Everly Brothers' "The Price of Love," the Beatles' "It's Only Love," Gallagher & Lyle's "Heart on My Sleeve," and the pop standard "You Go to My Head." They are less baroque than Ferry's stuff, and more direct, but they all carry the same message: Ferry is unlucky in love, but he always goes back for more. What he's really singing about is biological necessity in the face of ultimate futility. After an entire album of such defeatist illogic—an album introduced



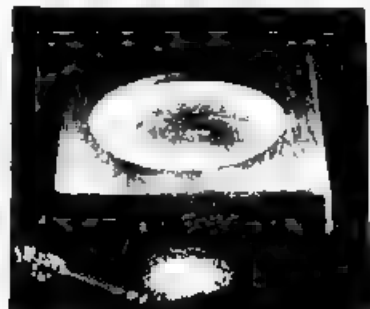
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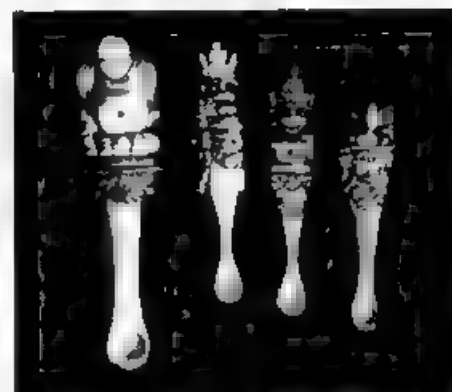
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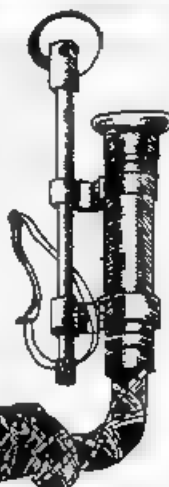
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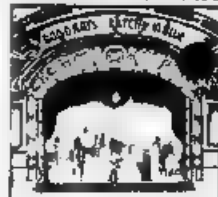
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by a morose invitation to "stick together"—it seems odd to close with a cheerfully lovesick tune like "Heart on My Sleeve." It's not really odd, however; it's just Ferry's idea of humor

—Frank Rose

RATCITY IN BLUE, by The Good Rats (Ratcity Records/Platinum Record Co. RCR-8001) The Good Rats are nice



Italian boys from Long Island. Unlike most of their suburban neighbors, however, the band has been downwardly mobile. Emanating

from a basically middle-class background, The Good Rats have succeeded—after a decade of hard work—in becoming the New York area's foremost blue-collar band. They have had several recording contracts over the years, numerous shots at the conventional rock-star treadmill, but—owing mostly to their appealing lack of pretense—they have always seen themselves passed by on the national scene by British boogie-meisters and California hippies.

But there are few groups who can deliver a better time with such consistency. Peppi Marchello (lead singer and songwriter) and his brother Mickey (guitar and vocals) offer a freewheeling balance of humor and music, juxtaposing them until the audience is eating out of their hands. And to further their fan following they hand out nifty little souvenirs like large rubberized rats and "Death to Disco" buttons. Unfortunately, the Good Rats do not translate very well from the stage to vinyl. Their tight, jazz-infused rock style is only a backdrop for Peppi and Mickey's repartee and showmanship. Without the visual element and the between-song banter that the Marchellos have polished over the years, their music struggles to fully entertain. However, The Good Rats' latest album, *Ratcity in Blue*, is not without great moments. Musically, the studio allows guitarist John Gatto, bassist Lenny Kotke and drummer Joe Franco to show their stuff and, taken as a whole, The Good Rats can be incredible. Lyrically, Peppi Marchello has come up with eleven solid compositions, led by the bluesy yet funny "Advertisement in the Voice," the bitter "Does It Make You Feel Good?" and the forthright rocker "Hour Glass."

Their current distribution arrangement cannot compete with the record conglomerates. The group's own label, Ratcity Records (rhymes with rhapsody) is distributed by Platinum Records, owned by Sylvia Robinson (of Mickey & Sylvia fame) and her husband, Joe. It is unlikely that they will pick up many new

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GOOD SINGIN' GOOD PLAYIN', by Grand Funk Railroad (MCA 2216).



With this, their tenth album, Grand Funk Railroad firmly establish themselves as the most submissive group on the scene today. Since they burst forth on this great nation some seven years ago under the tight reins of Perry Knight, they have yielded control of their recorded product to a long line of eminent producers. Their lone attempt at self production, *Phoenix*, though no better or worse than any of their other albums, was their slowest seller. So under the correct assumption that they need to be told what to do in the studio, Grand Funk has enlisted the aid of Todd Rundgren, Jimmy Ienner and now on their latest platter, Frank Zappa of the Mothers of Invention.

A pretty kooky combination there eh huh? Frank Zappa, freaked-out king of arts-and crafts rock and roll, producing those prolific purveyors of pounding, pumping pud-rock? Not quite so wild an alliance once you understand the motivating factors. Grand Funk, never famous for intellectual aspirations, has always been held back by lack of respect from the media. Rock scientists called it the Grand Funk "Phenomenon"—what occurs when a rock group is hated by the rock press yet sells millions of albums to an adoring public. It can get pretty frustrating at times and in more serious cases can leave deep psychological scars on both sides. Though the existence of Grand Funk is now recognized, the long-sought-after respect has eluded them.

But now they have the well esteemed Frank Zappa as producer and the album *Good Singin' Good Playin'*. They came close with Todd Rundgren, and they made a darn good try with Jimmy Ienner. But this collection of socko tunes with Zappa at the helm is Grand Funk's best attempt yet.

That's right, this album ain't half bad and I tell ya at the most it's maybe one-fifth bad. The last vestiges of the droning bass and guitars from their heavy metal few years have been surgically removed in favor of tasty morsels of keyboards and a hot relentless backbeat. Two top-notch songs ("Just Couldn't Wait" and "Out to Get You"), plus the fact that every other tune is at least listenable, mean this album's a winner. —Andy Shernoff

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THEY WENT THATAWAY, by James Horwitz (New York: E. P. Dutton, \$8.95). In a hero-scarce Seventies, when



the cowboy has been relegated to eat the dust of everyone from rock-and-roll's heavy metal to Elton John's silver boa, the likes of Gene Autry riding into a Colorado high country sunset—with a beautiful girl, a smiling palomino and a melodic Mexican guitar strapped over his shoulder—is a refreshing remembrance to post-World War II baby-boom kids who dreamed of such deeds as fair dealing, fast shootin' and frontier justice.

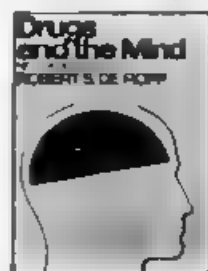
So let *They Went Thataway* help you remember the days of yesteryear when the white-hat cowboy hero rode the Saturday matinee range rescuing the rancher's daughter, kissing his wonder horse, firing 47 bullets from his six-shooter without reloading but never spilling any blood and fighting knock-down drag-out fist fights with mustachioed outlaws without even getting his big white Stetson knocked off. Horwitz's wry and humorous style tracks down such notable cowpoke greats as Randolph Scott and Hoppy, Gene and Roy, Tex and Rex, Tom Mix, the Rhinestone Cowboy, the Cisco Kid and many more of the old-time Hollywood hip-shooters.

Leaving New York City on the day of the Nixon pardon, Horwitz headed out West looking for hoofprints along Hollywood Boulevard and through thirty-three-year-old cold trails of California weirdness. He succeeds in smoking out many of the old cowboy stars, among them the singing cowboy Gene Autry, now old and rich and croaky and less than eager to be interviewed, the Lone Ranger, holed up somewhere near Reno, who refused to unmask, and the remarkable Tim McCoy, silent movie cowboy, who, at age 84, was still headlining a Wild West show.

Failing to head off Roy Rogers at the pass, the author visits the mausoleum-like Roy Rogers museum, where he finds Roy's golden palomino, Trigger, stuffed and on display in a glass cabinet. Lash LaRue—with his black outfit and bullwhip, perhaps the first Velvet Underground cowboy—proved to be elusive, being, at the time of Horwitz's search, out on bail from a Georgia marijuana bust, awaiting trial on two felony counts for possession of grass and amphetamines. Seems ol' Lash had been nabbed by the

Mountain View, Georgia, police on a disorderly conduct rap; when they searched him they found three bags of grass, some pills and a bullwhip in the back seat of his car. Lash has subsequently been acquitted of the rap and was last seen preaching the gospel somewhere in Florida.
—Darby Craig

DRUGS AND THE MIND, rev. ed., by Robert S. de Ropp (New York: Delacorte Press, \$10.00). In the Sixties, the



original (1957) edition of *Drugs and the Mind* served as a primer for many thousands of people seeking information about the fabled experiences of dopeland. De Ropp was able to describe the miraculous vi-

sions of drug exploration accurately without sounding too sensational for those young straights who were curious but afraid to feed their heads. Nevertheless, his book was perhaps the first to dispense with the governmental mis-truths, myths and linguistic obfuscation that had so long characterized popular writing on the subject.

Conscientiously updated to include new discoveries, the revised edition remains a good introduction to the world of drugs. The author's special talent is for tracing currents of history, summarizing opposing viewpoints and weighing pros and cons. His writing is balanced and sober, as they say, yet he is not afraid to venture into metaphysics in the tradition of the philosopher-scientist. (He is a biochemist who has done research on cancer and mental illness.) De Ropp's measured, reflective prose mirrors his spiritual ideal—*ataraxia*, classical Greek for "harmonious serenity of body and mind." De Ropp expresses our species' current state by saying *ataraxia* is what we've lost. And the urge to seek and use wonder plants from the Magic Garden, he says, is prompted by the craving for that old harmony, although he does give space to Andrew Weil's idea that the impulse comes from simple curiosity, an instinct that is as much a thread of the brain's shuttling loom as love or food.

Oddly, though, de Ropp, of all people, credits pot with undermining motivation, reducing smokers' ability to work and achieve, despite ample published evidence to the contrary. Nevertheless, he recognizes marijuana as far less dangerous than tobacco or alcohol and comes out strongly in favor of full legal-



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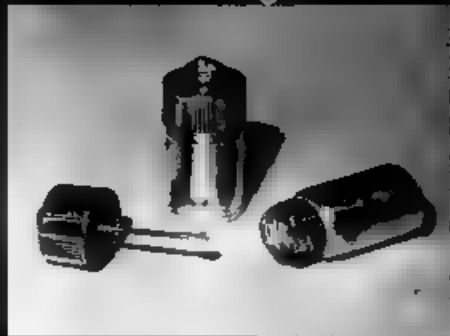
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ization as well as for the return of cannabis to the pharmacy. He attacks the waste and idiosyncrasy of current laws, arguing that psychoactives are way stations on the road to awareness, valuable keys that should not be denied anyone even if the ultimate goal is to transcend them

De Ropp's summing up chapter is the same as it was 20 years ago—a love song to dope which is at variance with his ideal of psychic development without chemical help. He enlarges on the chemical salvation of neurotics—"O most fortunate of mortals, whose spiritual defects are made good by the skill of the scientist" And he longs for the idyllic future when Huxley's fictional soma (a perfect blend of hashish, mescaline and reserpine) will be synthesized to make us all sane and save the world

—Gary Stimmel

STARMARKING MACHINERY THE ODYSSEY OF AN ALBUM, by Geoffrey Stokes (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., \$8.95).



Americans spent \$22 billion on rock records in 1974—three times as much as they spent on football, hockey, basketball and baseball all combined. The astonishing thing is that the music industry itself remains virtually

invisible. Most of the people who promote rock today, critics and deejays in particular, carry on as if the ascent of a pop group were strictly a magical event. They're far more intent on propagating and framing myths than on enriching our understanding of a cold-blooded science.

Geoffrey Stokes, a regular contributor to the pages of the Village Voice, is an exception. His unveiling of the star-marking machinery behind the popular song takes us on a detailed tour through the innards of the beast via the biography of one album—from practice hall to pop charts. Commander Cody and his Lost Planet Airmen, an anarcho-rockabilly aggregation has six years' touring experience and four LPs as the story begins.

As the leader of a "people's band," spawned during the heat of the psychedelic era (first in Ann Arbor, then in San Francisco), the Commander felt leery about the music business establishment. However, after the good years he'd devoted to rock 'n' roll, he was still just scraping by, feeling unsatisfied with the nebulous status of leading a "cult band." The Airmen found themselves all hungering for the same thing—fame. George Frayne, the Commander, was saying it for them all: "Before I stop, I just want to hear everybody saying, 'Oh yeah, Commander Cody, they're the best band I've ever heard.'" But none of the Airmen



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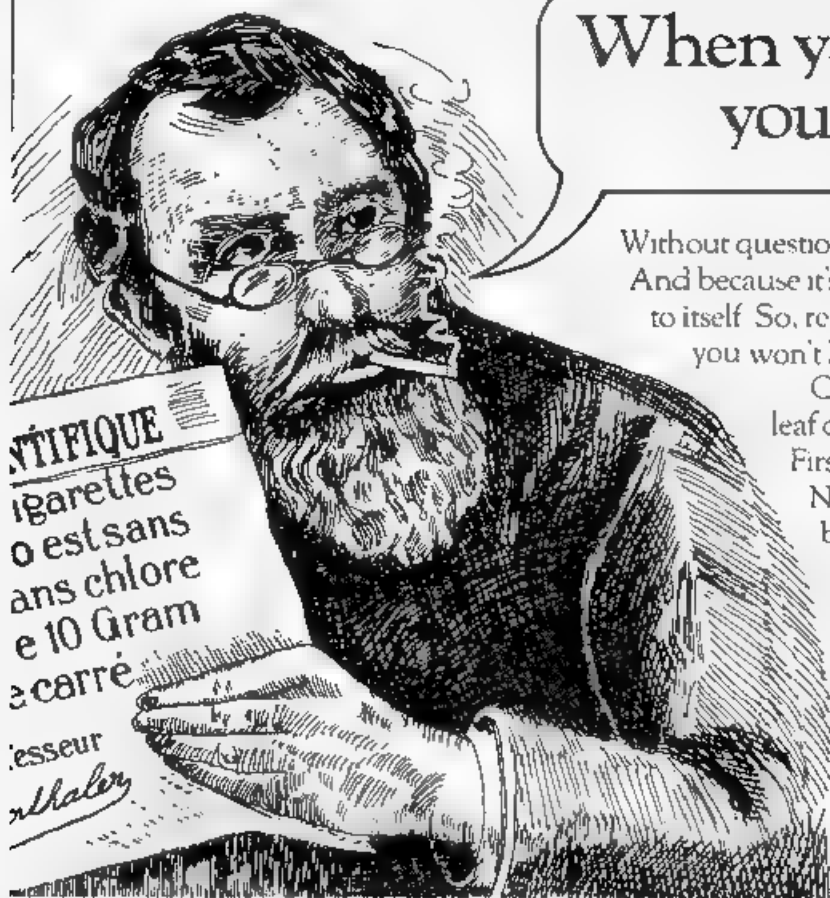
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was willing to trade his "self-respect" for a hit. Then the band hired the services of a slick, L.A.-based producer.

As the book progresses, we learn about the roles of managers, lawyers, producers, booking agents, concert promoters, record company executives, radio station program directors and rock critics. We're led into a recording studio, see step by step how a record is made and find out to the dollar how much it costs. And we get inside Warner Brothers Records and listen to the people whose job is to market albums. The true seductiveness of Stokes's work, however, is the manner in which he integrates this wealth of information into the fabric of the band's continuing story. The effect is almost novelistic.

Starmaking Machinery is so good one might be tempted to call it an "exposé" if it weren't so deliberately understated. It is, in fact, exhaustively researched, scrupulously fair, clear as morning dew, well-paced and a lot of fun.

—Bill Adler

THE SHAMAN AND THE JAGUAR,
by G. Reichel-Dolmatoff (Philadelphia:
Temple University Press, \$15.00). This



study of narcotic use among the Indians of Colombia, particularly those in the remote equatorial region of the Vaupés River, presents a fascinating picture of the relationship between the use of halluci-

nogenic plants and the development of shamanistic rituals central to the cultures of the Tukano tribes that anthropologist Reichel-Dolmatoff has been investigating for more than a decade.

The book focuses on the origins, manifestation and cultural significance of many forms of shaman-jaguar transformation imagery traditionally associated with the ritualistic use of Virola snuff (psychoactive agent, tryptamines) and yagé potions (harmalines). Reichel-Dolmatoff traces the "shaman-jaguar transformation complex" to Indian myths of Creation, in which various divinities responsible for natural forces (Sun, Moon, Thunder, Fire) were often personified as jaguars. Among the Tukano, the mental disorientation produced by hallucinogens is considered a means of achieving direct contact with the supernatural. Thus, the shamans—as mediators and interpreters of that contact—also became associated with jaguar imagery, and their trance-inducing drugs were referred to by terms such as 'jaguar's sperm.'

One of the book's strengths is the author's boldly Freudian interpretation of the key myths and practices involving shamanism. For example, in describing the nature of the shaman-jaguar transfor-

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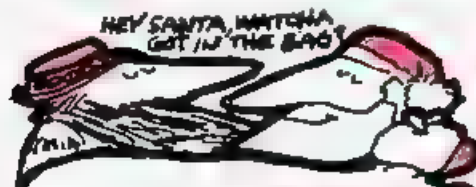
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mation he comments. "What turns into a jaguar, then, is that other part of man's personality that resists and rejects cultural conventions. The jaguar of the hallucinatory sphere . . . is man's alter ego acting out his deepest fears and desires." The author also makes a compelling case for viewing the shaman as one whose cultural role is to function as a kind of psychological analyst, employing hallucinations as an "all important tool, a mirror in which he observes the workings of the subconscious of his patients and clients, indeed of his entire social group."

In the concluding chapter Reichel-Dolmatoff states that the study of hallucinogenic plants and their use by native shamans can provide "the key to an understanding of many basic cultural processes." With this volume, he has made a significant contribution to that rapidly expanding study.

— Peter M. Kaldheim

THE FIRE CAME BY, THE RIDDLE OF THE GREAT SIBERIAN EXPLOSION, by John Baxter and Thomas Atkins (New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., \$7.95). At 7:17 A.M. on June



30, 1908, Central Siberia was rocked by a major explosion, an explosion which has yet to be fully explained. Atkins and Baxter offer a survey of the findings of various Russian expeditions to the site in the last 70 years, brief discussions of the theories proposed to explain the explosion and their own description of what they feel is the most plausible theory—the catastrophic destruction of an interstellar craft.

In a popularized, easy reading style that should do well in paperback Baxter and Atkins unfold what happened on that day and the series of discoveries made through a number of Soviet explorations. Briefly, eyewitnesses reported a blazing fireball careening over western China and Mongolia. Pressure waves in advance of the object leveled trees and villages in central Russia as the thing descended. The explosion and fireball which followed were seen or heard as far away as the Trans-Siberian Railroad, a distance of 400 miles. Seismographs in Germany, Java and Washington registered strong earthquake-like shocks. The settlement nearest to the site, a trading post called Vanavara, was struck first by a fierce heat draft from fires at the site which would burn for days and then by a shock wave strong enough to fling people around. All in all, a pretty big bang.

The Russian Revolution and its sequels delayed the first expedition until

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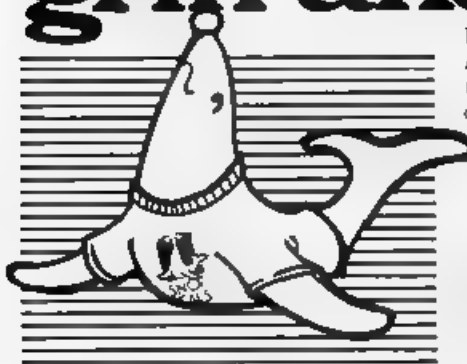
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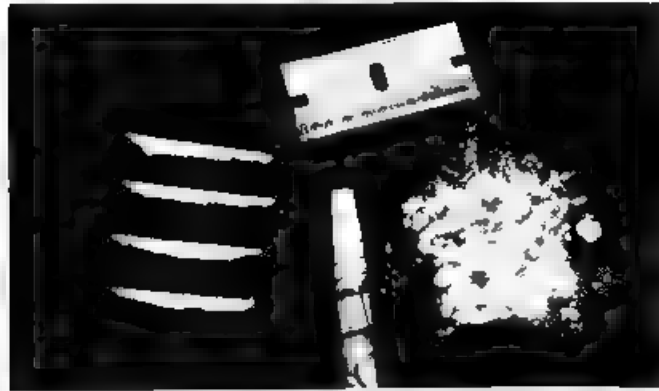


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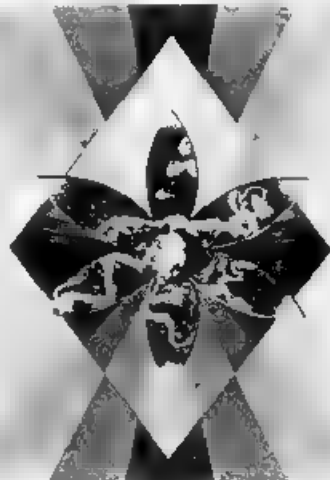
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1921 Until World War II the work of this
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the theory that the explosion was the
work of a giant meteorite, like the one
which created the famous Meteor Crater
in Arizona about 10,000 years ago. But
closer investigation of the impact area
and better scientific instruments after the
war seemed to indicate an explosion of
greater power than a meteor's impact
would allow. Also there was no actual
crater and the drilling did not find any
trace of a meteor. There were reports as
well of strange effects on plants, and
reindeer with sores... as if exposed
to atomic radiation 37 years before
Hiroshima.

During the mid-Sixties, some astrono-
mers were theorizing that the explosion
could be the result of an antimatter
rock—that is, a rock composed of matter
with reversed electrical polarities. A
meeting of matter and antimatter would
result in mutual annihilation, releasing
all the available energy. Wilder still has
the idea that it was a miniature black
hole—collapsed matter from a dead star
with immense gravity—which actually
passed through the earth. But Baxter and
Atkins, accepting the possibility of life
elsewhere in the galaxy as a reasonable
assumption, make the idea of a spaceship
crash extremely plausible. Example: wit-
nesses claim to have seen a course
change in the trajectory... and, as a
result, not one human being died from
the explosion. These people from outer
space sure are thoughtful when they
crash.

—Allyn B. Brodsky

A LITTLE GRASS ON THE SIDE, by
William Johnston (New York: Tempo
Books, 95c). Many years ago, when

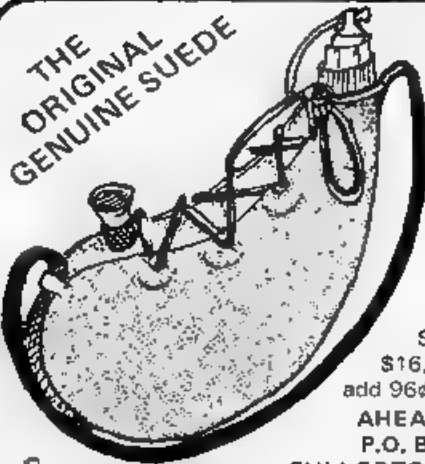


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Awards. In this particular episode, Pete Dixon, the handsome black history teacher, discovers that one of his top pupils is a marijuana pusher. Of course Pete gives the kid, Don, the benefits of due process and civil rights, and it is only after his incredibly beautiful and gullible chiclet, Ella, is busted while scoring from a lowlife Chicano that Pete Dixon actually confronts Don with his obvious guilt.

Why does a good boy turn into a pusher? In Don Safty's case it's his father's obsession with material possessions. He drives an old car so his neighbors won't know he has dough, but brags about it to those he wants to impress. Pete Dixon isn't impressed. What he is is ironic. He is more ironic than any of his students. He is more ironic than Kaufman the principal, who is coyly playing the stock market as a subplot. He is more ironic than his own chocolate chiclet, Liz the school shrink. He is more ironic than the entire cast of 'Dragnet'.

This is why 'Room 222' is a great show for kids. Irony is the nirvana of punkdom. Pete Dixon is a teacher yet he is ultra-ironic. He's a teacher on a soul beat. He's no grump. His wit, his manner of speaking to the students on their own level wins them over. He's a real cutup. Just listen to how he answers his phone.

Pete: You're wrong. But I'll defend to the death your right to say it. You have five seconds?

Mr Safty: Mr Dixon?

Pete (laughing): I'm sorry. I thought it was somebody else calling.

Okay, so by using irony this green-board-jungle Shaft persuades his student to cop a plea. He knows the psychological motivation for this behavior problem and that it can be corrected before it gets out of hand. Especially after he learns that Don's involvement with marijuana has been strictly from the retail end. "Not to use," Don told him. "To sell I don't use the stuff. What do you think I am—crazy? I just sell it."

And wouldn't you know that his dad is in the wholesale candy and cigarette business? But anyway, it all ends happily enough, with Don once again his old self, the father openly spending his loot. Ella off the hook and into junior college. Pete with his chiclet and the principal trading his portfolio for a hot-fudge sundae.

Pretty hip, huh? Do you think William Johnston is the author's real name, or just the nom de plume of some cheap chablis addict in Redondo Beach? Whoever he is, he should be publicly flogged for miseducating young minds about drug use and dealing ethics. In fact, the entire cast and company of this show and others like it should be forced into camps where they will be subjected to sleep-deprivation experiments using such devices as 'Nanny and the Professor,' 'Green Acres' and 'Lost In Space.'

—Clinton Storch

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5	100 lb. x 2 lbs. x 2	\$10.00	1	\$10.00
6	100 lb. x 2 lbs. x 2	\$10.00	1	\$10.00
7	100 lb. x 2 lbs. x 2	\$10.00	1	\$10.00
8	100 lb. x 2 lbs. x 2	\$10.00	1	\$10.00
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10	100 lb. x 2 lbs. x 2	\$10.00	1	\$10.00

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Gone are the days when smartly uniformed redcaps whisked your 14 steamer trunks from sedan to steamship for a nickel. Today's luggage handlers are a hardened, mercenary lot, and today's traveler is often reluctant to part with certain parcels for fear that they'll never be seen again. But take a tip from that new breed of lightweight travelers, airline stewardesses. They roll their luggage

wherever they go with Kart a Bag[®], a luggage craft weighing in at only 4½ pounds and collapsing into a very small package when not in use. The Kart a Bag is also terrific for moving large bales in situations where an ordinary handtruck might prove too heavy or too conspicuous. \$29.95, from Remin, Kart a Bag Division, 510 Manhattan Road, Joliet, Ill. 60433.



Better Than Grass

Nine out of ten of today's hula dancers would actually prefer to wear a Capezio dancer's skirt. Why? All that grass hides those incredible muscles and curves so essential to any dance performance. And the Capezio skirt is made of the lightest nylon and acetate, so it floats like a feather when you move. One size fits all, so don't worry about that anchovy and black olive pizza ruining your celebration of the winter solstice. Available in black, brown, white, burgundy, hunter's green, light blue, navy, red and yellow in 22- and 28-inch lengths at Capezio stores throughout the country for only \$9.

Don't Fog It Up

If there's anything more annoying than an anal search by a bug-eyed Customs man with cold hands, it's passing through airline security and arriving home with your 50 rolls of Kodachrome from Pago Pago blank as a bedsheet. The cause of such disasters is the luggage x-ray or fluoroscope devices, designed to ferret out the M-16s and small nuclear devices that many of today's travelers pack in their two-suiters. But now there's a way to pack your film, as well as recording tapes—and, of course, the herb—in complete safety. The Filmshield pouch is a triple-laminated lead and polyester bag that is impervious to x-rays, fluoroscopes and Superman. The film shield will hold up to 22 rolls of 35-millimeter film, or 6 Polaroid packs. Since the bag is made out of lead, it is not recommended for toting lunch. Suggested retail price: \$4.95, from SIMA Products Corp., 7280 Lincoln Avenue, Lincolnwood, Ill. 60466.



"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor. □

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Trans-High Market Quotations



AFGHANISTAN			
Local hash	fair to good	oz	1 2
		lb	50-100
Water pressed hash	better around	oz	1 1 50
		kilo	30-50
Shirazi hash	excellent in every way	oz	3-5
		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i-Sharif	tremendous	oz	5-8
		kilo	150-275

AUSTRALIA			
Domestic grass	some decent	oz	20-35
		lb	160-300
Nepalese hash	mostly fingers, good	oz	75-125
		lb	900-1000
Indian hash	fair	oz	70-85
		lb	850-1000
Afghani hash	highly desirable	oz	100-125
		lb	1000-1500
LSD	good quality, scarce	hit	2 5
		100	125-200
Cocaine	OK at best	gm	75-125
		oz	1000-2200

AZORE ISLANDS			
Angolan grass	good high	oz	35-60
		lb	500-700
Mozambique grass	tremendous on occasion	oz	70-100
		lb	800-800
Qualulades	poor supply	one	3 4
		100	100-200
Dornadinas	obtainable	one	1 2
		100	75-150
Morphine	very good	oz	5-10
		lb	75-150

BELGIUM			
Chitral hash	one of the best	gm	2-4
		oz	45-65
Lebanese hash	erratic flow	oz	35-50
		lb	400-500
Nepalese hash	good when around	oz	45-75
		lb	450-600
Nigerian grass	supply declining	oz	30-50
		lb	400-500
Cocaine	usually stepped on	gm	50-100
		oz	1100-1600
LSD	various	hit	2-5
		100	225-350

CANADA			
Domestic	fair to good	oz	15-25
		lb	150-250
Regular Mexican	abundant	oz	15-30
		lb	150-275
Top-grade Mexican	Dakscan available	oz	35-65
		lb	475-650
Commercial Colombian	just OK	oz	35-50
		lb	425-525
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce	oz	50-75
		lb	550-700
Hawaiian	sweet memories	oz	225-300
		lb	2500-3000
Afghani hash	black/white, very good	oz	150-200
		lb	1400-2100
Indian hash	unrefined	oz	110-150
		lb	1100-1500
Cocaine	full range	gm	75-125
		oz	1400-2000
LSD	brown blotter	hit	2-5
		100	150-200

COLOMBIA			
Santa Marta gold, red	excellent	oz	5-10
		lb	40-60
Machu Picchu	very good	oz	8-10
		lb	45-70
Punta roja	tasty	oz	8-10
		lb	45-65
Colombian hash	terrible	oz	30-50
		lb	300-3000
Colombian hash oil	poor to fair	oz	175-225
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	scarce	hit	3-6
		100	250-400
Mushrooms	available	oz	3-5
		lb	300-450
Cocaine	good to great	oz	250-400
		lb	4000-6000

DENMARK			
Lebanese hash	tasty rare	gm	2-3
		lb	650-900
Moroccan hash	fair to good	gm	1 50-2 50
		lb	800-800
Magic Moroccan	superb	gm	3-5
		lb	800-1000
LSD	poor supply	hit	2-4
		100	125-200

ECUADOR			
Colombian grass	maturing rapidly	oz	8-10
		lb	75-150
Ecuadorian red	very tasty good	oz	4-5
		lb	60-100

Cocaine	royal	gm	20-30
		oz	450-600
San Pedro cactus	obtainable	free	

ENGLAND			
Moroccan hash	OK	oz	50-75
		lb	600-750
Lebanese hash	fluctuating supply	oz	70-85
		lb	800-925
Afghani hash	good to excellent	oz	80-110
		lb	800-1100
Colombian hash	poor head	oz	50-75
		lb	600-800
Hash oil	mostly Afghani	gm	25-35
		oz	400-500
LSD	fair products	hit	2
		100	75-175
Cocaine	poor to good quality and quantity	gm	60-100
		oz	1200-1800
Mandrax	standard	one	1 2
		00	75-50

FRANCE			
Yamba	good smoke	oz	40-60
		lb	400-600
Colombian	usually fair	oz	40-60
		lb	450-700
Moroccan	very good quality available	oz	30-55
		lb	350-500
Afghani hash	thick black slabs good	oz	50-70
		lb	900-1100
Chitral hash	excellent	oz	60-80
		lb	800-1000
LSD	some good	hit	2 50 5
		100	200-325
Opium	worthwhile	gm	12-15
Morphine	obtainable	gm	50-100

GERMANY			
Lebanese hash	good quality fair supply	gm	2 3
		kilo	1100-250
Afghani hash	old standby	oz	40-60
		lb	500-700
Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	35-50
		lb	450-575
Thai sticks	tremendous	one	10-15
		100	800-900
LSD	mind-blowing	hit	3 4
		100	350-425
Cocaine	some good flake	gm	60-100
		oz	400-650
Speed	high percentage	gm	20-35
		oz	400-500
Heroin	available	gm	40-75
		oz	1000-1200

HONG KONG			
Mainland weed	poor	oz	10-15
		lb	100-150
Thai grass	excellent	oz	50-100
		lb	700-1200
Thai sticks	amazing quality	one	8-2
		oz	75-150
Hashish	decent supply	gm	8-15
		oz	75-75
Heroin	brown rock	oz	60-125
		lb	1000

ITALY			
Colombian grass	poor quantity	oz	80-100
		lb	600-900
Lebanese hash	supply declining	oz	75-100
		100 gm	300-400
Afghani hash	good quality	oz	100-120
		100 gm	275-350
Moroccan hash	several varieties	oz	85-115
		100 gm	250-300
LSD	rare commodity	hit	4 5
		100	300-350
Cocaine	flake and rock	gm	50-70
		oz	900-1200
Speed	decent flow	gm	50-65
		oz	800-1000
Heroin	available	gm	100
		oz	2000

JAMAICA			
Torresen violet	excellent	oz	5-10
		lb	75-125
Guadalupe green	good pick	oz	5-10
		lb	75-125
Oaxacan tops	various qualities	oz	4-7
		lb	50-75
Guerrero gold	quite satisfactory	oz	4-7
		lb	75-125
Pueblo	tasty smoke	oz	4-6
		lb	60-90
Magic mushrooms	wonderful	oz	5-8
		lb	80-110
Cocaine	very good	gm	4-5
		oz	50-70
Opium	dreamy	oz	400-500
		lb	5000

THE NETHERLANDS			
Domestic hash	fair to good	oz	15-40
		lb	250-350
Senegalese & Congolese	excellent quality	oz	50-75
		lb	425-550
Moroccan hash	good supply	oz	50-70
		lb	400-525
Lebanese hash	scarce	oz	50-85
		lb	500-650
Pakistan hash	generally good	oz	50-75
		lb	400-600
Kashmiri hash	very good	oz	85-95
		lb	625-750
Hash oil	Afghani the best	hit	1800-2100
	some blotter	hit	2 4
		100	150-250
Cocaine	OK	gm	75-125
		oz	1200-2000
Burmese opium	good	gm	3-5
		oz	60-80

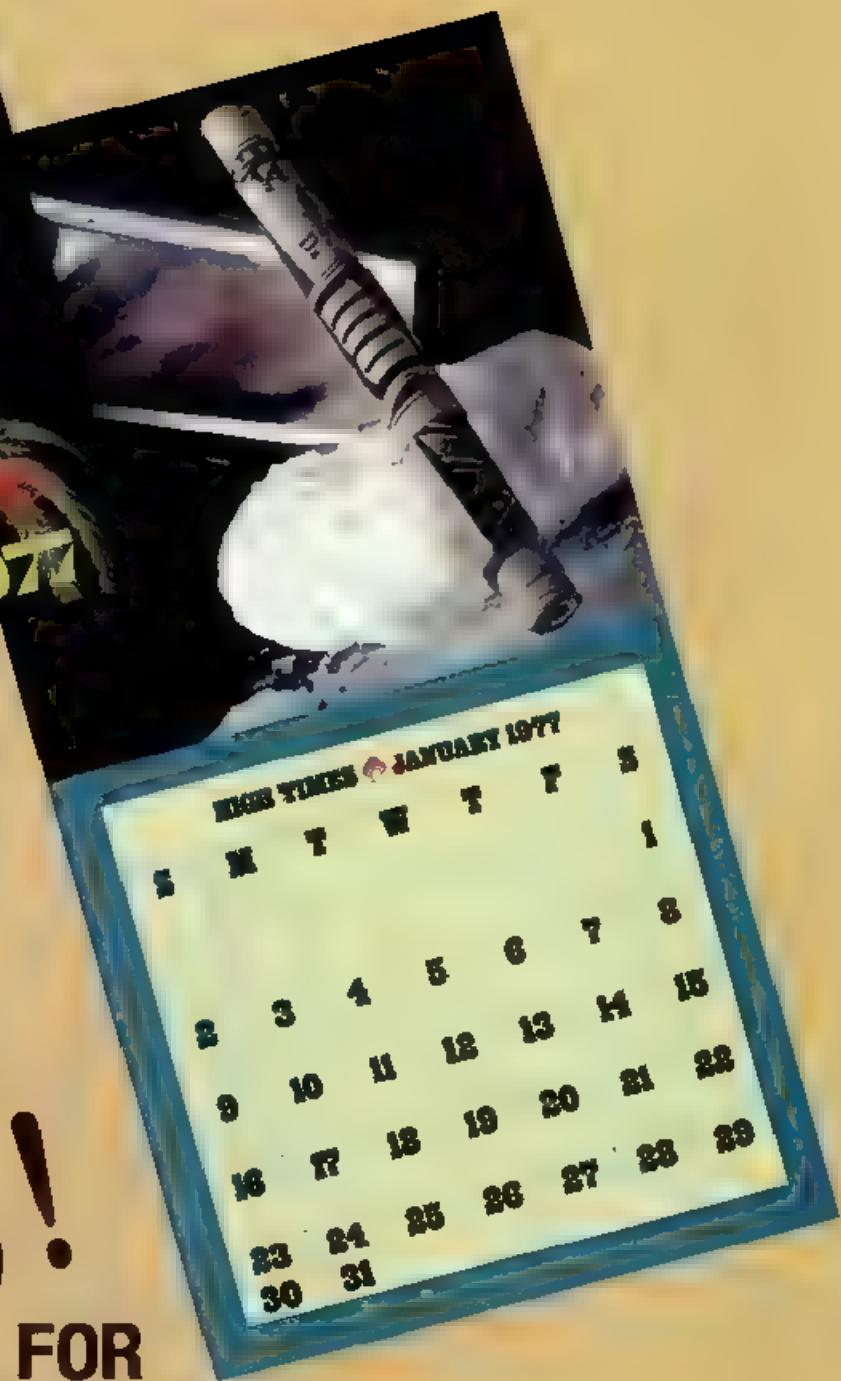
TURKEY			
Turkish hash	generally very good	oz	5-8
		lb	70-80
Antonia hash	mind-boggling	oz	8-10
		lb	100-150
LSD	U S made	hit	5-12
		100	500-600
Opium	wonderful	oz	3-6
		lb	60-80

USA CONTIGUOUS			
Domestic	harvest time	oz	10-25
		lb	125-275
Regular Mexican	good supply	oz	15-30
		lb	75-300
Top-grade Mexican	worst of the Mississippi	oz	35-80
		lb	200-675
Jamaican	fair fluffy	oz	20-35
		lb	175-425
Commercial	middle cuttings	oz	30-50
		lb	250-525
Colombian	decent	oz	45-100
Connoisseur	scarce	oz	500-725
		lb	200-300
Hawaiian	occasional	oz	2100-2800
		lb	15-30
Thai sticks	excellent when found	one	175-250
		oz	75-125
Moroccan hash	poor	oz	900-1300
		lb	125-175
Lebanese hash	most fair	oz	1200-1800
		lb	120-200
Afghani hash	some good definitely OK	oz	1400-2100
		lb	120-80
Nepalese hash	temple balls	oz	1400-1850
		lb	110-180
Pak hash	various qualities	oz	1200-1650
		lb	25-35
Lebanese hash oil	sweet red	gm	400-525
		oz	25-40
Afghani hash oil	black, potent	gm	400-550
		oz	25-40
Honey oil	just slash	gm	450-600
		oz	1-3
LSD	usually blotter	hit	75-150
		100	20-40
Psilocybin mushrooms	available	oz	150-200
		lb	75-125
Cocaine	all kinds	gm	1200-2000
		oz	2-5
Qualulades	fluctuating	one	200-375
		100	1 25-2 25
Ups	bootleg black	one	75-150
	beaches	100	25-40
	white crosses	one	12-20
		100	

ALASKA			
Domestic	fair to good	oz	35-65
		lb	450-625
Regular Mexican	good supply	oz	20-40
		lb	225-400
Connoisseur Colombian	scarce	oz	50-90
		lb	500-700
Cocaine	just OK	gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2000

HAWAII			
Kona gold	delightful	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1800
Mau	few better	oz	100-150
		lb	1100-1700

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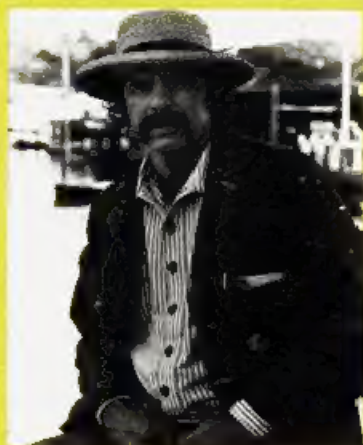
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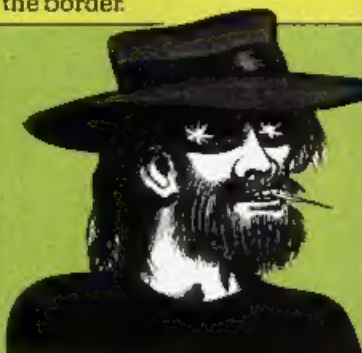
Jerry Kamstra, author of "Highway 15 Revisited," was born in a shack under 35 feet of snow. He grew up in a California town that was half-Mexican and lived on the Mexican side of the tracks, where he picked up the lan-

guage and eight broken arms. In 1957, after reading all the books in his local public library, Jerry set out for San Francisco, where he settled into the capitol of Beatdom, North Beach. Jerry details his rise into a self-made Bohemian in his book *The Frisco Kid* (Harper & Row, 1975) and his later rise to self-made criminal in his book *Weed: Adventures of a Dope Smuggler* (Harper & Row, 1974).

He is currently writing a book about the guerrilla movement in Mexico, a country he loves. "I think of Mexico as a town where I would eventually like to settle down," says Jerry. Unfortunately the feeling is not mutual, and our correspondent is no longer welcome south of the border.

A Puff for Our Huffer

Joe Schenkman, our "Glue Huffing" authority, is a veteran cartoonist and writer for the National Lampoon, Arcade, the East Village Other and the New York Ace. Not only did our reporter travel to unimaginably sleazy pockets of white trash, but he also managed to huff a third of a tube of Testor's. The damage does not appear to be permanent, and Joe is back to normal, planning an expedition



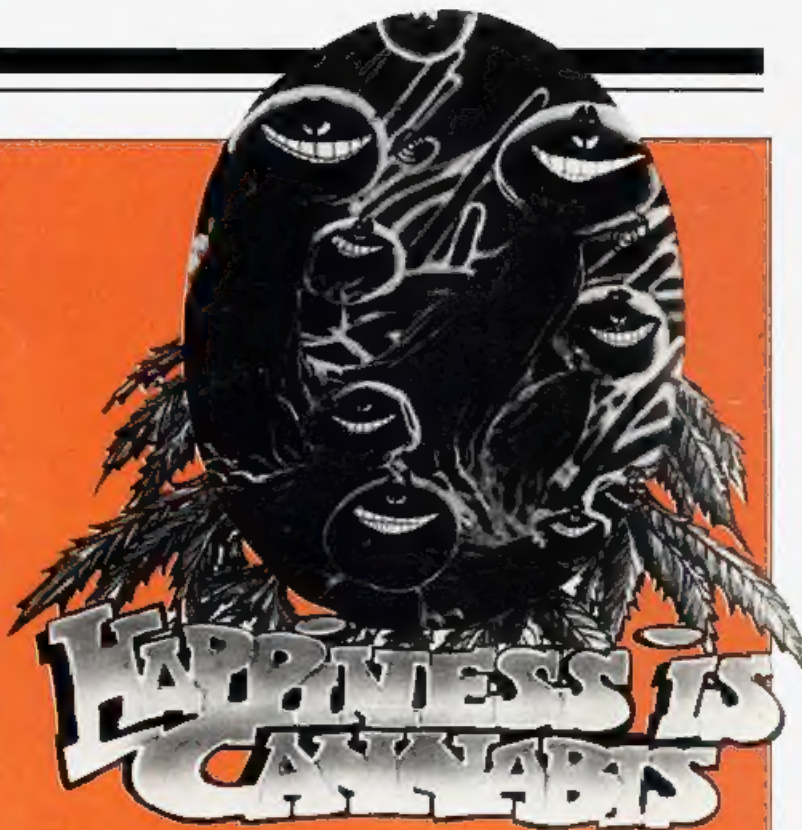
to Oklahoma where he hopes to eat rattlesnakes and peyote at the same meal.



Solid Goldman

Albert Goldman, who wrote "The Kaki," is famous for many things. He produced perhaps the best of the Lenny books, *Ladies and Gentlemen ... Lenny Bruce* (Ballantine, 1974). Goldman was also the rock critic of Life Magazine, a terrific beat for a scholar with

roots on Broadway. Albert got the stories, now collected in his book of pop portraits, *Freakshow* (Atheneum, 1971). He has also taught English and comparative literature at Columbia as well as the first full-credit pop culture course.



The Incredible Shrinking Stash

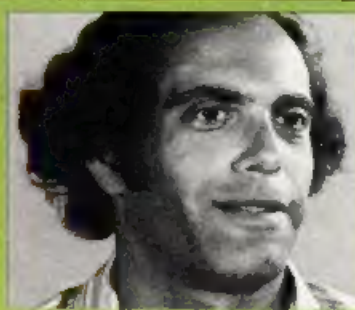
This month's amazing photographs of the world's best dope were produced by Electron Graphics, Incorporated. Using an electron microscope, which photographs without light, Electron is able to enlarge an image up to 100,000 times. Now say you were able to magnify a Quaalude 100,000 times. Do you realize that the pill would be nearly a half a mile across and nearly

1,000 feet thick, requiring a prescription the size of the state of Connecticut?

Yes, these are the daily concerns of the folks at Electron Graphics, who plan to decorate the walls, shopping bags, and sport shirts of the future with 500-power Peruvian ant hairs, 500-power yellow jacket stingers and 200-power tabs of sunshine acid. Could this be the art of the future? Stay tuned to *High Times*.

Our Myconovelist

Tom Robbins, the author of this month's report on the fly agaric mushroom, is also author of *Another Roadside Attraction*. An excerpt from his recent best seller *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* (Houghton Mifflin, 1976) ran in our September issue. He is also a dedicated mycophile (fond of fungi). He lives in the wilds of Washington just to be near his favorite food.



Buff in the Prof

This month's startling exposé of Hollywood film studios was written by investigative moviegoer Lawrence Suid, Ph.D., a professor of film with sheepskins from Case-Western Reserve, Duke and Brandeis. His Ph.D. thesis film on Hollywood and the Pentagon was shown on television. ■

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High Times

DECEMBER 1976



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